

**THEM WAS
THE GOOD
OLD DAYS**



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THEM WAS THE
GOOD OLD DAYS

THEM WAS THE
GOOD OLD DAYS

IN DAVENPORT
SCOTT COUNTY, IOWA

William By
W. L. PURCELL
"OLD TIMER"

PUBLISHED BY
PURCELL PRINTING COMPANY

1922

F 629
.D2 P8



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NOV 15 '22

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Here's How!

TO THE OLD TIMERS OF DAVENPORT:
MAY YOUR JOURNEY THROUGH THE INDIAN SUMMER
OF LIFE BE BRIGHTENED WITH HAPPY
MEMORIES OF THE GOOD OLD DAYS.



Words and Illustrations Assembled by
W. L. PURCELL

Special Cartoons by
W. A. CEPERLEY

Photographs Loaned by
OLD TIMERS OF DAVENPORT

Reprinted from Sketches Published in
THE DAVENPORT DEMOCRAT
With Revisions and Additions

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The Alibi.



AN ORDINARY PERSON, diverging from routine, sniffs an impulse to confide the reason therefor, to ease devious doubts and to invite dubious endorsement: the urge to alibi. The purchase of a fliv has been alibied on a salesman's suggestion that the air is extremely desirable for a robust neurotic.

Owney Geegan, of intermittent nerves, diagnosed his temperamental ailment as abdominal, easiest appeased by stimulant: the satisfactory alibi. . . . To augment his discomfort, Owney annexed a wife who tipped the beam at two-ten. Explanatory information was vouchsafed to friends—difficulties encountered with his fliv, in taking the bumps, vanished with connubial conquest: the rear-seat ballast alibi. . . . The short-skirt epidemic raged—Owney developing opposition. His two-tener, hitting her stride and scenting opposition, was a victim of circumstances. An attack of flu, four years previously, was the cause of falling hair—Mrs. Owney observed one morning—and after visiting a beauty-parlor, for expert consultation, she emerged therefrom with bobbed hair. The cleaner delivered her best skirt that morning, also, and Owney's woman discovered a shrinkage which elevated that garment stylishly above her shoetops. . . . The afternoon was devoted to explaining, voluminously, to incredulous neighbors the how-come of the twin-alibi: short skirt and bobbed hair. That evening Owney took one flash at his buxom better-half, . . . recourse to his satisfactory alibi restraining homicidal urge. . . . On taking the bumps the following Sunday, Owney's fliv was loaded with alibis—the satisfactory one and the rear-seat threesome. . . .

Frank Gordon, sports editor, solicited a contribution for Bob Feeney's "Homade Hooch" column for the Christmas issue of the Democrat, to recall "old days down the line." Hugh Harrison, city editor, inspected that contribution and urged its expansion, with cartoons by "Cep," for the New Year's hooch resume. Vince Dorgan recalled some Cork-

THEM WAS THE GOOD OLD DAYS



The Assembler.

With first pants pocket and coppertoe shoes.

TINTYPE BY OLMSTEAD.

THEM WAS THE GOOD OLD DAYS

hill characters. Frank Brady spoke of old time river camps. Adolph Petersen registered old Turner hall memories. Walter Blair recalled the old darky days. Charlie Kindt bubbled reminiscently, and so did Ralph Cram. Frank Throop said, "Hop to it!" Mary Wright suggested a jazz volume for historical (?) archives. And so! . . .

Approaching the half century milestone, involuntarily we glance backward, to observe that time has smoothed many rough places; that memory delights in mooning half-forgotten incidents of the misty past. Trifling episodes of youthful days take on retrospective charm as the years glide along. . .

Webster's dictionary, the city directory, newspaper sport pages, and street patter were ruthlessly prowled in the task of word-assembling. Phrases were lifted, ideas pilfered, expressions pirated—resulting in a plagiarized potpourri for the delectation and edification of tired old timers. . . .

In the old days clothes were the handwork of the good mother who guided the destinies of numerous progeny. . . . Frequently clothes were bequeathed from sire to son, and from older to younger brother. Coppertoe shoes, incidentally, were the vogue. A young hopeful, enjoying the luxury of knee-pants, could not forego the pleasure of inserting a thumb in his first pocket, although cautioned to "look pleasant" and "listen to the pretty birdie."

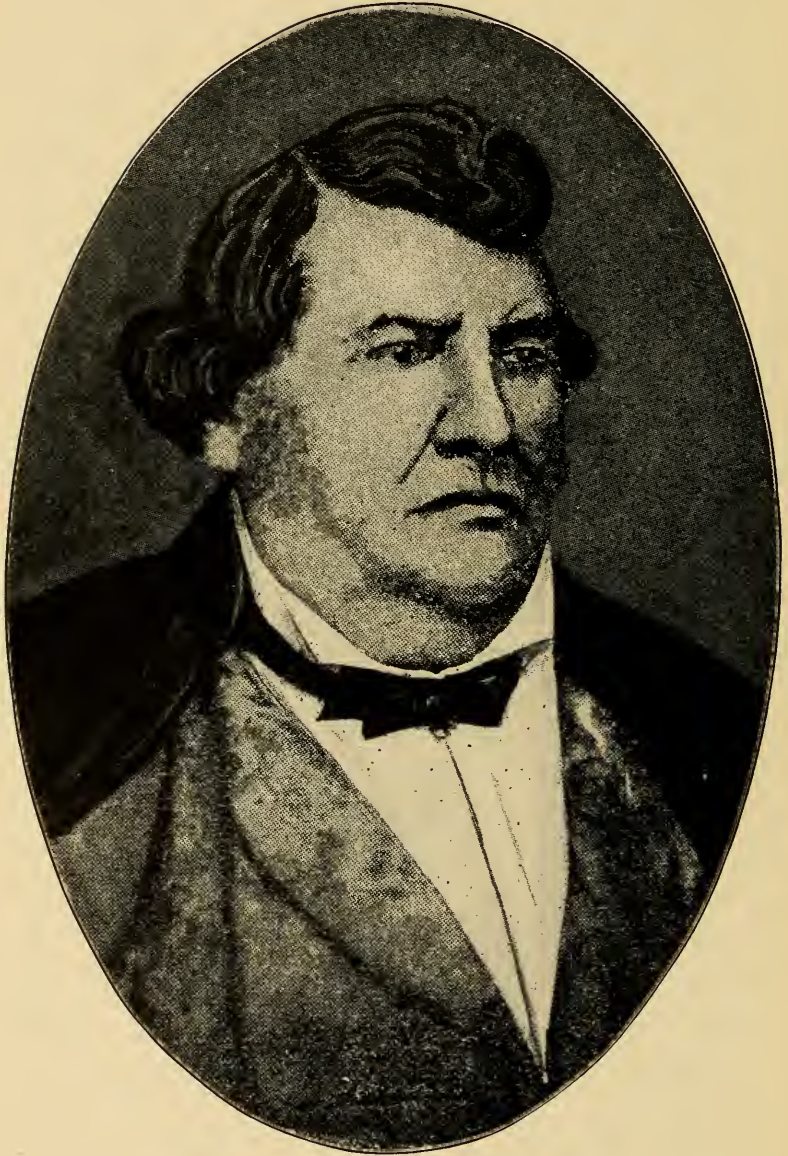
Amateur word-assemblers, the first time out, usually submit facial credentials—without any apparent justification. That custom has been observed in collating "Them Was the Good Old Days," by reproducing, on the opposite page, a tintype by Olmstead, taken in eighteen-seventy. . . .

And now, sport, having alibied the prelim, the gong sounds that battling call—"Time!"

Come on—let's go!



THEM WAS THE GOOD OLD DAYS



Antoine LeClaire.

Old Timer who located site for "Them Was the Good Old Days."

THEM WAS THE GOOD OLD DAYS



Colonel George L. Davenport.

Old Timer who named site for "Them Was the Good Old Days."



CHARLES WESTON,
1851.



JOHN JORDAN,
1852.



JOHN A. BOYD,
1853.



JAMES GRANT,
1854.



ENOS TICHENOR,
1855.



G. C. R. MITCHELL,
1856.



GEO. B. SARGENT,
1857.



EBENEZER COOK,
1858-9.

THEM WAS THE GOOD OLD DAYS

Davenport.



In the Forties.



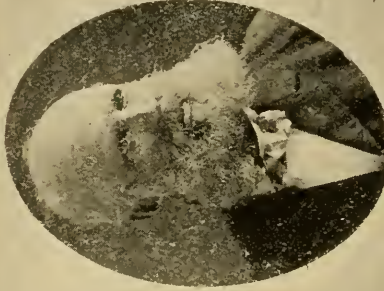
In the Nineties.



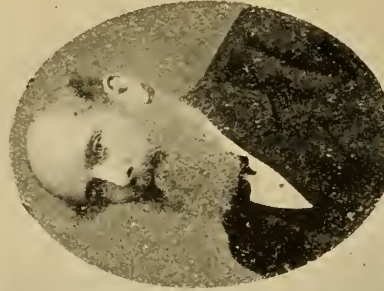
HIRAM PRICE,
1859.



JAMES B. CLADWELL,
1860.



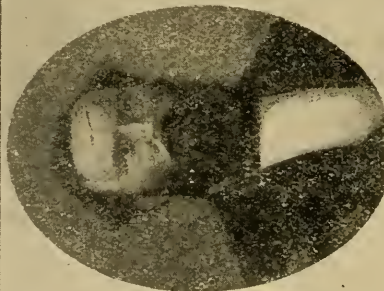
GEO. H. FRENCH,
1861-2.



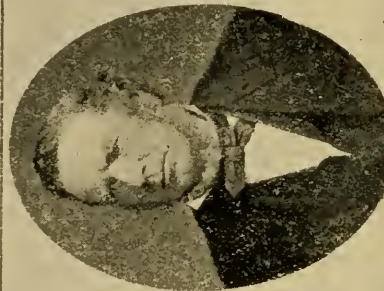
JOHN E. HENRY,
1863-81.



ROBT. LOWRY,
1884.



JOHN L. DAVIES,
1865-6.



MICHAEL DONAHUE,
1867-8.



JAMES RENWICK,
1869.

THEM WAS THE GOOD OLD DAYS



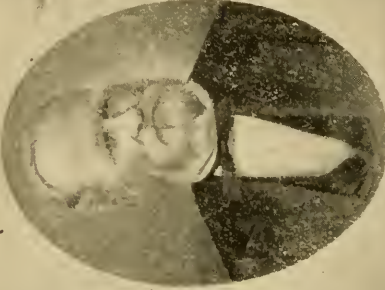
Old Davenport Homestead on Rock Island Arsenal.



JOHN W. LYTER.
1870.



JOHN C. BILLS,
1871-82-92.



A. H. BENNETT,
1872.



J. H. MURPHY,
1873-79.



JOHN W. STEWART,
1874.



RODERICK ROSE,
1875-6-80.



T. J. DOW,
1877.



JOHN W. THOMPSON,
1878-83.

Pep: With and Without.

Assembling Charles Kingsley's stuff to jazz.



When you are full of pep, sport,
And everything is jake,
You make the grade on high, sport,
And bread is angel-cake.
Heigh-O! Step on the gas, sport—
Don't take a backward glance;
Tune up and hit the ball, sport,
And take a sporting chance.

When you are shy of pep, sport,
And slowing in the race,
Don't think you're out of luck, sport,
For young blood sets the pace.
Be game! Stand for the raz, sport,
And when you backward gaze,
Here's hoping you can chirp, sport,
"Them was the good old days."



THEM WAS THE GOOD OLD DAYS



—Just to holler "Hello, Isaac!"—'cause all them little tikes
liked Mr. Rothschild.

Kid Days Along the Levee.



SAY, BOB—Don't s'pose you reporters know anything about the fun the youngsters had in the old days before movies, flivvers, hip-oil, and eskimo pie was invented. Course, they didn't have no chili-con-carne, tinfoil caramels, nut sundaes, nor all-day suckers then, so they had to get by with Kendall's baked beans, chewin' wax, molasses candy, licorice-root, and ice cream.

When a coupla kids went gutter-snipin', if one found a nickel and the other hollered "hav-vers" before his buddy got his fingers crossed, he was in fifty-fifty on the findin's.

Then they'd scoot like the dickens to Black's ice cream parlor on Brady street for a five-cent dish of ice cream with two spoons, and Mr. Black would push the specs back on his head and divide the cream on the plate so's they wouldn't battle about who got the biggest half. After them little lads gobbled the ice cream they'd pull straws to see who'd lick the plate, the kid who got the long straw bein' the winner. Lotsa little gals bought five-cent dishes of ice cream with two spoons, too, whenever they "found a nickel rollin' up hill." But they wasn't many nickels rollin' in them days.

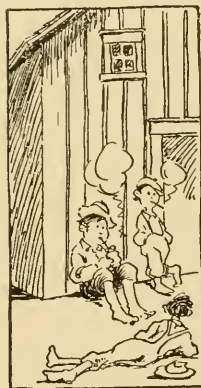
Mr. Black was a kind old gent with blue eyes and gray sideburns, and he whistled softly when soundin' his "s's". He wore a black alpaca coat with the sleeves pulled up to his elbows, and his cassimere pants kept ketchin' on the pullon strap of his soft-soled congress gaiters. The boys called him "Stingy" Black, because he never gave them a good fillin' of ice cream for a nickel.

Say, that was real handmade ice cream, sport! It felt as soothin' as liquid sunshine, tickled all the way down, and tasted like it was made by the angels. That pair of kids had tummy capacity for a gallon of Black's ice cream, and standin' room for a coupla hunks of Bremer's cream pie, with-out any crowdin'.

THEM WAS THE GOOD OLD DAYS

Gutter-snipin' was an excitin' pastime in them days. Understand, they wasn't no pavin' on Brady street—only macadam and plank sidewalks with slabstone gutters. After a rainstorm, little boys went gutter-snipin'—lookin' for small change and trinkets that the rain washed down hill to get ketched in cracks between the slabstones. Sometimes they even picked up ten-cent shinplasters. In them days kids hadta dig for what they got. Now all they gota do is sit still and wait till the team starts a drive. Purty soft!

That's the time snipe-shootin' was invented, sport—when them young injuns learned to smoke cornsilk, rattan, and killikinick behind Buckshot Norton's onion barn, back of the old market house. Link Starbuck, Stony Johnston, Chub Nash, Dick McGuire, Jamthought Jordan, Clint Lee, Lew Orr, Frank Robeson, Chub Wells, Doc Lauer, Wade Willey, Billy Stearns, Merv Agnew, Undershot Brady, Beech Frame, Bucktooth Keck, Muley Mullins, Chook Grady, Pus LeClaire, Brick Ogden, Johnny Miclot, Jimmy Dooley, and a lota other dead-



game sports took their smokin' lessons in the alley near Buckshot's barn. Hadta show class if you trotted with that bunch. No chance if your ma had named you Percy, or Harold, or Clarence, or if you wore curls. If a kid couldn't smoke two pipefuls of killikinick or take a chewa fine-cut without throwin' up his heels, he had as much standin' with that gang as a chinaman. After he graduated and learned to spit through his teeth he would be able to shoot snipes and blow the smoke through his nose like a regular feller. But them

boys never smoked cigarets—exceptin' "cupebs," and them catarrh pills smelled like Jack Munro's blacksmith shop when Jack was shoein' a hoss. Hadta be mighty careful their dads didn't ketch 'em smokin' and to keep an eye peeled for Tile-bein, the copper, as old Til was a holy terror for youngsters that was breakin' the game laws.

Kids was awful scared of cops, 'cause they was liable to slam 'em into the hoosegow for nothin' at all.

THEM WAS THE GOOD OLD DAYS

In them days kids belonged to gangs, and when they wandered outside their own territory they was likely to get a good wallopin'. While every gang had its own whistle call for help, it was mighty dangerous for a downtown kid to cross the territory of the Patch gang, Goosetown gang, or Flatiron Square gang unless he was a good foot racer. Now we got the Rotary gang, the Kiwanis gang, the Gyro gang, the Adclub gang, and a lotta other gangs, and them birds aint nothin' but just a bunch of growed-up kids.

The Rogertown gang in East Davenport had a lotta hard eggs that scared the livin' daylight outa the Mount Ida gang and Brady street gang when they went nut-pickin' in the fall. Startin' early and takin' their lunch, them tads tramped all the way to Ashford's pasture, and put in a hard day fillin' their sacks with hazelnuts. Comin' back, tired and hungry, the wreckin' crew of the Rogertown gang would halt 'em near Kuehl's hall and ast 'em what right they had comin' out there to steal their nuts. Then they'd grab the day's work them youngsters carried on their shoulders—sorta takin' off the peak load. Them Rogertown guys was awful touchy and their feelin's was easy



hurt, 'cause if a kid got balky and showed fight they'd gang him and give him a good maulin'. Didn't do no good to go 'round a coupla miles and come home by Jersey Ridge road, neither, 'cause they had spotters out to ketch any outsiders that stole their nuts—them birds controllin' all the best nut orchards from East Davenport to the Wapsie. That's why they was so many squirrels up there—Rogertown jakes livin' on nuts all winter. But the only way they picked nuts was by the sackful, when six of them brave fellers took a sackful away from one scared kid.

It was an awful disgrace in them times for a young lad to get caught talkin' to a little gal, exceptin' his sister. If he even spoke to his little gal cousin, he'd have to put up an airtight alibi or get razzed for bein' a sis. There's lots of punishment them little fellers could stand—but not that.

THEM WAS THE GOOD OLD DAYS



Patrick T. Walsh



Father Pelamorgues.

THEM WAS THE GOOD OLD DAYS

When a boy showed up wearin' a paper collar, the gang would wise up that he had a mush case on with little Mamie, and he'd havta come clean to square himself. If he didn't ding the collar pronto, and stop the little gal right in front of the gang and tell her to quit speakin' to him, and to mind her own darn business, his pals would holler in chorus and say:

First the radish, then the bean—
Johnny Smith and Mamie Green.

Then, if he got sore, they'd dance and sing:

Johnny's mad and I'm glad
And I know what'll please him—
 A bottle of wine
 To make him shine,
And Mamie Green to squeeze him.

Saturday mornin' was a big day on the levee, and the kids got an early start so's they could watch Con Mast and his dad, his brother Ganny, Dad Severance, and them other topnotch fishermen on the log rafts and coal barges, pullin' in bass, sunfish, and perch. Dad Severance was hep to every good fishin' spot from the Rocks to Shantytown. He could tell whether grub-worms, crawfish, or minnies was the best bait to use; and when the salmon was runnin' in October, Dad was on the job at Stubb's eddy, Cook's point, or Renwick's pier, smokin' his briar pipe, and pullin' in the big five-pounders with his willow pole, while a lotta dubs with the finest fishin' machinery couldn't even get a bite.



After them youngsters tired of watchin' the fishin', they'd go up and ast Jim Osborne was they any packets comin' in, and when Jim told 'em they wasn't nothin' due but the Lone Star or a coupla rafters, they'd go up to the Fire King ingine house to watch Milt Rowser, Teddy Auerochs, and Bill McCrellias polishin' the brass on the Fire King to get that old fire ingine dolled up for firemen's parade day, 'cause they wanted the Fire King to be shinin' sweller than the Donahue.

THEM WAS THE GOOD OLD DAYS

I saw the boat come 'round the bend—
Good-bye, my lover, good-bye!
'Twas loaded down with steamboat men—
Good-bye, my lover, good-bye!

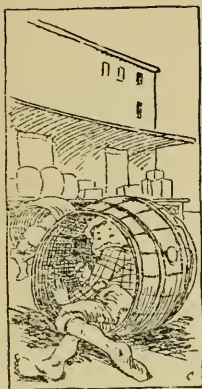


Busy Days Down on the Levee.

Steamboat Saint Paul, Diamond Jo Line Passenger Packet.

THEM WAS THE GOOD OLD DAYS

When they'd ast could they help shine her up, old Bill'd say, "Getahell outa here, you doggone little savages, or we'll turn the hose on ya!" Old Bill always talked in pure steamboat language, he bein' the guy that taught them steamboat mates, raftsmen, and the molders at Davis's threshin' machine foundry how to put real kick in their conversation. Then the kids would holler to old Bill, "Dare ya to, ya big stiff, ya!" and they'd leg it down the alley back of Van Patten and Marks, and crawl into them big sugar hogsheads that the steamboats brung up from New Orleans, to dig out the brown sugar that had



melted between the staves.

Ever know the handiest tool for a youngster, sport—outside a pocketknife? Why, it's a hoss-shoe nail. Comes in handy for chinkin' off brown sugar in hogsheads, and for holdin' up pants when the buttons snap off—them little lads only wearin' pants, waists, and 'spenders, and mebbe a hat. Usta swipe hoss-shoe nails at Jack Speed's hoss-shoein' shop when they was shoein' flies for Jack while he was manicurin' the hoss's hoofs.

Them arabs never wore shoes then—exceptin' on Sundays—and when a kid showed up with new shoes that squeaked, all the gang would havta take turns and spit on 'em to christen 'em by spoilin' the shine. A new suit hadta be christened too, a kid always feelin' ashamed 'til he rassled in his new handmedowns.

When they got through stokin' up on brown sugar, they'd watch Lew Marks sortin' oranges and bananas, and wait till he'd throw away the specked ones, when they was some awful scramblin' done—most of them oranges only bein' half rotten.

After mixin' specked oranges and bananas with the brown sugar, they'd romp around to Second street, past Rothschild's clothing store, just to holler "Hello, Isaac!"—'cause all them little tikes liked Mr. Rothschild. And when it came time to get a suit of clothes in the fall, their dads gave Isaac

THEM WAS THE GOOD OLD DAYS

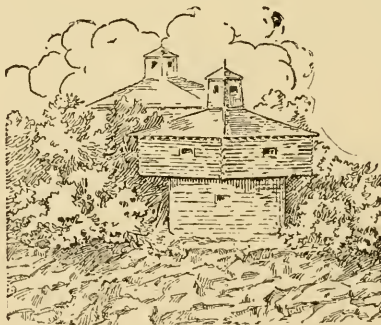


the standoff—and mebbe they paid and meb-
be they thought Isaac was easy and they'd
play their jack on the growler.

Then they'd move along and circle
around Richter's open-faced stuffed bear that
stood up on his hind legs a-holdin' on to a
pole with his front paws. They'd holler and
make faces at the bear, to show that they
wasn't afraid, and brag about how they'd kill
grizzlies and Indians when they growed up
and went to Texas to hunt buffaloes with
Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack—them good old
scouts bein' the grandest men in the world,

accordin' to them youngsters.

If an ice wagon with the sign "Ice, E. Peck," came
rumblin' by, and one kid hollered, "What d'ya see when the
iceman comes?" another kid would answer, "I—see—Peck!"
Then they'd jump on the tailboard and ast August for a piece
of ice, so's they could cool the speckled fruit that was fer-
mentin' with the brown sugar, but they never even dreamed
that they was the originators of orange ice and banana flip.



Original Simp-phoney Orchestra.



Hearin' the gangsaw singin' down at Schricker and Mueller's sawmill, they'd hotfoot it to Scott street, through the lumber yard, to watch the logs glidin' up the chute to be chewed into lumber, or they'd start a game of banter or wood-tag on the boom of the log raft.

Talk about singin', sport—that old Schricker and Mueller gangsaw had it all over Caruso or John McCormack, and you could hear it from Mount Ida to Rockingham. It would modulate its voice when the wind shifted, and do creepy, tremolo stuff that sounded like a million mockin' birds was spillin' out melody in a singin' contest, or like all the banshees from Ireland was workin' in harmony. Why, even the old Helen Blair, comin' around the bend of the river, and blowin' her quivery baritone whistle, sounded purtier than Mary Garden, or Galli-Curci, or any of them high-steppin' janes that's squawkin' outa talkin' machines now'days.

That's where music fans got this symphony orchestra idea, sport—tryin' to give an imitation of the old buzzsaw moanin' and sobbin' its way through a tough knot in a juicy pine log down at Schricker and Mueller's. When the sawmill buzzsaw and steamboat siren done a jazz duet on a windy day, doublin' up with the glucose aroma that crowded the southern summer breeze, Davenport's original simp-phoney orchestra was dishin' up free nose and ear music for everybody.

After a hurryup visit to Berger's livery, to help Taich Berger and Hank Treffs curry hosses and swob buggies, them arabs trotted down to the Liberty fire engine house on Brown street to admire the fireman's statue standin' up in the cupola, with the trumpet to his lips like he was givin' orders to the firemen. Then they'd flip a farm wagon for a ride up-town, unless some old heiney from the Lumberyard gang hollered "Whip behind!" to the farmer.

THEM WAS THE GOOD OLD DAYS

The waterworks whistle blowin' about this time, them kids would notice that it was about time to slip on the feed bag, so they'd call it a half day and toddle home to dinner.

The biggest honor for a kid in them days was torchboy for the Rescues of Fifth Ward hose company, so's he could sport a fireman's uniform—double-breasted red flannel shirt with brass buttons, white pants, helmet, and torch—and step along in the fireman's day parade. A torchboy had his gang burnin' with envy, and they'd scamper along the march, hollerin' to their buddy, wishin' they was wearin' a red shirt.



Next best honor to torchboy was totin' the bass drum in Haverly's minstrels street parade. Many hard-fought battles was pulled off in Burtis theatre alley to decide who's turn it was to tote the bass drum. Even holdin' music for the cornet solo guy at the minstrel band's evening concert would send a youngster to the hay sparklin' with happiness.

Yes, indeed—they was the good old days! The trouble was them young fellers didn't know when they was well off. Always wishin' to be men so's they could have a toothbrush handle peekin' outa their vest pocket, or grow whiskers like a doctor, or have wax-end soup-strainers like them dandy dudes that wore bell-bottom jeans pants. Then, when they grewed up to be men, they switched the hokum and wished they was kids again.

Lotsa wimmen folks get chicken ideas, too. They teehee and doll up like kindergarten babies, but they don't fool nobody—unless it's the makeup they see in their handbag mirrors.

All the nuts don't grow in Ashford's pasture, sport, and a lota smart folks ain't got no license to wonder how them pop-eyed hopheads get that way.



Chawbeef Days at Duck Creek.



AY, BOB—Even if kids didn't have sandy beaches and enclosed nats in the old days, they had some dandy swimmin' places—not countin' the Arp and Reuber swimmin' house at the foot of Perry, where a kid could take a swim in the little hole for a nickel or in the big hole for a dime. On Saturdays, though, there was such a mob waitin' in line that old Reuber'd only let 'em stay in a half hour, when he'd chase 'em out with a bamboo pole. Boys didn't wear swimmin'

suits then, and a kid that brung soap and towel got razzed for bein' a dude.

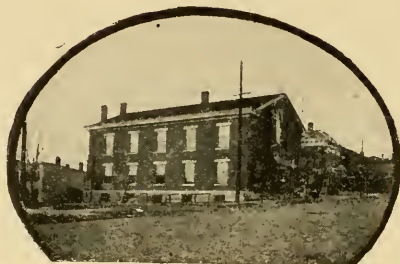
Rooks's brickyard pond, in the ravine at Tenth and Gaines, was a dandy swimmin' hole, exceptin' it had a mushy yaller clay bottom and gangrene scum around the edges. Folks said it wasn't healthy to swim there, but the kids didn't believe 'em. The irish canaries that boarded in Rooks's pond had fine baritone voices, and on moonlight nights you could hear 'em chantin' in mournful chorus down to Schuetzen park.

The swimmin' hole under the oak trees in Farnam street woods was the cushiest place, but it was risky for outside kids to take a chance swimmin' there unless they stood in with the Corkhill gang, them guys takin' full charge of all that territory after they chased the injuns out.

The best swimmin' hole was in Baker's cow pasture, west of Brady at Duck creek. There wasn't nobody there to chase youngsters just when the fun was gettin' good, but sometimes they hadta stay in all afternoon, 'cause they'd get splattered with mud and havta jump in again and wash off, unless the gang agreed to let 'em out.

Of course, it was different when lunch time came, when they'd build a fire to bake potatoes or roast corn on hot coals, or fry a yaller-bellied mudcat if fishin' was good, or boil eggs in a tomato can. Didn't make no difference if ashes

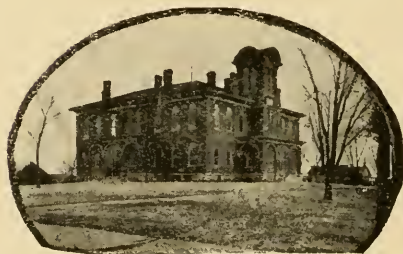
THEM WAS THE GOOD OLD DAYS



Old High School at Sixth and Main.



Old Stone School at Seventh and Perry.



Old Mount Ida School at Mississippi and Fulton.

THEM WAS THE GOOD OLD DAYS

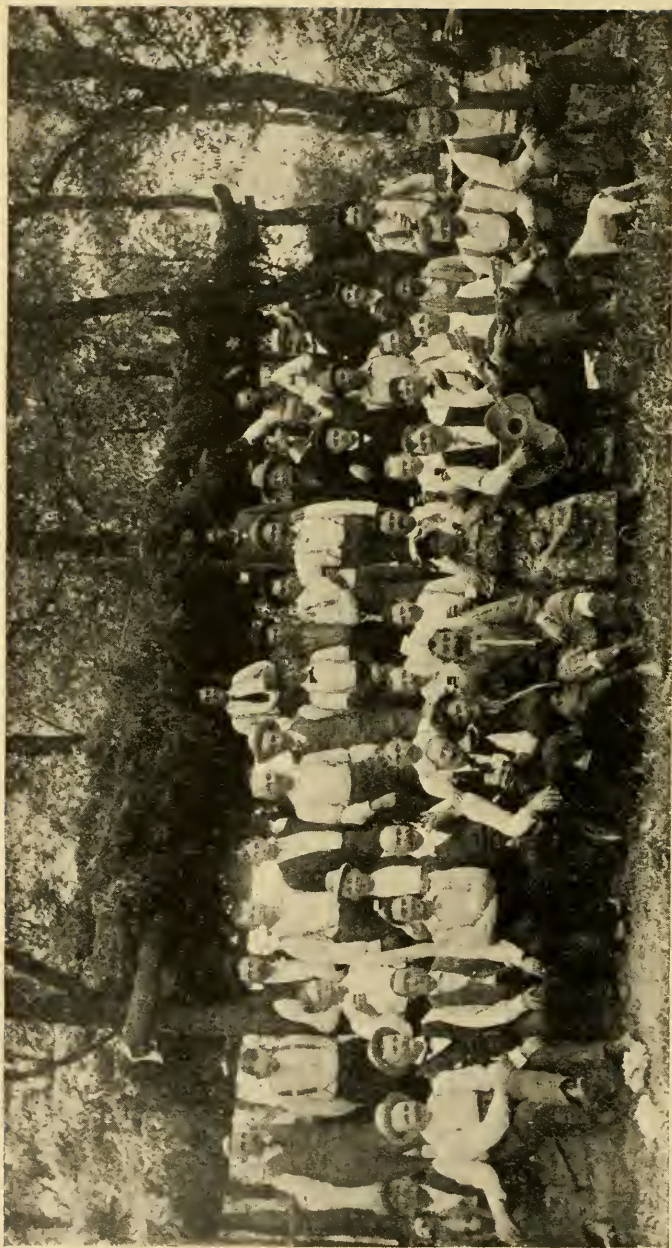
and dirt got mixed with that grub, it tasted better than any of the chuck they got at home. Or, mebbe they'd hike to Gilruth's orchard out on Harrison street, to prow for bell-flowers and russets, and grab onions, grapes, and sweet potatoes on the way. Then they'd sit around the fire to enjoy a good smoke of porous driftwood or the ripe cigars they picked from catalpa trees, and talk about how fine it would be if they was out on the plains fightin' redskins with the old scouts they read about in Beadle's dime novels and the Boys of New York Weekly. Then they'd go buffalo huntin'—chasin' Baker's cows over the meadows, and sayin' "Bang! Bang!" every time they'd draw a bead on them wild animals with their trusty old rifles that was made outa cornstalks.

Some days, after listenin' to George Baker's wonderful snake stories, they went explorin' in the willows for hoop-snakes. George told 'em that when a hoopsnake seen a guy comin' it would grab the end of its tail in its mouth and whirl through the pasture like a bat outahell, not stoppin' for nothin' unless it bumped against a tree or rail fence.

George said he'd seen lotsa hoopsnakes—and jointsnakes, too, and George said if a kid whacked a jointsnake with a slippery-elm club it would fly to pieces, and the pieces would all come together again at sundown, and the jointsnake would be doin' business at the old stand the next day. If a kid ever got stung by a rattler or copper-head, George said, the only cure was to hike to Pillion's and drink a quart of forty-rod likker.



Al Lindsay told them little fellers they couldn't kill all of a snake or turtle in the daytime—that even if they chopped 'em into little pieces the heads would live 'til sundown. George and Al lived on the banks of that stream and was the big authority on Duck creek snakes in them times. But in all their explorin', from the Hospital to the Orphans' home, the nearest them kids ever come to seein' a hoopsnake or a jointsnake was when they killed a ferocious gartersnake or drowned out a gopher.



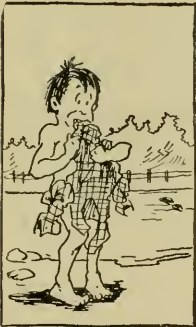
Henry Jaeger's Camp on Second Island.
How many old timers can you name, starting with Ignatz Schmidt at right?

THEM WAS THE GOOD OLD DAYS

One Saturday the Locust street gang started from Eigel's grocery store on a hike to the creek, and began playin' banter at Brewster's place near the old Fair grounds, and kept it up clear out to the Black Hills saloon.

Charlie Osborn was leader, and when he ast them little men if they all was game enough to folly their leader in anything he done, they said they was. So Charlie peeled off all his togs under the big maple when they got near Balluff's, and Lew Wicksey and more than a dozen kids follyed suit. Then Charlie started the percession with a yell, and they raced a half mile to the creek, carryin' their duds in their hands, whoopin' and hollerin' like wild injuns out on the warpath. Even if there wasn't many houses along there then, the wimmen folks that seen them skinny legs flyin' past musta thought that nuts was gettin' ripe purty early that season.

After they paddled around in the swimmin' hole for an hour or so, with Gus Paine, Joe Orendorff, and Mike Rus-



sell, collectin' leeches, sandburrs, and sunburn in fifteen inches of water, they heard that horrible cry that always puts a feelin' of terror in the heart of a kid in swimmin'—"Chaw beef!" Then they knew that Bob Armil and Howey Oliver, leaders of the notorious Noels's woods gang, had snuck up while they was enjoyin' themselves, and that dirty work was bein' done, as them two mallards was the champeen chawbeefers in that neck of the woods.

There was some wild scramblin' by them little lads for their togs, and after they fished 'em outa the creek, chewed the knots loose with their teeth, and spread 'em out to dry, it was gettin' nigh on to supper-time. On the way home they remembered they had forgot about pilin' the big load of wet wood the millman brung from Renwick, Shaw, and Crosset's durin' the week, and they knew they was due for a good lammin' when their dads started astin' questions, unless they could get away with the old alibi about bein' sick in the stummick.

Them was the good old days, sport!

THEM WAS THE GOOD OLD DAYS

They wasn't no wild wimmen pickin' tame flowers then, nor no tame wimmen pickin' wild flowers. When a flocka janes took to the timber for an outin', they'd pick mayapples, wild strawberries, and hazelnuts, but they never run hogwild and pulled 'em up by the roots. Only the men folks done the killin'—poppin' the robins, woodpeckers, and other song-birds with their muzzle-loaders, just for fun, and helpin' civilization along by cleanin' up the prairie chickens, bobwhites, and pheasants. Then there was the old sports that thought duckshootin' too tame. Them old roosters took trips to the wild prairies of Nebraska to slaughter meek-eyed buffaloes that just had noodle enough to folly the leader. There's a coupla buffaloes in Fejervary park now, and it might be a good idea to stick a few wild flowers and ferns down there—or in the Academy of Sciences—so's that the next generation kin see what them things looked like.



When Leas Lingafelt introduced grapefruit in this burg, Neil Collamer laughed, and said he'd rather sink a tooth into a hedgeball or a hunk of limburger than in one of them darn things. Frank Paddock passed up them jumbo lemons, too, sayin' they was n. g. Hugh Barr couldn't even con his two salesmen, Oyster Jim and Celery Pete, to tackle grapefruit. Them two birds said that just because they started Hugh in the fish business, and could hoist anything in the moisture market, was no reason why Hugh should try to feed 'em big quinine pills. Leas then ast Charlie Robeson would he try his taster, and Charlie said that he'd try anything once. When he put away the first grapefruit raw, the other yaps expected to see the butcher boy knocked stiff. But Charlie was game, and only said it tasted kinda bitter. Then he seasoned the next one with a dash of mustard and some sugar, and said it tasted finer than Charlie Cavanaro's Florida oranges.

Then Doc Sharon and Senator Gorman split a grapefruit, sprinkled it with sugar, and said it was the next best bet to wild strawberries or Bob Pringle's cream puffs.

THEM WAS THE GOOD OLD DAYS

In them days Leon Allen's dad and Tommy McKinney's dad had hot arguments in the old Farnam street roundhouse regardin' whose boy was the keenest at eatin' arithmetic—both of them youngsters bein' johnny-at-the-rathole when it come to figgerin', and the smartest boys in their schools. Leon's dad said his boy was. Tommy's dad said his boy was. So, after Jake Goehring balked on refereein' the argument, them two dads framed for a joint debate to a decision on the next Sunday afternoon. When time was called Leon's dad examined his son, and Tommy's dad examined his son, and decimals and geometry was bein' batted all over the room. Then, while the two proud dads was summ'in' up and argufyin' the case all over, the two little shavers slipped out into the back yard to play a game of jacks. Then they played a game of mibs for keeps. Then Tommy traded five com-



In the Academy of Sciences.

mies and a glassie to Leon for a blind agate. Then Leon traded his top to Tommy for a big whiteally and his two-licker taw. And about the time them little lads was gettin' ready to swap jackknives, sight-unseen, their dad's came out and told 'em who was winners in the big contest in arithmetic.

Never heard of Crazy Litz, didya, sport? Well, he was a kinda queer old geezer that growed rusty whiskers and lived in a shanty up in Main street hollow. He usta mind his own business and keep his trap shut, and, naturally, people thought he was coccoo. He was easy teasin' for the kids, and when he wandered down town they follyed him, hollerin' "Crazy Litz is gettin' fits!" One hot day in August they was tormentin' him by yellin' and throwin' clods, when the old man

THEM WAS THE GOOD OLD DAYS

flew clear off the handle, grabbed a tantalizin' youngster and gave him a blamed good maulin'. Then old Crazy Litz was pinched for disturbin' the peace, and he done a thirty-day stretch in the cooler. After they turned him loose he could walk by the Sixth street gang any time, and not a peep outa any of 'em. And that gang had such hard eggs as Charlie Haskins, Ed Webb, Jim Hurd, Harry High, Tom Lowery, Johnny Drew, Ed Marvin, Harry Eldridge, Billy Coulter, Bill Dooley, Dave Magoun, Tim Parker, Ed Hood, Billy Webb, Ferd Mast, Wils McClelland, Chet Croul, Pickels Gildea, Jack Leonard, Charlie Barnes, Butch Thiele, Hons McGee, Win McChesney, Dinny Denison, Jack Berryhill, Tom Griggs, Brock Darling, Tip Nealey, Peg Donahoo, Jim Flemming and Jack Cook.

Jim Flemming and Jack Cook were the radio boys of the old days. They had the first private telegraph line in this burg, a block long, runnin' from their homes, on the corners of Brady and Main along Sixth street. When them boy wizards practiced operatin', kids usta press their ears to the telegraph poles to listen in. They could hear Jim and Jack confabbin', by the way the wire hummed, but they couldn't understand telegraph language.



Jim and Jack gabbed through the first telephone, too, and they helped string the wire. That telephone was a great dish for the natives, and the two oil-spreaders that operated it tore off lotsa mazume. It reached from the roof of Doc Mitchell's sample rooms at Brady and Commercial alley to the sidewalk at Rothschild's clothin' store on Second and Brady. A nosey mob gathered around, takin' turns talkin' at ten cents a talk. Two bakin' powder cans without covers, connected with a fishline, stretched across the street, and them cans was used both for talkin' and hearin'.

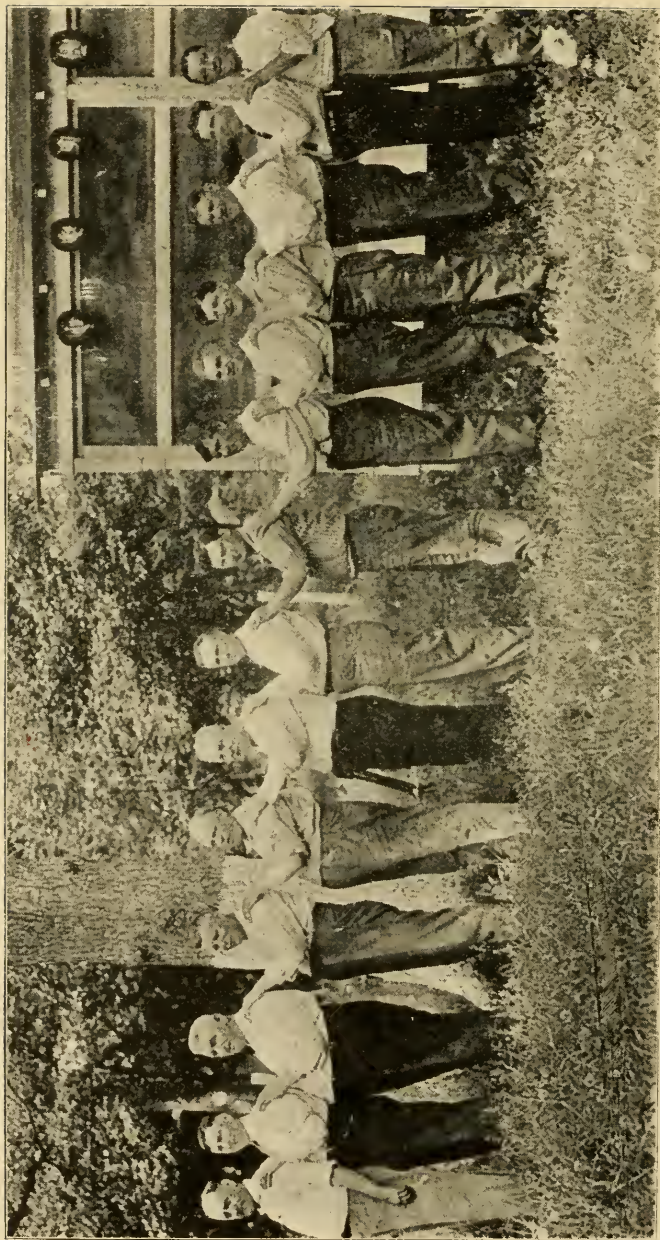
That telephone line got an awful play, sport, but nobody ever heard the bird on the roof say "the line's busy." But he was a flip young feller, and he'd say "pull down your vest"

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and "wipe off your chin," bein' a hound for usin' the latest slang of them times. Now'days if some sap asts for number 3333, after the little lady with the ukelele voice repeats them numbers, with all the canary bird thr-r-rills, it sounds like Frank Fick tunin' his flute to shoot a quickfire cadenza for the symphony jays that inhale wop opera.

In these times wimmen use lotsa makeup on telephone gab, workin' two brands of lingo—the cardparty guff and kitchen variety. When the bell rings, and a dame gurgles "Hel-l-o-o-o-uh!"—all drippin' with honey—it sounds sweeter than Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" usta sound when Jake Strasser was leadin' his swell orchestra. But if a roughneck brother, or sumpin, hooks on the line, the sweet voice bawls, "Oh! It's you, is it!"—soundin' like a strawboss razzin' a herda hunks. It's sure tough, sport, after dopin' the settin' for high-class shootin' to have the prize headache horn in.





A Fine String of Carp Caught at Toronto, Iowa.
Klam-Boreta Club Grounds.

Corkhill and the Patch.



SAY, BOB—REMEMBER Jerry the Fiddler in the old Corkhill days, when he usta play the “Connukman’s Rambles” and the “Devil’s Dream” for the shindigs on Corkhill and the Patch—how he made more music with the foot than with the fid?

I don’t s’pose you remember “Jerry’s Bridge” on Rock Island street, from Tenth to Eleventh, neither—and how the old moon shimmered on the crisp snow on a winter’s evenin’, and winked when you looked down “Doogan’s Rawveen”?

Don’t remember when Yankee Robinson’s one-ring circus showed on the Patch, and how the old clown sung “Pullin’ Hard Against the Stream”?

In this world I’ve gained my knowledge,
And for it I’ve had to pay,
Though I never went to college,
Still I’ve heard the poet say:
Life is like a mighty river,
Runnin’ on from day to day,
Men are vessels cast upon it,
Sometimes wrecked and cast away.

Then do your best for one another,
Makin’ life a pleasant dream,
Help a worn and weary brother
Pullin’ hard against the stream.

Say, boy—that was some singin’!

Nor you haint got no recollection of Hons McGee and Cal Gillooley when they was drivin’ the cows to pasture to Farnam street woods in the mornin’s and bringin’ ’em back for milkin’ in the evenin’s, and how Hons was always whistlin’ for his dog Shep.

Never heard of good old Brahaney, and how the kids usta tease him and holler, “Brahaney, will yer dog bite?” just to get him to chase ’em?

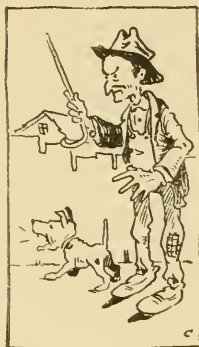
It’s a ten-to-one bet you never heard about John Driscoll blowin’ the depot whistle at the old roundhouse at Fifth and

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Farnam, and that you didn't never know that railroad time was fifteen minutes earlier than city time in them days.

Don't know about them times, huh?

Well, you're a fine bird for Corkhill reporter!



About all that you newspaper guys does now'days is put on the feedbag, hustle for hooch, and shake the jazz leg with them bobhair janes.

Why, in the old days, when a little cutie bobbed her hair and came sailin' down the line, the kids usta holler, "Chippie, get yer hair cut—fifteen cents!" Little gals was so bashful then that they

usta blush, and a vamp was called a tramp.

In them times, old George Ballou did all the reportin' and editin' on that sheet of yourn, and John Hassen and Tom Woods did the printin'—no matter how near pickled they was. Now who's doing all the shootin' at the payroll?

And George didn't run no pichers of society razberries, efficiency experts, bootleggers, oil-stock easers, and guys that works in banks, neither.

Nothin' like that!

The only pichers that George run was Lydia Pinkham's compound, Saint Jacob's oil, Hostetter's bitters, and a coupla Jersey capps, and he run 'em every day, not every three weeks.

When an ad was set up it was up, and Mayor Claussen couldn't change it unless he squared things with Aleck Anderson or Cy Darling.

Another thing, Bob: In them days a guy needin' eye exercise had to go to the Burtis to watch Alice Oates and her "English Blondes" or slip into a barber shop and double-O the Police Gazette. Now them underwear and silk stockin' ads get the up-and-down and nobody never takes a peek at the Police Gazette. It's too tame.

And, bein' as Charlie Kindt's showshop blooied when that firenut broke out of the cuckoo factory, you're outa luck.

Them ad club guys puts so much stuff on the ball that it gives folks all the thrills their blood pressure will stand

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under. They sure help to start people wearin' them big hornrimmed specs, and a weaktop guy gets away with a lotta stuff by sportin' them hootowl cheaters.

Wimmen don't care to read nothin' now but half-off sale ads and cartoons, or something about operations for adenoids and tonsils. And when some advertisin' slicker puts over a come-on sale to work off holdover flyswatters in the wintertime, the rush begins, and they kin hardly wait for the doors to open.

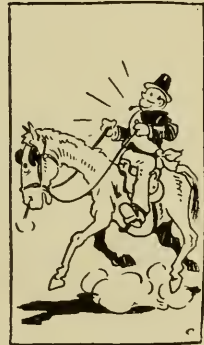
Then the riot call comes in to Billy Claussen up at the works for the extra harness bulls and flydicks to hurry up and tame the mob. And all this is done without usin' no likker nor hooch whatsoever. Ads has an awful kick in 'em.

Anybody except an out-and-out dumbell kin grab an awful laugh out of the news your sheet keep shootin' about Ireland bein' free—now.

Where do you reporters get that "now" stuff?

Why, freein' old Ireland was all cooked and dried in the old days when the Land League was hittin' her up in Forrest block hall at Fourth and Brady. Parnell was the main screw in them days, and the debatin' club of the Land League burned up Johnny Bull every Sunday evenin'. That was when the Deputies made sleep a losin' game for the boys that wore the galways—when they was supposed to be drillin' in the drill-halls under the churches. Anybody that ever watched them hard-workin' old turks marchin' in a Saint Patrick's day parade could see that the only drillin' they ever done was on a handcar or up at the stone quarry gettin ready for the blast. In them parades they was all out of step but Curbstone Jim, and Jim was ridin' a swayback.

Why, there's a coupla loaded ivories livin' in this burg that believes them drill stories even to this day, and they come out of their holes every election time to hang a few whispers on the wires.



THEM WAS THE GOOD OLD DAYS



Original Hotel Davenport.

Famous hostlery of old days, when Davenport was a popular summer resort for southern aristocrats.

THEM WAS THE GOOD OLD DAYS

Never heard about the Land League debatin' club battles, Bob, and how the Corkhill jakes and Slough jakes used to flock to 'em?

Well, a little wisin'-up won't hurt you.

Some of the hottest battles ever fought to free old Ireland was pulled off by the debatin' club in them days.

The fighters was trained to the minute and kept right in the pink up to the tap of the gong, the same as these lads that puts on the scraps at the Legion hall now. Only the style of fightin' and the rules was different.

They wasn't no clinchin' and no stallin', but they was plenty of jabbin' and footwork and windjammin'. The fighters fought one at a time, and they used eight-pound words instead of eight-ounce gloves. They uppercut with short-arm swings, and blocked with dirty looks, and tried to put across the haymaker with wild swingin' and cruel adjectives.

In them days the fighters wasn't hoggin' for the big crack at the gate receipts, and they wasn't no chewin' about weights or havin' their purty fingers manicured. Them boys just naturally mixed it because they loved the fightin' game.

But the great championship battle to free Ireland, and the biggest ever pulled by the Land League, was held on the evenin' of Saint Patrick's day in the mornin'.

The hall was packed and jammed long before the first prelim, and after some guy sung Joe Murphy's funny song about "A Handful of Earth," the main go was announced.

The big prize at that championship battle was for a decision at catch weights to settle that one big question:

"Resolved, that Ireland is, and of right ought to be, a free and independent nation."

To give you reporters some idea of what a whale of a show it was, they had to have three referees for that big contest. Harry McFarland was the chief referee, with Duck McKee and Spud Flynn for assistants. Fred Sharon was timekeeper, and Kernel Ed O'Brien was bottle-holder. All these lads, understand, was born-and-bred Corkhill boys, and strictly on the wagon.

It was a battle royal from the first tap of the gong till old Johnny Bull was stretched stiff and cold for the full count.

THEM WAS THE GOOD OLD DAYS

Four of the cleverest little lightweights in the west was carded for that contest, and they put up the fight of their lives. There was young Kid Vollmer of the Brickyard gang and Cyclone Lischer of the Sawmill gang, on the negative side, paired against Spider Bollinger of the Mount Ida gang and Kayo Gundaker of the Fifth street gang, on the affirmative side.

There wasn't a dull spot in the program.

Each scrapper was allowed to fight a fifteen-minute round in the semi-windup, and a fast three-minute whirl on the windup, so's he could mop up the other guy with the comeback.

Every round went the full limit in slam-bang style, tooth-and-nail. Talk about shadow boxing, speedy footwork, swingin' with the right, uppercuttin' with the left, and playin' for the wind! Never nothin' like it!

Why, the audience was hollerin' their heads off, and the cheerin' got so terrific that the folks at Turner hall had to call time on a German play called "Gesundheit" that was bein' pulled down there.

But listen: At the finish the referees begun to mix and lock horns on the decision. Them guys had some fightin' blood in their boilers, too. But finally they adjourned to the supreme court of the debatin' club in the back room of John Lillis's grocery store, where they fought the battle all over again, round by round. And the next day the ice went out.



On the followin' Sunday evenin' the referees handed in their decision in favor of the battlers on the negative side, by declarin' that their argument was a clean knockout for freein' Ireland. As that made it unanimous, the little old Green Isle was then and there declared a free and independent nation.

So all this noise that's bein' pulled now over in the Old Sod is just so much highjack flimmin' of the business agents, stallin' so they won't lose their jobs and havta go to work.

THEM WAS THE GOOD OLD DAYS

If them birds hadn't horned in and mussed things, and had stood for the hard-fought decision of the Land League debatin' club, all this jobbin' wouldn't have took place.

But then I s'pose, Bob, it's the business of business agents to keep guys from doin' business that wants to do business.

There was some famous old ringsiders squatted in the front row at that big battle. There was Jerry Driscoll, Charlie Hubbell, Owen Murray, Billy Gordon, Mike Kilfeather, Ike Deutsch, Dan Keeler, John Crowley, Pat Hanley, Luke Brennan, Jack Mullins, Johnny Grady, Dan Horne, Fonse Arnould, Jack Bryson, Cobb McMahon, Jappy Miclot, Banty Keating, Eddie Slevin, Pat Lannon, Jim O'Connor, Webb Mason, Simon Garvey, Jimmy Currey, Joe Hart, Billy Gilooley, John A. Feeney, Dannie Kennedy, Cully McCabe, Ed Connole, Jim Halligan, Ed McCormick, Pascal Pucinelli, Martin Downs, Goat Dwyer, and a lota other descendants of the Old Sod.

There's a whole lot of old time hits that you newspaper guys could dish up that'd be more interestin' to the ladies than them market reports and Fatty R. Buckle stories you keep runnin'. Gal readers needs more attention than they been gettin', now that they kin vote and work on the juries.

Wimmen isn't always 'preciated, Bob. In the old days they saved a lota coin for the taxpayers by sweepin' up cigaret butts and tobacco juice with their long trailers. Now the city has to operate electric sweepers at a big expense, and taxes keep jumpin' higher and higher.

And a lota soreheads was beefin' then about wimmen's styles—just like they is now.

What do them birds want? Can't they 'preciate artistic dressin', or do they want all the swell dames runnin' around in mother hubbards and sunbonnets so they'll look like a herd of cattle?

Admittin' that straw hats is now due for springin', you kin expect another yawp from them baldheaded guys that has to wear nightcaps to warm their knobs these cold evenin's.

If you reporters was keen to the job there'd be a hot pannin' comin' to them knockin' crabs.

THEM WAS THE GOOD OLD DAYS



Daddy Davis Clam Chowder Club.
Ferd Haymeyer, chef, at Ashford's Pasture.

THEM WAS THE GOOD OLD DAYS

Course, some grumpy guys don't mind seein' other guys' janes wearin' that upstage stuff, but they want their janes to lay off'n it.

Men is hard to please, Bob. Most of 'em has a streak of squirrel about a yard wide in their makeup, and it only takes a coupla shots of hooch to make 'em show that they aint nobody home.

Unless some of them pink dreamers up at the City Hall gets an adjustment and wakes up before the good old summertime cracks open, you kin get all sittin' pritty for the season. That is, provided them aldermen don't get nosey and pass an ordinance to make them bathin' beauties cover up with blankets or towels when they parade to that new swimmin' joint down on the levee next summer.

Any ordinance that blocks 'em will need more kick than this two-bit brew is got—you kin tell the world.

File your application for charter member of the Rockin'-chair club that's just organized, as all of the club members will get clubby and camp under the canopy at the Saint James down on Main street, to see at what's seein' and to look at what's looking—the beerkegs or broom sticks, the broads or bean-poles. Nothin' barred.



Of course, the lamps of some of the old timers in the Rockin'-chair club is still doin' business for distance, and they ain't so poor on closeup stuff, but if it gets so's they're overlookin' any big bets on late styles in figleafs and colored beads on the

bathin' beauty circuit, you kin lay down a small piece of change that they'll step on the gas and speed to the oculist for some of that first-aid stuff.



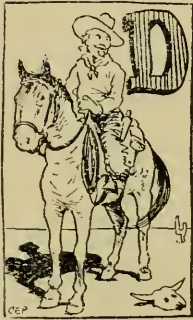
THEM WAS THE GOOD OLD DAYS



Dandies of Mrs. Whistler's Dancing School.

Warren Scott, Charlie Russell, Charlie Baker, Will Wadsworth,
Fred, Decker, Ira Gifford, Ed Webb, George Gillette.

Dancing Days at Mrs. Whistler's.



IDN'T know that Buffalo Bill held his first wild west exhibition in a sideshow tent in the vacant lot just below Fourth, on the east side of Brady, didya, sport? Had a coupla circus hosses, buckin' bronchos, cowboys, buffaloes, pigeon-toed squaws, and real Sioux injun bucks, who wouldn't steal anything that was nailed down or was too heavy for the squaws to carry. Nor you didn't know they had signs, "Walk your hosses on the bridge," posted on that government driveway, and how a guy was liable to get chucked in the guardhouse if his spav happened to break into a trot?

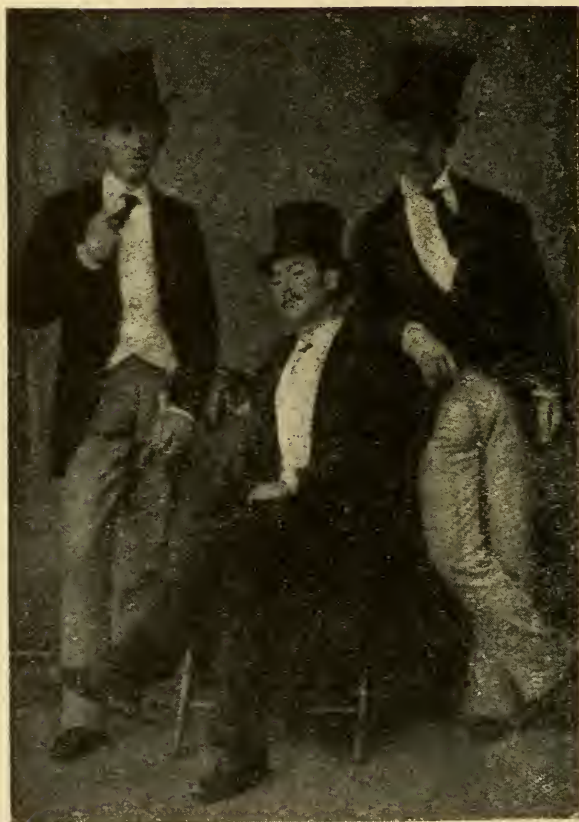
Never heard nothin' about the old-time dancin' days, either, didya? Well, Mrs. Whistler's dancin' school, at Eleventh and Perry, was the trainin'-ground for teachin' young bloods to "daunce the launcers and all the fauncy daunces," includin' the waltz, polka, schottische, and square dances.

There wasn't no neckin', strangle-holts, nor half-nelson clutches at Mrs. Whistler's—only old-fashioned long-distance grips, holdin' the gal at arms-len'th, as though she was liable to bite you. If any smarty got actin' cute, and attempted any closeup stuff, his dancin' partner would box his ears darn quick.

When Mrs. Whistler raised her skirt to her shoe-tops, to show the boys the dance movement, Charlie Baker, Tim Murphy, Nat Harris, Clarence Cochrane, Fred Decker, and Art Sampson usta blush like fury, and rush to the hallway—they was so embarrassed.

Tuesday night was the big night for the boys at Mrs. Whistler's, and you could depend on meetin' Ernie Allen, Charlie Dixon, Ira Gifford, Ed Webb, Nick Kuhn, Duke Martin, Ike Deutsch, Will Altman, Win Scott, Charlie Russell, Bird Richardson, Art Wallace, Will Wadsworth, John

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Dandies of the Seventies.

Frank Gillette, Henry Carmichael, Jack Van Tuyl.

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Van Patten, Harry Smith, Charlie Leslie, Ed Leonard, Will Axtman, Jules Gaspard, Jim Smith, Harry Kirk, Warren Scott, Billy Evers, Harry Wadsworth, Howard Nott, Fred Crouch, George Iles, and Vic Littig at dancin'-school, listenin' to swell piano music and trainin' their dogs to behave, so's they could take a jump into society.



Before the reverse waltz came into fashion the dancers usta spin one-way, windin' up till they got dizzy, and then unwindin' by spinnin' the other way. Some dancers had their carburetors adjusted so's they could whirl one way as long as the music played without gettin' seasick.

We had some high old times at the Fire King dances, too, when Bob Swindell and his brother Nin did the fiddlin', with Hughey Mullin sawin' the hossfid. Sometimes, when the dancers was hittin' up the virginia reel, and havin' the time of their lives, Bob would join in the grand-right-and-left, playin' his fid and mixin' with the dancers. One evenin', when Hughey was feelin' kinda so-so, him and Nin joined the grand-right-and-left with Bob, and dogged, if Hughey didn't drag the old hossfid with him, dancin' it up and down the line, and when Bob called "Swing yer partner!" Hughey swung that big fid of his'n and didn't skip a note.

Talk about jolly times, sport! More fun'n a boxa monkeys!

Why, in the old days, when Charlie Cameron and his gal, and George Ott and his gal, usta dance the redowa at Burns's festival, all the dancers just naturally slipped to the side lines to watch them two couples pivotin'. Talk about classic dancin', and the graceful movements of Isadore Duncan and Pavlowa—say, if you ever seen Charlie and George and their gals, when they was hittin' up the redowa, you'd take off your hats and say that them dancers was the real dancin' pippins.



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Frank DeWarf.

Beau Brummel of Davenport Job Printers.

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That's about the time, sport, that the plughat epidemic was ragin' in this burg. High-rollin' dandies didn't think they was properly dolled unless crowned with the lids made famous by Rain-in-the-Face and other noble redmen who got saturated with firewater. The plughat was the high-sign of gentility and the comeon of the fourflush.

Hiram Price set the fashion in lids with his sky-scrapin' beaver stovepipe. Michael Donahue and Senator Lowrey were natural-born plughatters, gettin' away clean with 'em, but Mose Zimmerman, Charlie Lindholm, Neighbor Carpenter, Joe Bettendorf, and Henry Volkman balked on sportin' the three-deck dicer. Harry Sommers, manager of the Kimball house, didn't feel dressed up unless a plughat topped his knob. Neither did Denny Hart, the head-waiter, Ed Purse, the bartender, nor Judge Shaughnessy, the barber. Other dandy dressers, sported the stovepipe and the soup-and-fish scenery, with and without the eggspot that is makin' evenin' clothes so popular with greek waiters.

New Year's was callin' day, when some mighty fine old toppers chartered sea-goin' hacks to pay their respects to folks that run notices in The Democrat sayin' they would keep open house. Hot-punch and bubbles, oyster patties and hickorynuts, turkey and the trimmin's, was served, just the same as at popular free-lunch stations down town, the callers always wearin' stovepipe skimmers. Sometimes a guy copped a nice fashionable stew in makin' them calls, but as he only tried to be sociable by stowin' away all the junk shoved in front of him, and didn't want to offend the hostess by tellin' her the cookin' was bum, he had a home-cooked alibi on the mornin' after, when he was nursin' a hangover.

Some dashin' young swells played the free-lunch layout on the New Year's circuit, sport—guys like Harry Coventy, Charlie Griffith, Ernie Bennett, Billy Waddell, Sam Maxwell, Len Stockwell, Charlie Berryhill, Bert Dow, Frank Shelly, Mishie Borland, Billy Forrest, Charlie Putnam, Frank De-



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warf, Orrin Andrews, Carl Schlegel, Deacon White, Charlie Hagemann, Gough Grant, Dick Hill, Ben Tillinghast, Tom Swiney, Howard Henry, Ed Gifford, Ira Tabor, Quin Annable, Billy Elmer, Bert Conkright, Billy Lee, Al Meadley, Mer Parker, Walt Crandall, Nat Harris, Spicey Jones, and Vinegar Smith.

Them boys had all the chesterfield stride, grace, and dignity that went with that callin' game, and, even if they used hairoil and waxed their mustashes, any respectable plug-hat felt honored to decorate their domes.



Rollicking Times at Wapsie Shindigs.



We had fine social dances at Turner hall, Metropolitan hall, LeClaire hall, Lahrmann's hall, Library hall, Kuehl's hall, and Moore's hall. In summertime the dancin' took place in the open, at Schuetzen park, Bornemann's garden, Hincer's garden, Washington garden, Pariser garden, Pete Jacobsen's, and out at Charlie Borchardt's, Pete Wiese's, Maysville, Donahue, Walcott, Durant, Green Tree, LeClaire, the Fivemile house, and all the leadin' whistlin' stations.

Hayrack and bobsled parties was popular then, not havin' fivvers nor interurbans to carry folks to goose raffles, duck dances, and corncrib hoedowns.

The caller at the old time dances had more guts than a second lieutenant, the arrangements committee, and floor managers, and what he spilled was right outa the feedbox. John Cameron was high cockalorum, and when he rasped the openin' strains of a quadrille on the second fid, and shouted, "Salute yer partners!" everybody knew that the old master mechanic was on the job.

Henry Schillinger was second choice of the callers, and when the dances came too thick around these diggin's, George Stroehle, of Rock Island, or Gus Wilson, of Moline. would be drafted into service.

But it was at the country farmhouses that real old-fashioned shindigs were held. The farmer boys and gals jigged to lively tunes of the country fiddler, dancin' quadrilles and singin' old-time songs, after trashin' time, when the harvest days was over, Jessie dear.

Early settlers in Winfield township, along the Wapsie, included the Maloneys, Gillens, Tyners, Dempseys, Duffys, Blooms, Armstrongs, Brennans, Carrols, Mullinos, Whalens, Ennises, Feeneys, McGuires, McNamaras, Gallaghers, Schmidts, Kivlins, Daughertys, Crowes, Murphys, Kellys,

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Fresh-Air Club.

Cruising along the Hennepin Canal.

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O'Briens, and a lota other folks that didn't come from Sweden nor Czecho-Slovakia. Eamon de Valera and Countess Markievicz couldn't never get away with them kinda names in Winfield township.

The rubberin' historian on a hero chase amid the archives of the great State of Scott is astounded at the magnificent exhibit of deathless posterity that has sprung from the corn-fields along the banks of the Wapsie. Other states may boast of war heroes or graft-scarred vets of commercial battle-fields, but grand old Scott points its finger at animate and aggressive heroes whose names emblazon in letters big as box cars its scroll of fame.

Look who's here, sport:

Pat Crowe, author-actor, world's greatest kidnapper, born in Winfield township, on the banks of the Wapsie.

Buffalo Bill, scout, world's greatest wildwest showman, born in Liberty township, on the banks of the Wapsie.

Farmer Burns, rassler, world's greatest strangle-holt demonstrator, born in Butler township, on the banks of the Wapsie.

Lillian Russell, opera star, world famous actress, born in Clinton county, on the banks of the Wapsie.

That's steppin' some, you kin tell the world!

Only one fiddler was needed at them dances, and he usta sing when callin' quadrilles, makin' up verses as he went along, while keepin' time with the music and dancin'. Jimmy Brennan was the star singin'-caller of Winfield township, but Niely Whalen was a young comer that was pressin' him close for first honors.

When callin' to the tune of "The Girl I Left Behind Me," Jimmy's song would run sumpin like this:

Now all four gents will lead to the right,
Where four nice gals kin find you—
Then balance all, and welt the floor,
And swing that gal behind you.



Jimmy sang through the quadrille, with the dancers laughin' and jiggin', and when they balanced-on-the-corners, and gave the grand-double-

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swing, them rosy-cheeked lasses got some swingin' that started their blood circulatin'.

Mebbe, while a handout was bein' served, some thoughtful guy would happen to mention the little brown jug he brung out from Roddewig's on his last trip to town—that had sumpin in it that was "as mild as goat's milk." After the folks took a try at the refreshments, that was as mild as goat's milk, it seemed like sumpin happened that put new life in the party, and they'd start singin' that jolly old song about the "Little Brown Jug":



If I had a cow that gave such milk
I'd dress her up in satin and silk,
Feed her on the choicest hay,
And milk her forty times a day.
Ha! ha! ha! You and me!
Little brown jug, how I love thee!

Then somebody would remember to call for Beezy Maloney to dance a jig—Beezy bein' so light on her feet she could balance a glass of water on her head and dance an Irish jig without spillin' a drop. Then, when Beezy raised her skirt to give her feet plenty of action, the fiddler would begin playin', and Beezy would get up on her toes and show the folks some real jiggin' that brought plenty of applause.

Then Owney O'Brien and his woman, after a whole lotta teasin' and coaxin', would take the floor to step off a reel, givin' all the fancy twists and turns, sashayin' and flirtin', bowin' and smilin', while Jimmy Brennan put in his best licks playin' "Mrs. McLeod's Reel."

That dance would lead up to call for a bit of a song, and Dominick Gillin would be ast would he sing "My Molly, O!" It took a whole lot of coaxin' and palaverin' to get Dominick wound up, for he would try to excuse hisself by sayin': "Bad cess t' me, but th' divil a word can I ray-member, at all at all." But after the folks demanded, and insisted, and wouldn't listen to no excuse, Dominick would clear his throat and cough a coupla times, and then start singin' in a slow, tremulous comealye voice:

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Whin Oi wint out wan morenin',
'Twas in the month of May,
Oi met a pritty Oirish gerril,
And unto her Oi did say.
Oi put me hand into me pocket
And it happened to be so—
Sure Oi tuck me goolden guinea
For to trait me Molly, O!

As Dominick warmed to his work he grew more confident, and his voice became clearer, stronger, louder, and when everybody in the party joined in with him while singin' the last line—"For to tr'at me Molly, O!"—you could hear that chorus way over at Ground Mound in Clinton county.

"More power, Dominick, an' long life t' ye!" a young Gallagher lad would shout.

"Ha-Ha! 'Tis Dominick that has the foine v'ice!" one of the little Armstrong gals would declare.

Then the merry chorus of "Little Brown Jug" would be repeated, havin' a whole lot more pep this time, and young Paddy Murphy would start the call for California Pat to show the young b'ys and gerrils how he usta dance a real Irish jig in the Ould Country. Havin' been lookin' on quietly and listenin' attentively to the others, while smokin' his pipe contentedly in the corner, California Pat became all flustered, and acted sheepishly and embarrassed, as he begged to be excused.

"Arrah, hiven bless yez!" he pleaded, bashfully. "Sure'n I haven't putt a futt t' th' flour since th' christenin' av Moike Dimpsey's son Garge."

But there was no stoppin' the call for California Pat, once it started, and though he was proof against all entreaty and coaxin', it was plain he was nettled and annoyed by the taunts of Charlie Duffy, who "dared him to dance a jig, sayin' that he couldn't dance like he usta back in the Ould Country, or he wouldn't "take water" before all the neighbors. The taunts of Charlie Duffy had the effect of bringin' California Pat



to life unexpectedly, for he stood up and declared that "The Duffy niver breathed that cud make a Brinnin take water."

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To think that he, California Pat—who had suffered the privations and hardships of that terrible overland journey to California in an ox-drawn prairie schooner with the old forty-niners, and, with the hard-earned gold he wrested from the eternal hills concealed in his belt, had taken a sailin' vessel to the Isthmus of Panama, and then hoofed it over the mountains on the return trip, to buy his coveted eighty acres in Winfield township—should take a "dare!" And from a Duffy!

Wurra! Wurra! 'Twas more than mortal man could stand!

Boundin' to the middle of the room suddenly, California Pat jumped high, swingin' his arms wildly and slappin' his chest forcefully, as he shouted: "Hur-roo, b'ys! Long live Oireland and County Kilkenny, and may th' divil mend th' connuckmin', wan and all! Jimmy, me b'y—play the 'Flowers of Edinburg,' till yer fa-ather shows th' heavy-heeled Duffys how a Brinnin can dance a r'al Irish jig!"

And California Pat had a dash of fire in his heels that night, for he danced a real Irish jig, just like he usta dance when a boy back in County Kilkenny in the Ould Country, where he won manny's the prize in the dancin' contests at the country fairs.

Whether it was the goat's milk from the little brown jug, or the naggin' of a Duffy, that started the ancestral fires burnin' in the breast of that hardy old pioneer, is small matter, but the likes of that jig was never seen before nor since in Winfield township.

California Pat shouted as he danced, leapin' high as the ceilin', crackin' his heels and weltin' the floor with his brogans, till the rafters shook and the dishes rattled, while the prism pendants of the hangin' lamp in the parlor clattered to the rollickin' strains of the "Flowers of Edinburg." The fervor of his parent was reflected in young Jimmy Brennan, as the fiddle-bow skimmed merrily over the strings, and the honor of County Kilkenny was upheld in a fascinatin' concord of movement between sire and son.

There was haughty defiance mingled with kindly pity, directed toward Charlie Duffy, in every movement of the

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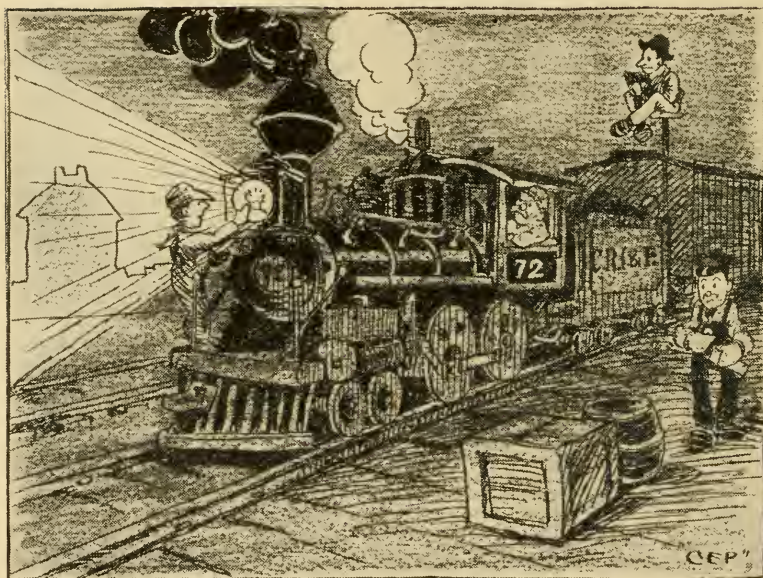
excited dancer, and an expression of fine contempt for all doubters spread over his sturdy, handsome features.

When California Pat finished dancin' that Irish jig, Charlie Duffy, on behalf of the Duffys, one and all, present and absent, apologized profusely for havin' entertained any doubt about the jig dancin' ability of California Pat, and, as he grasped his friend's hand, he shook it warmly, sayin' that now he knew for sure that a Brennan would never take a "dare."

At sunup the next mornin', while the young lads slept soundly under the eaves, California Pat, with sleeves rolled up to his sun-tanned shoulders, was sloppin' the hogs and feedin' the chickens. He smiled good-humoredly as he surveyed the corn that was ripenin' over in the east forty, while he crooned softly to himself that homely ould chune, "My Molly, O!"—for it pleased California Pat immensely to know for sure, for all time and forever, that "The Duffy niver breathed that cud make a Brinnin take water."

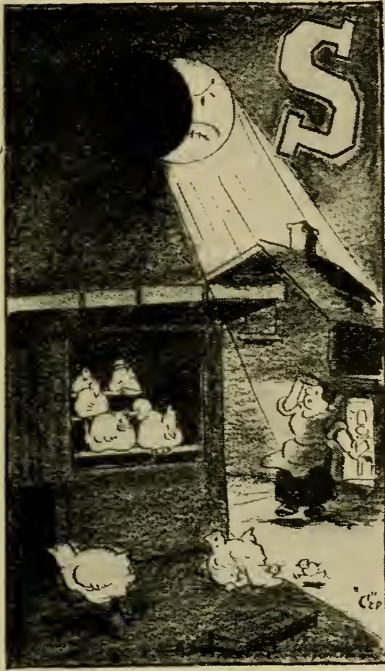


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Toot! Toot! The Seventy-two!
Connie O'Brien and the Kilkenny crew!

When the Eclipse Threw a Scare.



AY, BOB—Ever heard about the big eclipse us old timers had back in the early seventies? Well, that was a whale of a big show, and they ain't been nothin' like it pulled around here since. It came along about three o'clock in the afternoon, and everything went dark as pitch for half an hour. Schools closed so's the kids could run home before dark, and folks hadta light the gas at Stevenson and Carnahan's, Whistler's, Schomberg and Evans's, and at all the other big, hustlin' stores. People was all nervoused up and stood mopin' around and takin' their peekin's at

the eclipse through smoked glasses, wonderin' what was goin' to happen, and, if some live kidder had blasted a loud snort through a trombone, folks would of thought that old Gabriel was primin' his trumpet for the blowoff solo. They certainly was keyed up to a high pitch of excitement.

The chickens clucked and the geese quacked, and then went to roost like on regular evenin's, and just about the time that snoozin' was gettin' snooky the rooster crowed all hands on deck, and that poultry outfit thought sure that things was gettin' twisted.

Nancy, the old roan hoss of little Billy McFarland, the expressman, was the most surprised nag in town, Billy gettin' balled up in his dates and givin' old Nance an extra feed of oats.

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Matthias Frahm, Bernhard Eseke, Dick Shebler, Henry Korn, and Fritz Paulsen was argufyin' about the barley market and the price of hops at Fifth and Harrison, when Old Sol went off watch, and when they broke for cover, up to the summerhouse, old Ed had the big brass lamp lit, and them boys took a dutch treat, and switched their gab from food to astronomy.

Connie O'Brien came steamin' in with a way freight from Brooklyn, with Pat Riley shovelin' black diamonds into old engine seventy-two. Jimmy O'Meara was the front brakesy and Barney Costello was the con that perched in the little red caboose when Connie whistled down brakes and stopped the train at Harrison street, alongside Dow, Gilman, and Hancock's elevator, so's the Riley boy could touch up the kerosene glim in the ingine headlight.

All them laddybucks on that train crew was from old County Kilkenny, exceptin' Zee McMahan, the second brakesy, he bein' from Donegal, or one of them north counties. And them boys knowed more about handlin' freight trains than Mose Hobbs, or Seth Twombly, or any of them wise-crackers that was wearin' paper collars and makin' out reports in the old Farnam street roundhouse.

That's when Zee McMahan usta sing:

Binkem! Bunkem! My old hen!
She lays eggs for railroad men.
Sometimes eight and sometimes ten—
Binkem! Bunkem! My old hen!

Understand, sport, in them days the brakesys and con hadta do hand-brakin', runnin' from car to car and twistin' the brakes, not havin' no hoghead sittin' in the cab to put the clampers on with a shot of juice. Brakesys and switchmen coupled cars with their bare mitts, and a regular hard-boiled railroader was always shy a coupla fingers from seein' how long he could hold his hand between the bumpers without gettin' ketched when makin' a couplin'.

Furty cushy for engineers now'days, with airbrakes and electric lights. But, even at that, sport, them old timers could jerk the throttle on the old ingine and pep her up so's

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she'd throw a bunch of shotes or yearlin' steers further than any of these guys with all their electricity and modern improvements.

People was scared stiff about that eclipse, as in them days folks believed in ghosts, goblins, banshees, and fairies, and in payin' their debts. Now'days they think they're too wise for that old bunk, but a lotta Barnum's one-a-minute yaps are still with us, and are ducksoup for oilstockers, socialists, and easy-money pirates, just the same. A little mushy con about ten-per-cent-a-month stuff, and them open-and-shut guys can take 'em for their underclothes.



In them times lovey and dovey dreamed about the hardcoal burner and horsehair furniture for the parlor, with a kerosene hangin' lamp havin' a flock of prism-glass dewdads danglin' around the dome, and makin' a noise like a rock-crusher while bein' pulled down for lightin'. But now'days lovey and dovey dope up on stucco bungalows, sun parlors, and sport-model roadsters, with fathead father for the fallguy. And they aint got noodle enough to think of goin' out in the woods and livin' in trees with the other squirrels.

But mebbe the squirrels is gettin' particular.

Fritz Haller usta throw in a chunk of liver with a ten-cent soup-bone, and he'd slip you enough dogmeat on the side to keep the family fed up on hash for two days.

When little gals played with their dollies they wore long dresses so's they' look like their mammas, printers could tell a comma from a bobtail flush, and boilermakers could ride on the waterwagon all through lent without battin' an eyelash.

Granger Wallace usta play "Nancy Lee" on the mouth-organ and his little sister accompanied him with the jews-harp, and that little team of blondies had it all over these nut-eyed uke twangers that is makin' the earache a popular malady now'days.

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When spring came around and dandelions began bloom-
in', in them days, sport, folks took sulphur and molasses with
cream of tartar, or a shot of salts and senna, to cool their
blood that had got overheated from feedin' up on buck-
wheats, flannelcakes, and pork sausage durin' the winter.
Doctors told 'em to hit up rhubarb sauce, mush and milk,
cornbread, and green onions, to cool their blood for the dog-
days. There's a smart hunch for lady members of the cold-
feet club, and for old codgers that sleep under six blankets:
Stoke up on buckwheats and hotdogs, and put heat under
the belt. Lay off the rhubarb and onions. Heat the blood
to concert pitch, and next summer dance the shimmy and
do high divin' at that new swimmin' joint that's bein' built
by hand down on the levee.



Slick Skaters and Sweet Singers.



Say, sport—You don't know nothin' about the old days when we usta play checkers for excitement on winter evenin's in the corner grocery—back in the times when Cash Watson was the champeen ice-skate jumper—do you? That's goin' back purty far, boy—back to the skatin' park of Collins and Casette, between

Brady and Main on Seventeenth, when screwheel club skates first came into style, and when all the young fellers and their gals had the skatin' fever in its worst form.

Of course, Cash Watson was the original rough-ridin' ice-skater, and when he took to jumpin', all the others took a back seat. When it came to fancy trick and graceful skatin', though, Miley Blakemore stood at the top of the heap, and he performed with the speed of a greyhound and the grace of a gazelle.

But you kin tell the world they ain't been no real ice-skate jumpin' since Cash hung up his world's record by jumpin' over twenty old-fashioned school benches.

That's what Cash done, sport. Started out to jump over ten, and ended by breakin' the record. Just slipped a dime wad of finecut into his left cheek, done some circlin', took a tailspin and nosedive, got a flyin' start and—zowie! Cleaned twenty benches like a tomcat would clean a canary.

Now'days a lotta hotdogs gets peeved for not gettin' credit for doin' a little peanut business for the old burg. Just so's they won't be no squabblin' about who gets credit for Cash Watson's ice-skate jump, you kin say the benches was borried from Jake Nagel, principal of the Locust street school, and the guys that carted them benches was Henry Randall, Teedee Eagal, Lee Valentine, Brick Bryan, George Strong, Tom Sherman, Jim Houghton, Boney Mack, Hoosier Osborn, Gus Koester, Duck Wilsey, Frank Balch, Joe Har-

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rington; Pete Remine, Charlie Booth, Roy Keyser, Will Hosford, Al Winkless, Charlie Hibbard, and Tador Kuehl.

Nothin' like keepin' the record straight, sport.

I don't suppose you ever heard of Jack Powers and his little brother Mickey, that usta light the gas lights on the lamp-posts on downtown corners. Jack carried the ladder and would lean it against the lamp-post and Mickey would climb up and light the gas with his torch. On evenin's when they was a little scrappin' to be done, Free McMahon and Badger Cottrell helped 'em do the lightin'. Then about three o'clock in the mornin' the Powers kids went around and doused the glims, and they split three bucks a week for doin' this work. Pretty soft, huh?

When the circus was billed, kids usta scout the alleys for magnesia bottles to sell at Harrison and Holman's drug store. Them there was the original Boy Scout drives. Mr. Harrison always had a nickel to slip a kid for a magnesia bottle, and then if the kid played in luck sellin' scrap iron to old Jake, and could run a few errands for a penny, he'd be all settin' pritty on circus day. Kids would run their legs off doin' errands for a penny then, but now'days it takes a dime or a quarter to get them to step on their starters.

You young fellers is excused for not knowin' good singin', never havin' heard Jim Dermody, Tom Biddison, Joe Carroll, and Tommie Mack doin' close harmony at Johnny McGuinness's.



That quartet put more zip into songs than the guy that wrote 'em ever dreamed about. They sang all them smooth old timers, like "Larboard Watch," "Silver Threads," "Sweet Genevieve," "Daisy Dean," "Swanee Ribber," and "Cahve Dat Possum," and when they tipped over "The Old Oaken Bucket" there wasn't a dry throat in the joint.

Then there was Doc Worley, at the livery barn at Fifth and Brady. Doc could spiel tenor, bass or falsetto, and plunk

the guitar like a Spanish cavalier. He played in C major and A minor, with capo on the fifth fret, and could grab all them naughty barber chords for the high spots, and do the bass runs to a frazzle.

On moonlight evenin's Doc hitched up the team of bays to his best landau, lowered the top, and invited the quartet to go serenadin', pickin' up Lawrie the Coon, with his deep-cellar bass. Comin' back to the barn they always gave a concert to the big crowd that was waitin', and Lawrie would dance the "Gawgie Essence" on the board sidewalk.

Doc Worley sang Emmett's "Lullaby" and "Cuckoo Song" and warbled as sweetly as J. K. himself, and when he trilled "Sweet Peggy O'Moore" you'd never know it wasn't W. J. Scanlon. Now'days young fellers twang the uke and sing "Ain't We Got Fun," "All By Myself," "In Sunny Tennessee."

Some evenin's, after trimmin' Billy Catton and Lanny Macaffee at shark pool down at Lewy Boquillion's, Max Ochs would join up and try his mellow baritone voice on "Moonlight on the Lake," with the help of the quartet, the chorus, and the Coon.



Across the street, in front of Dave Hunter's market, enjoyin' the concert, you'd find Granny Conyer—Lawrie's old mammy—and old Aunt Lucy, two fine cullud types of the old slavery days. And, along about ten o'clock, when Granny began to nod and grow sleepy, she would interrupt the merry-makers by callin' over:

"Come 'long heah, yo' Law'nce Conyeh! 'Bout time yo' was totin' home with youah ol' Granny, an' not singin' all ebenin' fo' dem white folkses, 'ca'se they don't want fo' to 'sociate with no cullud trash. So come on 'long heah, Law'nce, fo' I'se done gwine home. 'Sides I'se got a powehful lahge washin' to staht soakin' fo' de mohnin'!"

And Lawrie would reply:

"Yas-sum, Granny—yas-sum—I'se a-comin'!"

Then while the colored trio walked homeward the serenaders would join in the chorus, "Carry Me Back to Ol' Virginy."

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Say, boy! That Ol' Virginny song sholy did make light steppin' fo' dem cullud folkses.

Aunt Lucy lived in the basement of the cullud church at Fourth and Gaines, after she had grown too old to make the rounds as washerwoman.



When Cleveland was elected, there was lotsa kiddin' with the cullud folks, the story bein' circulated that if a democrat got elected president all the old slaves would be sent back to the cotton fields. Sam McClatchey met Aunt Lucy after the election, and ast her what she thought about Cleveland, and if she was gettin' ready to go back to Alabama. Aunty had other

worries about that time, for she shifted the red bandana on her head and told about Johnny Schmidt, the county poor-master, bein' overdue in his coal dates.

"Ah aint bothe'in' ma haid 'bout who done got 'lected, chile. What Ah is bothe'd 'bout is when Mistah Smiff is gwine to delivah ma wintah coal. Go 'long now, Sammy, 'bout yo' ol' 'lectium, an' don' fool yo' ol' aunty. What Ah wants, 'stid of 'lectium, is mo' cohnmeal, bacon, an' 'tatehs fo' de col' wintah mohnin's."

But there were always a few kind white folks to look after the simple needs of old Aunt Lucy.

Lemme tell you, sport—they was the good old days!

Kids usta spit for good luck when they'd spot a red-headed gal, and then they'd look for the white hoss before makin' a wish. Now'days they need to be some spitters with all these henna-headed babies floatin' around. And, bein' as they aint no more white hosses, they're outa luck unless they wish sumpin' on a yaller cab or ford coop.

Barney Reddy played "Molly Darlin'," "Down in a Coal Mine," and "Sweet Evalina" on the wheezy hand-organ for the hoss-power merry-go-round at the old Fair grounds,

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where you now got Vander Veer park. The lucky hick that grabbed the brass ring from the ringrack, while buzzin' around, was entitled to another spin free.

Jakey Heinsfurter was learnin' to waltz and two-step with the good-lookin' young gals at the Thalia maskenball and the Sawmill boys' social. Jakey never did learn, his dogs bein' church-broke, but he had more darn fun practicin' down there and at the Friedegg and the Dirty Dozen social. He danced mostly with his arms and shoulders, but his hoofs wouldn't register. Jakey was jake to this nineteen twenty-two dancin' stuff, but the folks didn't know it. Many a little gal had to have her corns pared after a friendly dancin' bout around the hall with Jakey.



When gals was homely they knowed it, and learned to be wallflowers, so's they could hold a man when they hooked him. Now'days they open beauty parlors and shoot the con and other chemicals into pinhead broads—tellin' 'em their dresses is too long, givin' 'em spanish treatment for their double chins, and coachin' 'em in eye-rollin', so's they'll look like baby dolls.

That's when Carpenter Drake had a split-up with Ben Coates, his old sidekick, because Ben blowed the carpenter trade and took up the tar roof business. Carpenter Drake frankly confessed that the tar roof knowed more about Ben Coates than Ben Coates knowed about the tar roof. Carpenter was the original keenkutter kid, built on the sparerib plan, five-foot-one in his socks, and he cracked the scales for one-twenty. He had sorrel whiskers and usta eat peanuts when lappin' his brew, and he'd keep singin', "You can't have any of my peanuts when your peanuts are gone." Never a peep out of Carpenter till he got well lubricated, then his gabber started sparkin' and he'd say, "Listen, fellers—never steal a mule when there's a runnin' hoss in the next stall."

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All Dolled for Easter Sunday Style Parade.
San Harrison and Nick Buck.

Highheel Boots and Bellbottom Pants.

Let me tell you, sport, these Hotstove leaguers don't know nothin' about natural baseball—the game played by hand, not by machinery. Now'days, with shinguards, chest-protectors, mitts, masks, spikes, and other tools, a ball-player looks like a warrior bold startin' out on stick-up duty.

Why, the old timers played with bare knuckles, and could do their stuff with bare feet in a pinch. First bounce was



out—so was over the fence. The empire hadta watch his step, and they wasn't no beanin' nor spikin'. The pitcher done underhand pitchin'—not throwin'—and the catcher took 'em on first bounce. They played scrub and one-ol'

cat for money, marbles, or chalk, and they would fight at the drop of a hat.

Ever heard of that crack all-star nine of kid players in the old days, the Enterprise club?

Some team, sport—some ball team. Trained on Griswold college grounds, with Professor Sheldon and Professor Brooks for coaches.

Had the original stonewall infield—Hiram Dillon on first, Jim Preston on second, George Preston on third, and George W. French at short. In the outfield Buck Layden played right, Max Ochs center, and Billy Meese left. Harry Glaspell done the pitchin' and Joe Lane the catchin'.

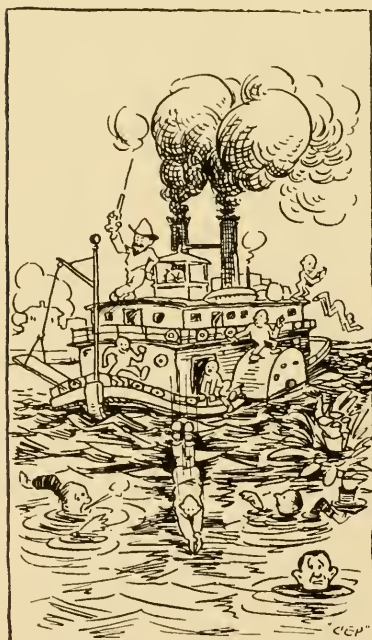
The Enterprise club cleaned up everything in the baseball line in Western Illinois and Eastern Iowa, and then went to LeClaire to trim the Brown Stockin's.

That game, for the championship of Scott county, was pulled in Hanley's pasture, with Billy Chamberlin empirin'. Score sixty-eight to thirteen, for the Enterprisers. The audience of thirty-three included Captain Wes Rambo, of the Steamer Libby Conger and his crew, not countin' a herd of steers in the next pasture.

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Understand, sport, them LeClaire bugs was rank home-towners and couldn't swolly the trimmin' their boys got without framin' to even up things.

Nobody knows how the Enterprise ball-players got to LeClaire that day, but everybody knowed that walkin' was fair to middlin'. So when Captain Wes Rambo ast them would they like to ride back on the Libby Conger they said sure thing. After they got planted comfortably on the boat the Cap gave the highsign to start, but he stopped the Libby about twenty feet from shore and showed his loyalty to LeClaire by tellin' them Enterprise boys he'd changed his mind and guessed they'd better walk to Davenport. He talked in straight steamboat language, without no ifs, nor ands, nor buts. He gave 'em five seconds to jump off the boat, and to show that he wasn't kiddin' the old fire-eater yelped a wild, injun warwhoop, jerked his hip cannon, and busted her three times in the air.



Hi Dillon drew first water, but Jim Preston beat him to shore. Billy Meese and Buck Layden was tied for third place, with the other Enterprisers steppin' on their heels.

Then Captain Wes hol-lered and ast them boys how many tallies they scored in that innin', and he blowed the whistle for the Libby Conger to start downstream. By that time, sport, them champion ballplayers was all outa pep from runnin' around bases and pullin' for the shore in their swimmin'

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contest, so they stretched out to dry under the old elm tree. Harry Glaspell knowed an easy-pickin' livery stable guy that owned a picnic hack, and Harry coaxed him to hitch up and drive the Enterprise champions to East Davenport.

Them was the days when swell dressers wore high-top boots with three-inch heels. Lew Davis sported the finest calfskin boots that Robert Murdock could make, but Lew didn't have nothin' on Charlie Benton, Chet Lorton, Jack Munro, Mick McCrellias, nor any of them freight engineers or conductors on the Rock Island, when it come right down to class in high-heel boots.

That's where the wimmen folks got this french-heel idea—they copped from the boobs that staked 'em to the rib. Now'days men is lucky if they wear fly-dick heels that need attention from a greek heel straightener.

Men didn't wear trousers then—only pants. And when they wore 'em creased the kids usta holler "Hand-me-down!"

When a young feller graduated from roughneck society and broke out as a dude, he'd slip into a paper collar and visit Bartemier's clothin' store and get measured for sporty three-dollar black jeans pants, with twenty-two inch bell-bottoms. They fit his legs as tight as blony sausage and he hadta use a shoe-horn to slide into 'em. Then he'd put up his best front and spiel a song-and-dance to Jules Guillyo, the old frog shoemaker, and hook him for a pair of made-to-order high-heel low-quarter shoes, agree-in' to come through with the coin on payday night. Isaac Rothschild was the next mark to get nicked—for the red socks and the red neck-tie. Then Ed Ryan would get the hurryup for the lid, one of them lowbridge potboiler kellys that balanced on his ears, the kind that yid comedians is still using in vaudeville.



Then, bein' all set, this ladykillin' proposition would parade Second street on Sunday afternoon to give free eye

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entertainment to the dames that wore bustles, opera hats, and bangs, and was steerin' for Shuler' tintype gallery to have their pichers took.

Ever know, sport, who was the first guy to use poetry in his newspaper ads? Why, when Ed Ryan operated his hat joint at Second and Main, he had a ten-foot plughat above the door for a comeon for ginks that was lookin' to be properly crowned, and Ed usta run ads in The Democrat tellin' these blobs what was screwy about their makeup and how they'd been bumped by other hat guys with the wrong steer, and he doped it that when they was out for class in bean covers to visit

Ryan the hatter—
That's what's the matter.

And from that innocent beginnin', sport, has sprung up the big herd of ad writers that uses poetry in these days to knock business.

In them times Hirschl Debattie sold stogie twofers that you could inhale without slappin' a plaster on the back of your neck. Now you get sacked for a thin dime for a fireproof torch that no old-time democrat would hand to a republican, even at a national election.



Doctors prescribed quinine powders with whiskey for the grippe, and lotsa guys got so's they could take the whiskey without the quinine—after a little practice. Now'-days the bugs gargle white mule that tastes worse than quinine without the whiskey, but carries a stiffer wallop.

When the guy with the scythe fell down on the job in the old days, tight old codgers kept stickin' around, just to kid the folks that was achin' for the knockoff so's they could shoot his jack. Now'days an operation is framed, and the tightwad gets the skiv.

Sam Lucas came to town with the Heyer Sisters, and made a hit singin' "Grandfather's Clock." Folks said that song was more'n fifty years old at that time. Now, when the Rotary and Kiwanis clubs want to liven up, they wind

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"Grandfather's Clock" or clink water glasses for that other old timer, "Jingle Bells."

Not throwin' the hammer, understand, but some guy on your sheet is short-changin' on market reports. Course, you're keen on Liverpool grain, Chicago bull, and St. Louis mule, but Peoria has blooied. In the old days, standin' out like breakfast egg on a travelin' man's chin, was the Peoria market—"Whiskey, steady and unchanged, @ \$1.10." That @ \$1.10 wasn't for a shot, nor a drugstore short pint, but for a gallon of bourbon that a guy could swolly without stranglin'.

Here's your hunch, sport—boost the town as the greatest market for hooch, white mule, and home brew. Tell the world our leggers stretch a gallon of Johnny Walker to five gallons by dopin' it with raisin soup and alk, that our moonshiners make five-year squirrel in five days, and our good-lookin' kitchen chemists distil knockout dandelion wine in two weeks.

Bein' as them birds at the city hall has stopped Volstead and come clean for wine and brew, the stage is set for a big killin'.

You newspaper boys may be leery about playin' the cartoon and the harpoon, but you kin put plenty of smoke on them hooch market reports without bein' called on the carpet.



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Captain Walter Blair's Palatial Steamboat.
Where Tri-City Press Club held frolic.

With the Boys of Company B.

Say, Bob—We had some humdinger parades in this burg in the old days, startin' in the early seventies with the daylight hossback parade of the butchers and drovers, led by that roughridin' cowboy, Ed Mueller, with his long hair, sombrero, spurs, chapps, buckin' broncho, and badlands mustash. Then there was Bill Korn and his Pretzel alley press club parade, with all the reporters, editorial staff, and war correspondents of the Pretzel Alley Wurst-Blatt—includin' Hizzoner Mayor Alec Anderson and Poet Lariat Barney Squires—all made up to life and ready for the pichers.



That's when the world's heavyweight championship battle, Jack Johnson versus the White Man's Hope, was staged at Credit island at the Tri-City press club frolic, after Captain Walter Blair had entertained the elite of the Tri-cities at evenin' tea on his palatial steamboat, the Mornin' Star, with the help of the captain and crew of the steamboat Beder Wood of Moline.

We had protest percessions for freein' old Ireland in them times, and for warnin' snoopy government guys against the folly of tryin' to fim the Germans outa their beverage in our Glorious and Independent State of Scott County. But the turnout that made all other parades look like peanut affairs was the Belva Lockwood pageant of Company B, when them boys had got the rep of bein' the crack militia company of the West.

In them times, sport, wimmen wasn't keen for crackin' into politics, as they was kept busy at home, playin' washboard solos, doin' plain and fancy cookin', and refereein' battles for a yardful of kids. Regardin' kale drives, wearin' boudoir bonnets in fords in the daytime, polite panhandlin', and uplift hokum, there was nothin' stirrin'.

This Belva dame, bein' the first female entry in the race for president, and the starter of wimmen on the high-

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Ted Neuhaus in Belva Lockwood Costume.

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heel road to freedom, naturally the gallant young sojers of Company B lined up for her. They arranged a whang-doodle torchlight percession for that gal that beat anything ever put over for Cleveland and Hendricks or Blaine and Logan, with all their marchin' clubs, flambeau clubs, drum corps, tin caps, oilcloth capes, leaky kerosene torches, and mounted hicks from Blue Grass and the corn belt.

That's when them Ole-and-Axel marchin' clubs from Moline was shipped over in cattle cars, with galesburg snoos and their full-dinnerpail lanterns, to misstep in the parade and yammer in march time, "Plaine! Plaine! Yames Yee Plaine!" Them's the guys that put the indian sign on the Plumed Knight and Black Eagle.

When Company B started anything they always finished, and them sojers went the route for Belva—dollin' in regular Belva style, with long dresses, steelframe corsets, banged hair, poke-bonnets, and balloon bustles. Exceptin' actresses, wimmen in them times didn't smear the powder, paint, and calcimine, use the lipstick, and fight the lookin'-glass like they do now.

Highprivate Harry Fulton was the ace that played the Belva part, and that bird showed top class as a leader, with four prime pippins—Clyde Riley, Brick Ogden, Vic Skiles, and Sojer Davis—as escorts. Then came Private Ted Neuhaus, Belva's runnin' mate, the lady candidate for vice-president, and Ted was the swellest dressed trimmie in that turnout. Private Lib Graham was next in line, as the lady drum major, twirlin' a kitchen broom for baton and directin' Strasser's full band, all ribboned and pinked in comin'-out dresses.

The officers, headed by Fprivate Litz Warriner as flag-bearer, trailed the band, Captain Ed Cameron and Lieutenants Billy McCullough and Billy Gilbert doin' female military duty, with hoopskirts, wide-spreadin' opera hats, and bustles. The First Big Four, a quartet of cornfed huskies, followed—Charlie Coen, Billy Stroehle, Bob Russell, and Billy Purcell. The Inside Four, that ast no odds from nobody, came next—Johnny Quinn, Ed Randolph, Earl Nichols, and Bump Mossman. Then the Sawedoff Four, squatty

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and quick-steppin'—Frank Snell, Jim Kough, Frank Valentine, and Johnnie McGee.

There wasn't a pigeon-breast on the roster of privates that wore dresses and carried jap-lanterns and umbrellas to make the march for Belva—only sturdy gladiators, like Frank Parmele, Ed Kough, Sam Lafferty, Emil Hass, Herman Stolle, Charlie Osborn, Dalt Risley, Max Robinson, Cap White, Billy Davidson, Charlie Cameron, Lee Clark, Billy Oakes, Cliff Reid, Charlie Hubbell, Billy Speer, Dan Lyon, Al Muckle, Layt Ackley, Jake Matteson, Frank Porter, Roy Matthews, Tom Hanley, Enoch Wood, Jim Gannon, Vince Dorgan, Cap Nelson, Morris Fort, John Helmick, George Curtis, George Davis, Bert Durfee, Ben Garrett, Ike Gray, Billy Devinney, Erv Kemmerer, Frank Mitchell, Chet Pratt, Jim Robeson, Otto Smith, John Streeper, Jake Matteson, Al Shorey, Lew Wild, Billy Carney, Johnny McGee, Martin Oakes, Max Robinson, Meese Berg, Bob Kulp, John Dolan, Frank Taylor, George Jones, George Eldridge, George Fay, Doctor Jimmy Tomson, and Pus LeClaire.

Visitors from the country jammed the streets, and Barnum's circus and hippodrome never brought more parade bugs to town. After marchin' the downtown streets, all lit up with greek fire and fireworks, the parade halted at Third and Perry, where Belva delivered a most magnolious address on Woman's Rights, lefts, and uppercuts, from the balcony of the old Central hotel. That famous speech aint never been equaled in any political campaign to this day, even by George Scott, Buck Hamann, Billy Maines, Willum O. Schmidt, Lew Roddewig, Harry McFarland, or any other member of the silver-tongued order of spread-eagles.

Mebbe you boys aint next that Company B was the whole smear, and when big stuff needed a push they was in the game up to their elbows. The military ball at Metropolitan hall made a bigger stir with the natives than Bobby Burns's festival, the Volunteer Fireman's masquerade, or the East Davenport Turnverein kaffeeklatch.

Some big guns hooked up with the B outfit—men like General Lyman Banks, Colonel Henry Egbert, Colonel Park McManus, Colonel George French, Major Morton Marks,

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Major George McClelland, and Lieutenant August Reimers. When them old war hosses spoke folks took notice. The B boys usta drill in the old market house, and later they built the armory, now g.h.q. for the Legion boys.

Why, sport, when the state offered a stand of arms as a prize to the two best-drilled companies, one from each brigade, Company B copped in the first brigade right off the reel. They then challenged the Governor's Grays of Dubuque, second brigade winners, and cleaned 'em in jigtime at Marshalltown. They taught a lotta new tricks to the Rodman Rifles of Rock Island, and when the National Rifles of Washington barnstormed the West, the B boys escorted 'em on their visit to the Arsenal, and took charge of affairs at their exhibition drill at the Fair grounds.

When the crepe-hangers from the high-grass counties put prohibition over, things looked awful dry for the B boys as they strapped on their knapsacks and headed for the encampment at Centerville. But the night before startin', a coupla wet sojers was inhalin' brew and pretzels at Frahm's and mournin' over the dry outlook with Henry Frahm, when that good old scout tipped 'em on how they could save a few lives out in the desert country.

On the second day in camp two trucks with barrels marked "Beattie's XXX Hard Winter Wheat Flour" rumbled into B headquarters, and when them barrels was tapped with a wooden faucet liquid flour with a white collar bubbled out into tin cups, and the big drouth at the encampment was busted.

The Captain passed samples of that flour to the officers of the other companies, and B g.h.q. was the popular spot of Centerville. Then the Cap got mildly inoculated with fluid flour and the bright idea of givin' a banquet to the regimental officers. Callin' Privates Joe Frazer and George Gillette, he told 'em the visitin' officers had a weakness for fried chicken as well as for Beattie's XXX flour, and he kinda hinted that a yallerlag ranch a mile down the pike looked like pushover prowlin'.

In them days Joe Frazer, flash speeder of B Company, could do a hundred yards in ten flat, with Chet Croul hold-

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ing his german-silver stop-watch, but nobody ever pegged George Gillette as a cuckoo collins sprinter. Them two sojers made location on that hennery, penetrated the first line defenses of the Rhode Island reds, and they were just grabbin' some plump three-pound pullets when a shotgun exploded from the direction of the farmhouse, and a buck-shot barrage splattered all over that coonfruit cafeteria.

Private Joe had practiced startin' with the pistol shot, and won first dash outa that hencoop, but before he covered twenty yards a pair of broomsticks in sojer's uniform streaked past him, and when Private Joe finished the mile run to camp he found Private George snorin' soundly in his tent, grippin' a bunch of rooster tailfeathers in his hand.

At court-martial next mornin' it was brought out that Private George bolted the henhouse at nine-fifteen and reached camp at nine-ten, beatin' Father Time for the record by five minutes. At the banquet that evenin' the officers of the First Regiment, I. N. G., enjoyed spuds, greens, beans, and oratory, with Beattie's XXX flour as a side dish.

Oh, boy! Them was the good old days!



Hep! Hep! Hep!—hep!—hep!

Hoglatin, Gibberish, Slanguage.

In them times, sport, youngsters was right pert when talkin' hoglatin, so's folks couldn't get next to their dark secrets. Instead of a kid askin' his buddy, "Will you come with me?" he'd say "Wigery yougery cogery wigery megery?" in hoglatin—givin' each word a soft final and addin' the sound of "gery" for a bit of mysterious bolshevik flavor. After passin' fifth grade a kid could master gibberish—shiftin' the first letter of a word to the end of the word and addin' the sound "ay" to the letter, as, "Illway ouyay omecay ithway emay?" With them two foreign languages schoolboys could prattle in secret right in front of their dads.

Now'days flappers and shifters gabble a new lingo, called slanguage, that gives our good old United States lady-food some awful scramblin'. Imagine, sport, an old-timer droppin' into a picher show to read movie ads and rest his dogs, and gettin' planted alongside a coupla world-weary little old wimmen—seventeen or eighteen years old—all fed up on dancin', love, clothes, vamps, and pichers, and disgusted with tiresome people, and particularly parents. The gabby bobbed blonde is givin' first release of the troubles of herself and a girl friend while shootin' the circuit the night before. She chatters fluent slanguage, and she may be either a laundry queen, a cigar packer, or a hi-sweetie. Her weary bobbed brune chum is a good earplayer, gettin' this first-run stuff:

"We bloused into a nosebagery with a flat-wheeler and a boiler factory, and they hit the dopesheet for the boston chow that a goofy greaseball served as we listened in on their feathers and clothesline scandal. A kippy pair of oilcans, I'll say! So we made the blow and gave 'em the air, and then crashed a jazz-garden where a flock of sub-chasers and dumb-doras were rattlin' their dogs. We lined up a brace of Goldstein strangle-holders, who were the cat's pajamas and bee's knees—if you went for there blaaah. I went goofy

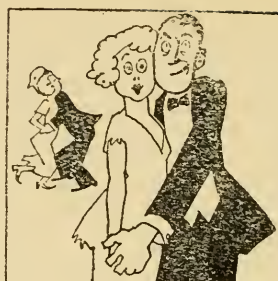
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SCANDAL-WALKER



TOMATO



NECKER

over one toppy wally, and while neckin' with him I glimmed Percy foxin' it with his new tomato, and servin' the apple sauce. Some rugshaker for that bell-polisher, Sis! Woof!

"Then I jazzed a whirl with a cake-eater on parole, but sluffed him for a fluky corn-shredder with a flat tire, who ditched his bozark to do my corn-crackin', my dog-kennels gettin' jammed somethin' fierce. Although half plastered and havin' a hipoil plant, he was no cuddle-cootie, for he handled his ice-tongs like I had T. B. Then we hooked a dumb-otis and scandal-walker for the yellow dimbox, and I blouse to the homehouse to dingle-dangle this dewdropper until time to mattress. Ye gods! What a slow night! Nobody loves me! I hope it gets hot, so's I kin wear my furs."

Now, on the dead level, sport—wouldn't that lingo get a guy's goat? Admittin' times is changin', and that a lota speedhounds is operatin' on last year's license, what chance has an old stager to wise up on an earful of this new slanguage? Say, boy—he'll never get to first base.



SUB-CHASER



CAKE-EATER



BELL-POLISHER

The Tale of the Scott County Apple.

Come, little children, gather around the Old Timer, while he relates the sad tale of the Scott County Apple.

Once upon a time, many years ago, a Scott County Apple grew weary of the simple life on the Wapsie bottoms, in the quiet onion orchard in which it had been born, and thereupon it resolved to seek its fortune amid the bright lights of gay Pretzel alley, far away.



Its little brothers and sisters, popping up their green heads to greet the glad sunshine, appeared contented in their pastoral environment, but our young hero had become inoculated with the unquenchable symptoms of unrest and the desire for a change.

So, my dears, one beautiful evening in the balmy month of September, when the harvest moon was making eyes over the dew-kissed meadow and hibernian canaries were warbling sweetly in Chawbeef slough, this Scott County Apple cautiously pulled itself up from its mulchy bed, hastily packed its telescope, and took a swift run and jump into the brawny bosom of the ebullient Wapsie, where it landed with an ominous kersplash.

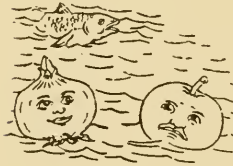
And the next morning, while Old Sol was gently slipping his daylight stuff over the aquiline nose of the great State of Iowa, our young hero rode gingerly out upon the rippling waters of the majestic Mississippi, and it heaved a deep sigh as it thought of the little brothers and sisters it had left behind in their peaceful garden home on the banks of the Wapsie.

Pausing in its journey to leak a few bitter tears, our hero observed an apple from up-stream—some Real Fruit—floating gracefully down the river toward it.

"Good morning, Brother Apple," exclaimed our young hero cheerily, while slackening its pace and attempting to strike up an acquaintance with its chance fellow voyageur. "Whither are we drifting?"

Now the Real Fruit, my dear children, being toppy and of some class, deigned no reply, but tossed its head grandiloquently in the autumn sunshine and sought a swifter current midstream in the erratic rapids.

Undismayed at this palpable rebuke, the Scott County Apple hurried to catch its new-found friend, and, as the two travelers cut a dashing figure eight in a swirling eddy near the Duck creek delta, our young hero snuggled insinuatingly alongside the Real Fruit, exclaiming joyfully:



"My! How us apples do float!"

"Apples!" the Real Fruit retorted, with great disdain, drawing itself proudly together and casting a withering glance at our hero. "Apples! Where do you get that apple stuff? Why, you're not an apple—you're an onion!"

"Sure thing, I'm an apple," urged our hero, earnestly. "I'm a Scott County Apple. I was born and bred in old Scott county, on the banks of the Wapsie!"

"Huh!" the Real Fruit rejoindered, with fine scorn, "they raise onions in Scott county—not apples! That's where the tall corn grows."

"But I'm a regular Scott County Apple all right," urged our young hero, with a hot flash of native pride, "and I'm on my maiden voyage to Pretzel alley."

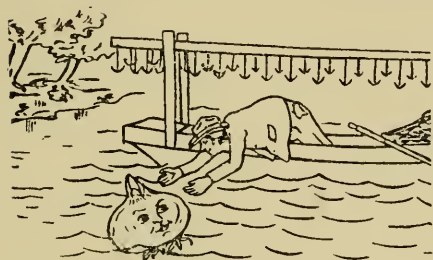
"I wish you good luck on your journey," the Real Fruit grumpily replied. "I'm on my way to Missouri, and you'll have to show me."

And at that moment, dear children, there was a great splashing and swishing in the water behind the two floating apples. Then a robust german carp, in search of its morning's morning, espied the Real Fruit, and, with an appalling disregard of formality, gobbled that haughty wayfarer into its capacious maw, after which it sank tranquilly beneath

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the surface to hobnob with the menial Duck creek clam and yellow-bellied mudcat, the back-sliding crawfish, the blinkey-eyed turtle, and the slithering skipjack.

"Which reminds me of a lesson I learned on mother's knee," mused the Scott County Apple: "'Never get gay when you're full of sunshine.' Therefore, it behooves me to slip into the shallows and cut this sporting life on the gay deep."



So, little boys and girls, our Scott County Apple turned its nose shoreward on approaching the bustling burg of Bettendorf. And it also laughed immoderately as it recalled the great discomfiture of its haughty

friend, the Real Fruit, and the ignominious squelching of that proud aristocrat.

But, dear kiddies, the Old Timer wishes to remind you that there are many alluring pitfalls in this world to ensnare the unwary. Now, when this Scott County Apple approached shallow water, it observed a flat-bottomed scow manned by a Corkhill clamdigger, who for many moons had diligently scraped the murky Duck creek clambeds in quest of the elusive pearl of commerce. On, the approach of the Wapsie truant, the clammer, with an eureka expletive and a joyous, "Welcome, little stranger!" seized our young hero unceremoniously by the suspenders and thrust it roughly into the pockets of his trousers.

"Woe is me!" the Scott County Apple wailed. "To think that I sidestepped a jonah turn on a ravenous carp only to fall for the meal ticket for a hungry harp!"

When the Corkhill clammer stepped from his scow that evening, to prepare his luncheon, he drew the Scott County Apple from his pocket, rubbed its rosy cheeks affectionately, and smacked his lips hungrily in anticipation of a royal feast, with our hero the complementary guest of honor, sliced in vinegar, as a sidecard to bacon, flapjacks, and spuds.

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But Fate, that uncertain mentor of our destinies, had decreed otherwise in the affairs of this Scott County Apple.

At that particular moment, little boys and girls, a Hebrew peddler came driving down the river road, stroking his sorrel whiskers complacently and humming a plaintive yiddish lullaby. Upon being hailed in greeting by the Corkhill clammer, the yahoodah replied "Oi-yoi!"—with added ghetto gayety perhaps, which reply, unfortunately, was misinterpreted by the clammer as a reflection upon the valor and integrity of his ancestors from old Killarney—an affront which demanded immediate redress.



Hastily drawing the Scott County Apple from his pocket, the Corkhill clammer hurled it with violent impetus at the itinerant commercial salesman, who, alert to the occasion, having suspecting ulterior designs on the part of the clammer, quickly poked out his fin and speared our young hero as it sailed swiftly and unerringly through the gathering twilight.

Then, lashing his spavin into a quick trot, the Hebrew peddler drove homeward at full speed, to the bright lights of Pretzel alley, where he subsequently was greeted by his numerous family with many manifestations of affection as he displayed our blushing young hero, wreathed in smiles, in the palm of his good left hand.

"At last I am in Pretzel Alley," sighed the Scott County Apple, while being sliced into the frying-pan with a ration of porkchops, "but I have a hunch that I shall soon see my finish."

And thus it came to pass, dear children, that the Scott County Apple paid the penalty that Fate exacts of the verdant bohunk who falls for the glare and glimmer of the bright lights of the gay commonwealth or Pretzel alley.

Moral: If the Irish or the Dutch don't get your nannie you have a fat chance with the Jews.

Enough is Suffish.



When you're putting on a party,
If you use the stuff that cheers,
Why the guzzling like a stew-bum
'Til you're soused up to the ears?
While admitting stimulation
Will accentuate desire
And pep-up the old afflatus,
How about the next-day fire?
For the law of compensation
Takes its toll in ample score
When the stew inhales too many
Of the hooch the night before.

If a little bit is plenty,
Why—O, why—a whole lot more?

If you have a shapely ankle
And a buxom silk-hosed calf,
With this first-aid to the snooper,
Why that dizzy teehee laugh?
If inclined to be clothes-simple
And you freely blow your jack
For the duds that flash the wishbone
And the pimples on the back—
When the roughneck upanddowner
Looks you over, don't get sore,
For the cutie eyeful peddler
Has no license for a roar.

If a little bit is plenty,
Why—O, why—a whole lot more?





Davenport's Celebrated Carnival City Minstrels.

The Carnival City Minstrels.



Come on, sport! Push the clock back a ripvanwinkle notch or two—to the days of Old Hoss Hoey and Ezra Kendall; back to the old days of Barlow, Wilson, Primrose, and West; back to the days of Billy Emerson's minstrels, Sam Lucas, and Billy Kersands; back to the days when Seth Crane and Fay Templeton sang the "Gobble" song in the "Mascot;" when Dan Horne and Ferd Haymeyer pleased the folks at Burns's ball with their song-and-dance specialty, "Strolling Through the Park."

Them was the good old days! All wide open and everything, and none of these crepe-hangers on crabbin' duty.

Let's see—that song warbled somethin' like this:

While strollin' through the park one day,
One lovely afternoon in May
 I was taken by surprise
 By a pair of roguish eyes (pause),
And we met her by the fountain in the park.

Some class to that, bo! Georgie Cohan nor Irv Berlin aint got nothin' on nobody in arrangin' them kind of words, has they? Then the dance—a sort of cubist non-com clog, with rollickin', raggy swing. O, boy! Now—second spasm:

We immeday-ut-ly raised our hats,
And fond-a-ly she replied.
 I never shall forget
 That lovely aftah-noon (pause),
When we met her by the fountain in the park.

Say! Did them guys get a hand? Listen, sport—you know what they're feedin' these movie birds, that does happy-endin' bunk in the pichers, in the applause line? Well, that'll kinda give you some idea of what they gave Dan and Hay in the old days, only it aint one-two-six.



Brown and Dewey in Heavy Tragedy.

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Then, there was Billy Kelly. No dance was regular steppin' unless Billy trotted out after supper to do the "Sailor's Hornpipe" to the strains of Strasser's. At clog, jig, or reel, Billy had it forty ways on all the soft-shoe artists at the local shindigs.

Then, folks could always depend on Dan Leonard, Tom Ross, Steve Costello, Grunter O'Donnell, or some other classy hoofers to do "Fred Wilson's" clog or the "Silver Shower" jig after the musicians had packed away their supper.

That's when Colonel Hipwell got his rep as leader of the band. Any percession that thought it was a percession, without the colonel leadin' the band, wasn't no percession.

In them days M. J. Malloy introduced brick pavin' and bathtubs in Northwest Davenport—upsettin' all dope concernin' the Saturday evenin' plunge in the wash-basin, as folks thought is was dangerous to take a bath more'n once a week.

Bob Porter held the ribbons on Lucy, the speediest little roan single-footer at that time, and he never took no guy's dust when a-comin' home from Schuetzen.



You know the time, sport! When Ben Luetje hit the scales at a hundred and ten in his socks—before they got namin' alarm clocks after him—and when Jack Feeney and Jack Kivlin burned the track

footracin' at the Mount Joy fair, doin' a hundred yards in ten flat, accordin' to Chet Croul's german-silver stop-watch.

Yep! In them days you could slip on the feed-bag at Schuetzen park, and inhale a mess of sirloin, spring chick, roastin' ears, and vegetables, and polish off with dessert and coffee—all for two bits. And if any of them waiter birds ever was handed a tip they'd a-threw a hemorrhage.

But, at that, a guy was lucky to draw down one bone per. Now'days these miracle monkey-wrench mechanics squawk unless they spear eight iron men for soldierin' eight hours.

You see, it was this way: Back yonder, around eighteen-ninety, a lotta Davenport young men got tryin' out their voices on barber-shop sevenths and doin' close harmony on

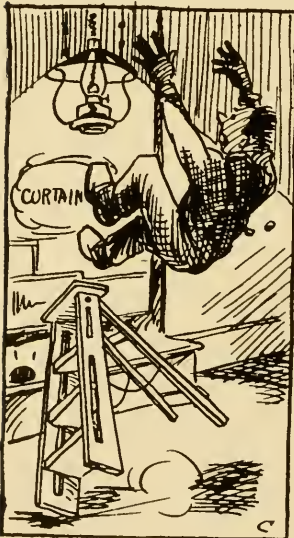
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the evenin' breeze out in the parks on moonlight nights. Others was musically inclined, and took their revenge out on different kinds of wind instruments. Still others was afflicted with declamatory delusions, rangin' from tragedy to comedy.

Understand, sport, the motor cop hadn't arrived then, and the ordinances wasn't so sensitive and easy to fracture as now. Folks wasn't so particular as to noises, like the cut-out, the short-skirt, or the jazz trottery.

The first release of the Carnival City Cullud Comedians was staged in the town hall of Dixon on Thanksgiving eve, in November, eighteen ninety-four. The excuse for pickin' on Dixon for the pop-off play has never been alibed, but the frost was on punk-uns all through the first part.

But sumpin happened during the wind-up that made 'em cut loose. The lightin' system consisted of one juicy kerosene drop-lamp, hangin' over the front of the stage. This glim was billed for a crab play, layin' down on the job durin' the grand finale. But Sojer Davis, the manager of props, proved up in the pinch. Grabbin' a rickety stepladder, he mounted it and quickly adjusted the lamp trouble, but as he leaned too heavy on one side, he took a tailspin down on the leader of the orchestra.



The rubes thought that lofty tumble gag all in the play.

It was the highsign for the fireworks, and they broke loose with applause, indicatin' that the hick is keen for athletic stuff. The other acts were greatly enjoyed, and then the hall was cleared, and everybody danced 'till mornin'.

If good old Joe Miller had been at Dixon, he would have felt repaid for the labor on his original work. The chicken gag was used, and it went over with as much effect as in present-day vaudeville. Listen to this:

THEM WAS THE GOOD OLD DAYS

Mr. Fort—"How is you feelin' this evenin', Mistah Samsing?"

Mr. Sampson—"Why, I'se feelin' ve'y salubrious this evenin', Mistah Fo't; ve'y salubrious."

"Mistah Samsing, I desiah to plopond a culumdum fo' you heah this evenin', before this lahge intellumgent aujence."

"Go 'long, man, you cain't compound no clumblum what I cain't edificate. 'Deed yo' cain't, niggah. No, suh!"

"Ve'y well, Mistah Samsing, ve'y well. What I's gwine fo' to ask is, 'Why do a chicken cross de road?'"

"'Why do a chicken cross de road?' Yah! Yah! Yah! Dat cuhtainly am too easy, Mistah Fo't—too easy."

"Ve'y well, Mistah Samsing, ve'y well. Then tell these heah good people, right heah in Dixon, why dat chicken he done cross de road."

"Dat chicken, Mistah Fo't, he done cross de road becase he has a most impo'tant ingagement on de otheh side."

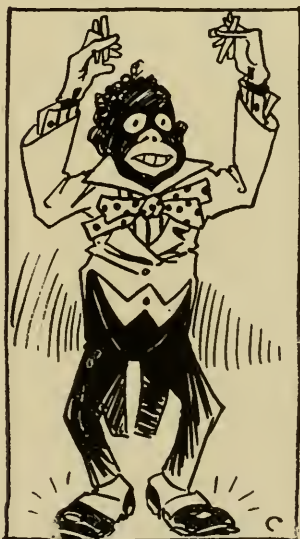
The interlocutor—"Mr. James Lindley, the sweet-voiced Scott county nightingale, will now favor the audience with that beautiful ballad entitled, "Little Darling, Dream of Me."

The artists in the first part:

Interlocutor—Eugene A. Craft.
Bones—Frank Wilson and Gus Brown.
Tambos—James Sampson and Frank Fort.

The songs and the singers were: "Oblige a Lady," Frank Wilson. "Little Darling, Dream of Me," James Lindley. "Do, Do, My Huckleberry Do," Charles Brown. "Little Darling, Good-bye," Martin Oakes. "Christopher Columbo," Gus Brown. "Silver Bells of Memory," William Dewey. "Annie Laurie," Eugene Craft. "Put on de Golden Shoes," James Sampson.

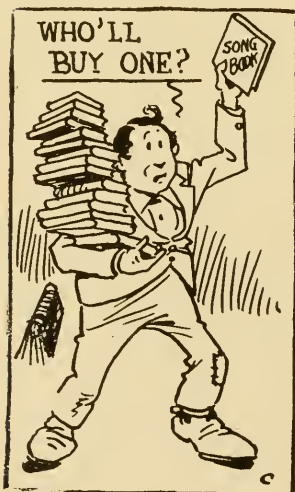
The features of the second part:
Charlie Brown, in refined song-and-dance. Frank Wilson,



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in a brief discourse on political events. Hugo Hill and Tony Biehl, the musical team. Gene Craft and Frank Fort in "The Merry Fakers." James Lindley and Martin Oakes in popular melodies. William Dewey and Gus Brown in "Wanted—An Actor." Lew Eckhardt, Frank Wilson, James Lindley and Martin Oakes, in old-time plantation melodies. The Lindello Mandolin club, Hugo Hill, Tom O'Brien, John Emendorfer, Lew Eckhardt, Tony Biehl, and Juie Purcell. Grand finale, "On the Bowery," featuring Lew Eckhardt as Samantha Johnsing, assisted by Gus Brown, Fred Hoelmer, Sojer Davis, Tom O'Brien, and the active chair-warmers.

The show went big, and a return date was signed for openin' of the new opera house in the spring. Durant was the scene of the second performance of the Carnivals, in December, and the home folks stood the gaff at the Burtis in January. Blue Grass and Buffalo were nailed by the troupers in February. It was up to the good people of Le-Claire to throw a wrench into the works in February, as they framed a revival against the Carnivals, on a night when the thermometer hit twenty degrees below zero. The minstrel boys declared the affair a draw, claimin' a fifty-fifty split in the contest between blackface and salvation.



Meantime, minstrelsy was gettin' in its work, and a number of prominent citizens fell before its ravages. And among others, such artists as Maj Meyer, Henry Garstang, Bob Abbott, Bill Franklin, Bob Kulp, Charles Everheard, Bob Osborne, Harry Downer, Frank Hearne, Willy Mueller, and the Moline famous Big Four—Weber, Samuelson, Crimmins, and Bierman. The Carnivals entertained in Moline in eighteen ninety-five.

The final performances were given at Schuetzen park on July, fourth, afternoon and evenin'. In

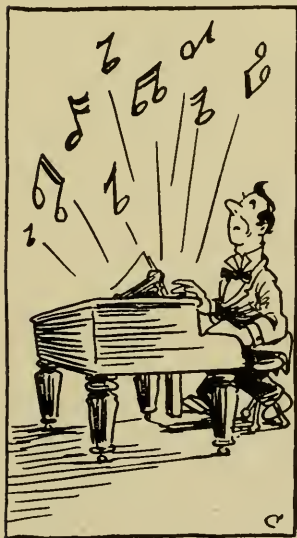
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the mornin' a street parade was held with Strasser's full band, followed by thirty-six performers, vocalists, comedians, and chair-warmers. Then the company got wise and quit while the quittin' was good.

The Carnival City organization was unique in home talent minstrelsy—its members never resortin' to the sap and sandbag as stimulants to quicken reserved seat ticket sales.

Many of our leadin' bankers, business and professional men owe their start in life to the Carnival City minstrels. Naturally Bert Dawson and Frank Yetter can't claim this brand of glory, because it was before they landed in the burg. But, you take Bill Heuer and Otto Hill, for instance. Everything they have they owe to the Carnival City minstrels—and they'll tell you so, if you ast 'em.

Bill Heuer was only a kid then, but he worked his way to Dixon and back by sellin' songbooks. Bill pulled a line of patter on the natives that made 'em loosen, openin' up somethin' like this: "Ladies and gentlemen, 'Little Annie Rooney' was 'Strolling Through the Park One Day,' dressed in 'The Little Old Red Shawl My Mother Wore', and while 'She May Have Seen Better Days,'" and so on, and by the time Bill announced one hundred popular songs for the small sum of ten cents, one dime, he had all the hardboiled gentry shellin' thin dimes like they was operatin' a corn sheller.



Otto Hill was the professor and musical director of that outfit, and he could make that old pianner loop the loop. At Dixon he was assisted by Albert Petersen, Henry Sonntag, and Hugo Toll, and that quartette certainly did whang the daylight out of the "Orpheus" overture, and covered up all the weak spots of the show.

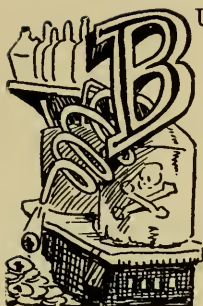
You tell 'em, sport! There's lotsa old timers in this burg that loves to hear them words: "Gentlemen—be seated!"



Kindt's Minstrel Troupers at Solon.

Grabbe, McDonald, Horne, Schlegel, Wilson, O'Day, Smith, Biehl, Trotter.

The Tank Town Troupers.



UT, just a minute, sport. This tale also has somethin' to do with another band of wanderin' blackface minstrels that invaded the bucolic bailiwick of Solon—up yonder in Northern Iowa—about thirty years ago, by request, for one consecutive night. That was long before it became necessary for our leadin' citizens to study chemistry and learn the distiller's trade.

Of course, nearly every male citizen over twenty years of age in any respectable community, at some time in his career, has felt the bite of the minstrel bug, and under the mellowin' influence of time he fancies he has been a regular performer. Davenport has growed a big crop of minstrel artists in the past forty years.

On that occasion, Solon's population was closin' in on the four-figure mark and sproutin' city airs. One live wire of that burg, Seth Smith, allowed it was time to build an opry house, and, by jing, he went and done it. When it was finished and the benches set in place, it needed some scenery to give it a touch of realism.

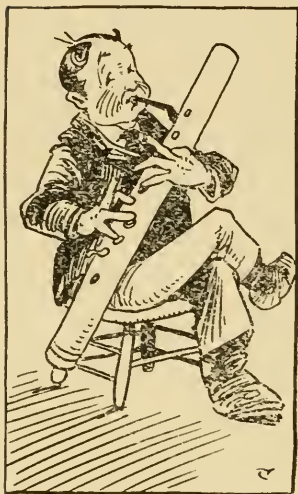
Charley Kindt, a sprightly young blade in his early twenties, was hooked by Seth for the scene paintin', and he put over a bangup job. After inspectin' the work, the manager was so well pleased that he released a hard-luck serial that touched a tender spot with the scene painter.

Now, Solon, in the lingo of the perfesh, was a tank town, well off the main line, not covered by legit and rep shows. The manager wanted a live attraction for the grand openin' the next Saturday—a show with lotsa pep.

Charley, right off the bat, told the Solonite that a first-class minstrel performance, with silver cornet band, and street parade at noon, was what Solon needed for an opener—a show that would go over with a bang and furnish the natives with talk food for years to come.

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The day bein' Wednesday, speed was needed to corral a troupe to invade Solon on time, but as Davenport was brimmin' over with blackface talent, Impresario Kindt knew where to uncover the best. The S. O. S. call went out, Joe Miller's joke book was dusted off, costumes gathered, performers drafted, wigs and burnt cork were requisitioned, and railroad passes secured on a slow freight. That outfit included some high-class performers, vocalists, and musicians who later hit the highspots.



Lew Greeley Horne did the old darkey stuff, and sang "Old Black Joe." Greeley was as good as

Milt Barlow, and he had refused many offers to take the road. Greeley went so good that he hadta sing "I Love to Think of the Days When I Was Young" for an encore.

Mel Trotter made his debut, with his sweet-soundin' tenor voice, singin' "The Little Old Red Shawl My Mother Wore," and, for encore, "The Prodigal Son," the song that Bill Nye wrote for Thomas Q. Seabrooke in "The Isle of Champagne," one verse runnin' sumpin like—

Oh, the eldest son was a sonofagun,
He was! He was!
He shuffled the cards and he played for mon,
He did! He did!
He wore a red necktie, a high-standin' collar,
Went out with the boys, got full and did holler,
Oh, he was a regular jimdandy loller—
Sing tra-la-la-la-la-la-la!

Tony Biehl as the Dutchman, Gus Wilson as the Swede, and Lee Grabbe as the Professor, put over a screamin' musical act, usin' every instrument they could beg, borry, and steal from Dinny Hickey.

Bill Korn made his first plunge in monolog, takin' for his text that good old gag of Joe Miller's about the guy with his slops on who ast Mike the copper, "What time is it?" "It just struck wan," says Mike, givin' the stew a whack on

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the bean. "I'm glad I wasn't here an hour ago," says the guy. Well, that went so good that Bill tried singin' "Tit Willow."

Art McDonald dished up a stew of muligan melo-drama from "The Moonshiner's Daughter," takin' the parts of both deacon and the hoss, as they stopped to talk with Mirandy near the lonely log cabin. "Whoa, Silas!" said the deacon, bringin' the hoss to a dead stop. "Is yer pa t'hum, Mirandy?" "Nope," answered Mirandy, "pa he's up on the mountin', moonshinin'." "Wa-al," says the deacon, "I calklate as how I'd better be a-movin' to the mountin'. Giddap, Silas!" Then Art switched from moonshinin' to the gates ajar, and put over the chills and fever patter of old Uncle Tom at the knockoff of little Eva.



Chris Schlegel was interlocutor in the first part, with Lew Horne and Charlie Kindt rappin' the tambos, and Bill Korn and Tony Biehl shakin' the bones.

The Alabama quartet, Schlegel, Trotter, Grabbe, and Horne, did some near harmony, and Charlie Kindt got away with his stump speech, "The Politician from Scott County," tellin' about the Irishman and Scotchman that stood before a bar, and the harp didn't have any money, and how, after waitin' a spell, the nickel-nurser said, "Well, Pat, what are we going to have today—rain or snow?"

Matt Lamb was property man, Fred Coates was caretaker of Tony Biehl's daaschund, "Patsey," and Billy Ritter was press agent and cashier.

A heavy rainstorm tore loose on the evenin' of the big show, but the opry house was packed just the same. All the corn-shredders for miles around blowed in, bringin' kerosene lanterns with 'em, and they kept 'em lit in the gallery all durin' the performance.

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The company carried its own orchestra—an old-time square piano—borryed from Denny Hickey of the Hoyt piano company. On account of a five-dollar freight bill that piano was left at Solon, and mebbe it's still doin' business there. Because of the short time between bookin' and show-time, rehearsals was held in the little red caboose on the freight train, and the postin' service consisted of handin' out five hundred dodgers.

When the troupe arrived, every sonofagun and his brother turned out to see the big street parade at noon, with silver cornet band, plug hats, linen dusters, and bamboo canes.

Shortly before the performance it was discovered that the programs had not been printed, and as the printer had closed his shop and gone fishin', the office was broken into and Chris Schlegel set the type and Charlie Kindt run the programs on the hand press. The next mornin' the printer flashed a bill of two bucks for material and use of type, and Fred Coates paid the bill a year later.



As the minstrel company entered the caboose for the return trip, Matt Lamb lingered on the station platform and ast one of the natives:

"Well, how'd you like the show?"

"Guess we hadn't better talk about that," was the reply.

Now'days it's different in puttin' on a minstrel show. Whenever the Elks, Eagles, Caseys, Moose, Masons, Owls, Camels, Turners, or any of them brother outfits, gets the blackface fever, they wire a canned minstrel promoter for costumes, scenery, makeup, and music. Then, after they lasso Tad Martin, they're all set. And, bein' all set, special committees leadpipe friends and foes for program ads and reserved seat tickets. Then the newspapers say the show was finer'n silk—that everybody is just dyin' to hear 'em repeat the dose.

Oilstock salesman ain't the only guys that spread that old mexican stuff, sport.

Street Music and Catarrh.



WE HAD bully music back in the old days sport, before the marimbo, xylophone, saxophone, and uke got jammin' up the works, and not countin' the ocarino, tin-whistle, or jewsharp, nor solo work with the triangle, tambourine, or bass drum. When the Swiss bell-ringers showed at the Metropolitan hall the standin' room sign was stuck up for the first time. Professor Martini had the folks all dizzied with his sleight-of-hand tricks at the Metropolitan, too, and when he mesmerized the little gal dressed in a white suit, with boys' pants and ruffles at the knees, and put her to sleep up in the air, with her head restin' on her hand, balancin' on her elbow on a broomstick, he had the town gaspin' and wonderin'. Then Martin Greeley named a cocktail in honor of Martini, with lotsa hop to it, and the folks with classy tasters and jaded appetites gave that Martini drink an awful play.

Joe Emmett showed how easy it was to play "Home, Sweet Home" with variations on the toy harmonica at the Burtis, and the nigger-heaven kids cleaned out the stock of mouth-organs at Hoyt's and Wallace's music stores the next day.

General Tom Thumb and Miss Minnie Warriner, the world's smallest midgets, were the big attractions then, and Miss Minnie held a public reception after every matinee, to meet the wimmen folks.

The old bear man and his big brown bear came to town every summer. The bear man usta sleep with his bear in a boxstall back of Deutsches Gasthaus on Second and Scott. He called the bear "Chack," and he controlled him with a clothesline fastened to a ring in his nose. When old bruin shimmied, the bear man sang a weird dago chanty:

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Ta-ra, ra-ruum, ra-ruum, ra-ray!
Ta-ra, ra-ruum, ra-ruum, ra-ray!

The bear danced a clumsy sidestep, actin' like he was scared stiff. The bear man got lotsa pennies when passing the hat, and he usta say, "For-a fifta-cent I make-a Chack climb a tree," but they wasn't no spendthrifts shootin' four-bit pieces in them days.

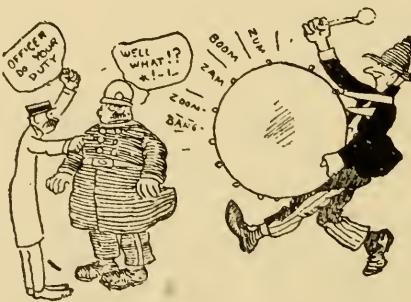


Nobody knew who started the boys playin' the accordeon, but if a guy strolled west of Harrison on hot summer evenin's he'd hear Frank Wickleman or some other barber pumpin' the "Lauterbach" waltz or "Fatherland" outa a beerharp. Or, he'd get an earful of a tinklin' zither, and know

the Tyrolean warblers had been visitin' Turner hall or Claus Groth, and had started Al Fahrner, Billy Wagner, and a lota other boys raspin' the zit.

There was more rivalry between musicians then than between soprano soloists in church choirs. If that aint spillin' a mouthful, sport, come up and get your money. The leadin' bass drum artists—Gus Wilson of Restorff's Military band and Billy Carney of the Light Guard band—were deadly rivals, and they fought a fierce duel one Saturday evenin' at Moore's hall before a packed house. Charlie Wesenberg was second for Gus, and Mike Ruefer acted for Billy, with Ernst Otto officiatin' as referee, and Mike Goetsch as bottle-holder. The folks that think they aint no melody in bass drum solo work is due for wisin' up on their musical education.

Nasty feelin' existed between them star drummers, and the Carney faction preferred charges against Wilson, claimin' he manicured his finger nails and played guitar at weddin's. The Wilson

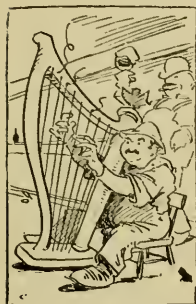


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bunch came back at Carney, sayin' that besides his bein' a molder at Donahue's foundry he sawed bull fid at Fire King dances. A big hullabaloo was bein' raised when the referee declared there was nothin' in union rules against usin' them kinda tools, and he ordered the drum soakers to get ready.

Them boys went through five fast rounds, and the referee decided their combat work was fifty-fifty, and, while Wilson shaded the molder on animato con furia, Carney had the stockfish boy faded on prestissimo vivacissimo, but that the andante passages were considerably scherzante el torro. Gus

said that sounded fair enough, as far as he was concerned, and Billy invited the party to the sulphur spring at Beattie's mill for a drag at the pump.



Dago Joe with his harp was a summer tourist. Joe was a real wiz with that hibernian instrument, and even if he didn't know a note from a receipt, he was king of the fakirs and could tear off either high-brow or popular stuff. How that fat wop

could sprinkle the notes! Oh, boy! Didn't make a bita dif what key a stew party started to sing in, that harpist could pick 'em right off. Joe passed the hat after every tune, but he never passed passed a stein or a snit.

Old time fiddlers done all the music tricks at dances, or mebbe some professor would play the piano with his hands, Now'days them dishpans is played with the hoofs, and a player that knows music is nine, ten—out! Any hunk with nut enough to change the needle on a talkin' machine can line up with the old masters now.

Another famous music duel was fought between Soapy Smith with Barnum's calleyope and Fatty Saunders with Trinity chimes. It was circus day in August, and Barnum's big top was pitched in the old fair grounds out on Brady street. As the tail of the parade rounded the top of Brady street hill, Soapy took a crack at "Swanee River," and Fatty, on practice duty that mornin', answered with the "Sweet Bye and Bye." Soapy took up the challenge, and when his

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noise chariot was passin' the steeple he tore loose with "This House is Haunted," and Fatty came right back with the "Blue Bells of Scotland," takin' an awful wham at the high note on the bell tuned in q flat. That punch of Fatty's had so much zip on it that Soapy smelled scotch, and when he was passin' Pat Tuohy's joint he jumped off the calleyope and ast Pat to mix him a stiff srtorter of scotch, sayin' that the bum note that Fatty pulled on the bells gave him the willies. Pat thought Soapy was easily nervoused, and ast him how he'd like to hear that note every day and twice on Sundays. Soapy said no guy hadta stand for that punishment when he had such a beautiful chance to jump off the bridge. Then Soapy remarked that, as far as he was concerned, Fatty won the battle—that he'd never fight another duel with chimes that was tuned by a clam-digger.

When the scotch bagpipers came to town in fair-time, dressed in kilts, you could tell by their knees they never took water for a chaser. The kids usta folly them kilties around when they played the saloons, and could tell they were playin' music, but couldn't get hep to the tunes, every wheeze soundin' just the same. Them hielan' guys carried heavy campin' outfits on their backs, and mausta had a hunch that prohibition was comin', the way they practiced preparedness.

Professor Guckert gave a mandolin and guitar concert at the Burtis, and the burg went daffy on that tinkly music, Jimmy Donahue bein' the first kid to tackle a mandolin. Lee Grabbe then organized the Venetian mandolin club, with mandolins, guitars, mandola, banjo, flute, violin, and 'cello, and he had Tony Biehl, Gus Wilson, Ike Freed, Frank Fick, Henny Reese, Charlie Ribby, Al Moetzel, Johnny Emendorfer, Hugo Hill, Doodle Eckhardt, Tom O'Brien, and a lota other stars playin' for the high-class entertainments. When Lee talked of organizin' a saxophone quartet in them days, folks said if things kept gettin' worse they'd round that boy up for a bugs recital before the commissioners.

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Of course, regular summer visitors included handorgan grinders with flea-covered monkeys that would climb for pennies and salute when they were dropped in the cup. Then the handorgan grinder would smile and say, "Da gooda monk!" Later the hurdy-gurdy man came with the pipeorgan on wheels, and his wife and family did the hat-passin' act.

Italian street bands made the rounds of this old town every summer, playin' violins, flute, and harp on afternoons and evenin's. Them birds had the artistic touch and plenty of pep, and they played the fids in an upright position, restin' 'em on their knees. Kids follyed 'em in droves, from Melchert's hotel to the Scott house and Newcomb house, but didn't get close when they passed the hat. When them dagoes played in front of the Kimball house, if Doctor Connaughton had his big white fedora, white prince albert, and habits on, he'd stand on the balcony and toss 'em a silver dollar for every tune.

Doc Con was a catarrh moses—nearly everybody havin' catarrh in them days from readin' the doc's monthly paper, *The Medical Missionary*. If Doc Con couldn't relieve your catarrh, he could certainly make an awful nick in your bank roll. Or, you could take a chance with Doc McAfee or Mrs. Doc Keck, and get a tumble for your catarrh and your coin, gettin' action two ways from the ace. All them catarrh flimmers wore bushy whiskers, exceptin' the Mrs. Doc, but her hubby sprouted a wilder bunch of wind whistlers than either Trade Smith or his brother Mark. Doc Con kept the microbes on the jump in his alfalfa by usin' a comb, even if that was buckin' the rules of the doctor's union. The only doc guy that had Doc Con on a barrel in the whiskers line was Doc Spinney, of Spinneyville sulphur springs, the place that's now called Linwood. Every time



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Doc Con got a flash at Doc Spinney's whiskers he turned green, and then took a jump off the wagon.



Them was the good old days, sport! No square-heads was tryin' to shoot constructive criticism, no oilcans sprinklin' sugar on sliced tomatoes, no dumbbells tippin' bellhops to page 'em at banquets, and you could get six beers for a quarter. But we had Slammy Ottersen hollerin' "She-car-r-go papers" on the post-office corner, plenty of plain soldierin' at the Arsenal, and Bert Brockett introducin' floor-walkin' and Harry McLaughlin 'tendin' the silk counter at Petersen's. Of course, the men folks was wearin' their vests buttoned and stiff collars and neckties durin' dogdays, just like they do in these bustlin' times. So was the wimmen folks against neck ventilation, but since then they inherited a coupla brains. Business men hang to the old collar and necktie, though, and no power on this green earth can tear 'em away from the habits of the old paper-collar days. Ast any guy why he wears that junk around his neck on hot days and he'll say it's on account of his personal appearance. That punk alibi oughta get a hee-haw outa anything but a hard-headed business man.



An Album of Quaint Types.



There's a lot of knockin' being done in this burg about that sheet of yourn and them pichers you been printin', sport. Of course, every guy thinks he kin handle his own work, but when it comes to stickin' in blinky-eyed Japs and them ambassadors to Bohunk, it looks like you newspaper guys needs a hot hunch.

Why don't you print some pichers of the old timers and put new life in the old blanket?

Now, s'posin' you'd print Steve Hoover's picher. Steve was the youngest hoghead on the Rock Island road, and he usta pull the throttle on the old "Cannon Ball" when she'd roll into the Perry street depot at noons, back in the old days. Then Steve slipped out of his overalls, combed his whiskers, and went over to Charlie Haskin's livery barn for his sorrel pacin' mare, and showed speed for a coupla hours. Then he'd drop into Os Reynolds poker parlor and buy a stack of blues.

Or, take Murt Burns, that used to swing the red lantern and sing the come-al-yez, at the old switch shanty on Fifth between Brady and Perry. There's as fine an old bird as ever pulled on a cob-pipe. Murt'd go better than a lot of the lame ducks that's causin' eye trouble.

Or, how'd old John Shiner do? John was assistant bookkeeper for Con Mast at Smith's coal yard at Fifth and Harrison, and every time the lumber yard gang slipped a dime to Shiner he'd take the growler up to Struve's without a whimper. And he never laid a lip over the goods on the return trip.

Why, sport, you got lotsa good material to work up.

For instance: Take Dutch Pete, Ugly Perry, or Crummy Jim, them old boys that drove sea-goin' hacks in the

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old days, when they wasn't no fivvers. All a guy needed was to get two-thirds pickled and drop into a bumpy hack for a ride over the jolty macadam, with Dutch, or Ugly, or Crummy, at the reins, gettin' a good churnin' all down the line, and nature would do the rest—just as nature does funny tricks to apple cider, elderberry wine, and home-brew now'days for Davenport's leadin' lady distillers. You kin imagine what them rocky hack rides would do to a guy now if he'd squirt some white mule into his radiator.

Or, how about little old Hoopde-Doodle Dan Keeler from County Kilkenny? There was some worker. Started grindin' at four in the mornin's and was always done at nine in the evenin's. Laid down the first pavin' in Davenport, from Perry to Scott on Third street, thirty-five years ago, and built the Main street sewer in all that quicksand, when folks said he'd be ruined if it rained. Didn't rain for two months. After the job was finished it rained cats and dogs for forty days and forty nights.

Every day after work, Hoopde-Doodle would shoulder a broom at quittin' time and march his gang in single file to Frahm's summerhouse and tap a coupla kegs. Got so's he could say, "Ein beer hobben, lunchman," in his choicest irish brogue, and he took lessons on Swiss warblin' from Henry Barmettler, doin' this kinda work:

Oh, the moon he climb
Up the mountain high—
 O, til-le—ay-e-hoo!
 O, til-le—yi-e-hoo!
Und he climb so high
Till he touch the sky—
 O, til-le—ay-e-hoo!
 O, ay-e-hoo!

O, til-le—ay-e—til-le—o-ee,
 Til-le-ay-e—hoo!
 O, til-le—ay-e-hoo!
 O, til-le—ay-e-hoo!

O, til-le—ay-e—til-le—o-ee,
 Til-le—ay-e-hoo!
Til-le—ay-e—til-le—o-ee—
 Ay-e—o-o-o-o-o!



Folks wanted Hoopde-Doodle brung up before the commissioners because he bet everything he had, includin' his

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underpants, at ten-to-one, that Cleveland would nose out Blaine in the presidential election. Just a plain case of bugs, they said. Hadn't been a Democrat elected in twenty-four years. But when little Hoopde-Doodle cashed in for twenty-five thousand bucks, them wise birds crossed over and says that's a purty wise little mick.

Or, how about old John Wunderlich, the night school hookey cop that usta chase the kids evenin's when they had night school in the old high school buildin' at Sixth and Main? John could do a hundred yards in ten flat, standin' start, whenever he chased a kid for playin' hookey, and he could see things around the corner with them ironbound specs of his.

You reporter guys keep printin' stories about big men in this burg these days, but listen—you don't know what a real big man is.

There's a whole lot of old timers the folks'd rather see in your paper than them foreign guys, kings, queens, and deuces that you been runnin'.

Here's a bunch of likely old time lads that hain't never had their picher in your paper, and even if they didn't never sock much jack nor cut a fat hog nor nothin', they'd stack up better than some of them painful maps you been runnin'.

Chookie Kuphal, Chooner Burns, Cooktail Paulsen, Slot Reupke, Leaky Tuohy, Rooster Stapleton, Blinkey Murphy, Lately Carlin, Louse Mason, Limerick Hopkins, Stiffy Stewart, Skutch Lyons, Jack Cass, Big Jack and Little Jack, Dirty French, Joe Neibrisch, Dutch Steemer, Zip Hammerly, Tobe Gilmartin, Ski Peck, Jim Peters, Billy Hogenkamp, Jim Drumgoole, Chris Jipp, Cooney Krebs, Simon Koch, Chris Dittmar, Lew Pickens, Luke O'Melia, Butch Eggers, and Charlie Cable.

Course, sport, you young folks is got it on the old times in some ways—mebbe!

Take heatin' street cars, for instance: On cold winter mornin's in the old days, Henry Schnittger heated his one-hoss bobtail car by throwin' a coupla armsful of fresh oats straw on the floor after Dan McGugin drove outa the Brady street barn at the south corner of Vander Veer park. A guy hadta

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keep trompin' his dogs right smart to keep 'em from freezin', and a coaloil glim done the lightin'.

Amachoor cartoonists done funny pichers on the window frostin' when Henry stopped the bus to wait for some bird that whistled two blocks away. The hoss shook a dinky bell on his collar, and folks waited to hear the bell, and then hollered to Henry—it bein' an hour between trips.



But when Doctor Allen strung trolley wires up Brady street, Captain Gabbert, Job Ross, Phil Nagel, John Rowe, George Marvin, John Temple, P. J. Hagerty, Sam Perry, Joshua Burr, Joe LeClaire, Sam Hurto, Jim Croak, John Haley, Andy Butler, and other wise hicks 'lowed they couldn't see how no hoss-car would pull itself up Brady hill with a gosh-derned fishpole.

Old Mike Wenzel operated the Third street line in the same efficient manner, includin' the hoof-heatin' system.

Now you young folks is got electric light and heat and no waitin', and still you're bellyachin'.

In them days winnemen that didn't have children had hired gals that done the work and washin' for two bucks a week, and them gals was tickled speechless with one night off, bein' Monday night—called "Biddy's night." Now the hired gals is called maids, and maids is lookin'-glass fighters, and knows more about Douglas and Mary than corned beef and cabbage. Maids sets a pace in dollin' up that keeps the missus steppin'. But maids never use punk perfume nor flash their teeth tryin' to look purty.

Gals usta wear red flannins three sizes too large, figurin' on them shrinkin' when they was washed. Now'days they wear union suits, but, just to show they aint muley, they play the game fifty-fifty by wearin' openshop waists and cloaks. They wore one-buckle overshoes then, with long woolen dresses to keep their legs warm. Now they wear golashes, and a whole flock of buckles tinkles jazz tunes and wigwags nosey parties the stop-look-listen signal.

In them days a guy that took a bath any day except Saturday got hisself talked about. He took his plunge in a

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tin basin near the kitchen cookstove, with one side of him freezin' and the other side fryin'. Now he kin slosh around in the tub and manicure his toenails every evenin', but if he starts three-sheetin' about his cold bath, like some chronic headaches does, his friends kin only hope for a hurry call from the croaker guy.

In them days cigar stores smelled of finecut and figleaf eatin' tobacco, or Havana smokes and scraps. Now a guy gets cracked on the beezer with a knockout punch of bean soup or spanish stew when he slips in to buy the makin's.

Wonderful was a descent, respectable word in the old days, and nobody was pickin' on it. Now every pinhead and his sister abuses poor old wonderful. Soup is wonderful. So is movies and mush, feet and fudge, gassers and gushers, bobbed hair and perfumery, and chow dished out at weiney roasts.

But in slang they's been some improvement. In the old days when a young smarty began feedin' the old line to a likely trim, she'd say, "Ah, cheese it, cully—you're givin' me taffy!" When a bright boy with belted overcoat, tan shoes, and greased hair aims his best line at a peppy little flapper now, she hops to it with a cold fishy eye, and tells him to "Park that bull!"

Yes, indeed, sport—things keep improvin'.





Grumblers Camp on Smith's Island.

George McClelland, August First, P. O. Kelly, Frank Brady,
Jack Cruise, Holney Kane, Bip Goettig.

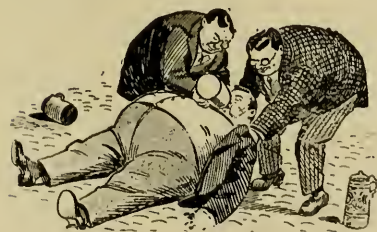
At the Grumbler's Camp.

Don't s'pose you reporters ever heard of the Grumblers camp down the river on Smith's island, near Linwood, in the old days. That roundup spot was opened by Boney Strathman and his brother Lew and was goin' full blast all the year 'round. They had a swell big shack, and there was always plenty of fishin' and shootin'. In them days a guy could take his shootin'-iron and pot somethin' besides an english sparrow, and he could throw a line in the Mississippi and ketch somethin' better than german carp or the flu.



Our greatest freshair sportsmen put in their spare time at the Grumblers camp, playin' stud, rummy, checkers, mumbledypeg, and other wild and excitin' games. Frank Brady was the french chef, and Buck Kniphals the dishwasher, with Sawdust Billy and Duckfoot Malone doin' chambermaid service. Nick Boy and George Halligan, in charge of the com-

missary, kept the old fishbox loaded with bass, croppies, and channel cat, and the ice-box filled with top-sirloin, yallerlegs, and bacon. Prowlin' henroosts and orchards was the popular moonlight sport at that camp. Gooshie Lagie was pilot on the "Po-



tato Bug," the skiff that carried chow and pale export over from Max Hoffbauer's logcabin at Buffalo.

Henry Jaeger, George Mengel, John Hentzleman, Soapy Matthes, George Havens, and Pete Otten, the board of directors, had Jack Smith's steamboat, the "Island Queen," for pleasure cruisin' up and down the river when entertainin' their friends and enemies and candidates for election, or when trimmin' tinorns that thought they knew how to play that little game called poker.

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On Saturday evenin's Ignatz Schmidt would row down in his skow for the week-end, as that boy loved to soak the heel of the pumpnickel in beefsteak gravy for his Sunday dinner. He always brought his fid, and when Ig and Uncle Johnny Sauer sawed off their soulful duet, "Ach, du Lieber Augustin," why even the birds in the trees were charmed. Ignatz delivered the greatest political speeches of his career to his "distinguished fellow-citizens," and showed up them prohibition guys to a fareyewell, under the willows at the Grumblers camp, whenever his bearin's got properly lubricated. Many a Sunday evenin' Ignatz rowed back with a twenty-pound rock tied to the stern of his skow by George Herman, who figured that Ig needed exercise.



Sunday entertainers included seasoned old troupers that had done big time on the glucose circuit. P. O. Kelly was topliner with his monolog, about the airship "Dolly Doten," in his trip around the world and across the English channel. George McClelland warbled his sunshine baritone solo, "The Heart Bowed Down," and Tommy Atky sang "Stick to Your Mother." The Sawdust sextet, Herman Blunck, Buck Hoffman, Sausage Malone, Pomp Flemming, Eddie Wulf, and Chris Timm rendered "Yes, We Will Gather at the River."

Other high-class performers that done upstage stuff were Lew Rouch, Free Foch, Lounce Lerch, Frank Boyle, George Schmidt, Claus Kuehl, Steve Costello, Simon Yann, Doc Painter, Henry Proestler, Gus Reimers, Red Ehlers, Jack Frost, Jud Banker, Lew Meumann, Mick Lee, Dick Iben, Henry Jaeger, Bert Grosbeck, and Charley Palmer.

But them good old days is gone, sport, and camplife along the old river aint nothin' but an imitation. Now'days they got screens on the shacks to keep the flies in in the daytime and the mosquitoes in in the nighttime, and old rounders aint got nothin' special to do but gabble hardluck stories and design phoney alibis for hittin' the mule.

Encore Music and Elks.



Say, sport—Been goin' back too fur with the old-time stuff to suit you? Don't know nothin' about the old volunteer fire department, do you? Nor about the old Turner hall gang? Nor nothin' about the time the silver engine crossed the old bridge and came steamin' up to the station in front of the old Burtis house at Fifth and Iowa?

Well, you missed a heap of big doin's.

But come closer, sport—here's somethin' mebbe you kin wrap around yourself.

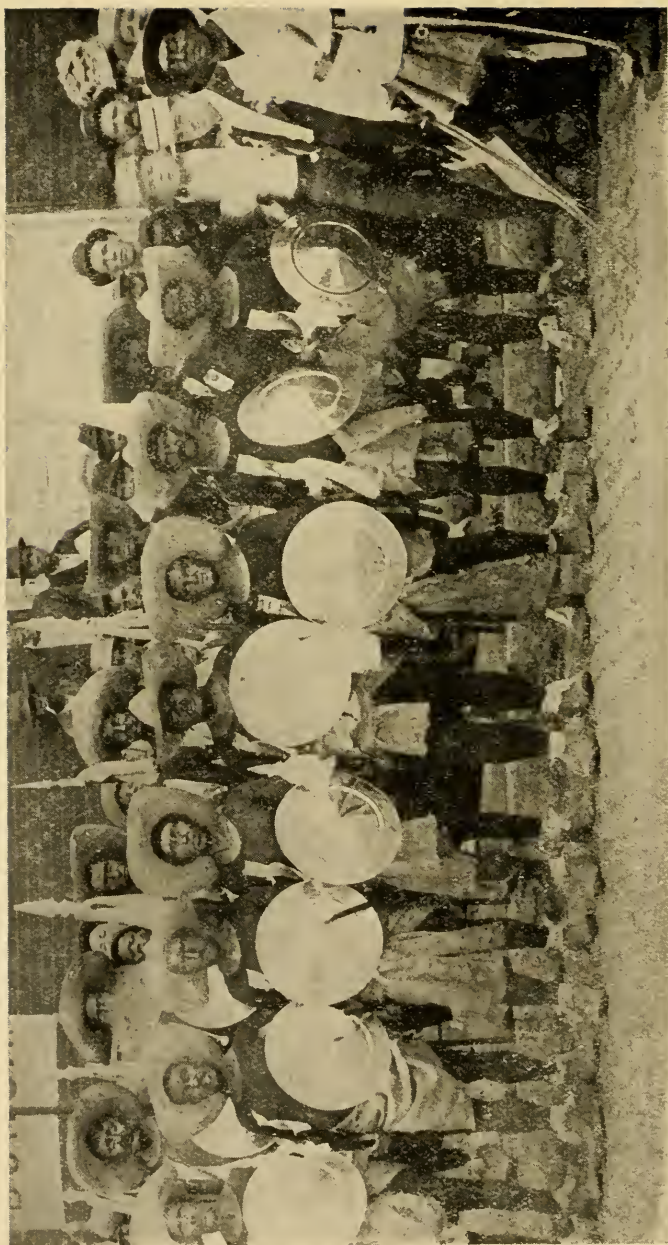
Remember the time the Davenport Elks run wild and hogged everything at Saint Louis, coppin' all the big prizes at the Elks convention?

That's when old two-nine-eight was young—when them antlered guys went down to Saint Louis, shed their togs, and paraded barefooted as naked Filipinos, dressed up in nothin' but burnt-cork, straw hats, and hula-hula skirts that reached half way to the knees.

Never heard of Doctor McClurg, the leader of that percession, and the world's greatest corn conductor and ingrowin' toenail trainer? Well, the Doc was a darb—a tall, fine-lookin' guy, sport, about a hundred and 'leven years ancient, bein' the oldest two-legged Elk in captivity. Old Doc carried the purple banner, with plughat, specs, linen duster, three-foot Santa Claus beard, dignity, and great credit to the lodge.

Saint Louis reporters fell hard for Doc, and the papers was filled with echoes that blowed through his whiskers all durin' the convention, the Doc bein' some gabber.

Followin' Doc in the parade came Strasser's full band, thirty pieces, blowin' real encore music—and them birds could spiel even if the band was only half full. Then came them Davenport Elks, lookin' like they'd just broke out of a movie studio, and they burned up Saint Louis when they



Davenport Elks as Filipinos at Saint Louis—Manila Lodge No. 4-11-44.

At right, Lee Grabbe as General Aguinaldo.

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pranced down Washington avenue, givin' their corn rah-rah:

Davenport! Davenport! Two-nine-eight!
We are from the Hawkeye state.
Corn is King—so they say—
We are Elks from I-o-way!



None of them other visitin' Elks had a look-in when the judges came to handin' out prizes, as Davenport copped everything.

In them days Saint Louis dished up high-grade six per cent brew, and, naturally, Strasser's full band was doin' the umta-ra-ra right in the pink, and they swung a knock-out the first crack out of the box.

Only a few insiders knows how them tooters put it over, so it won't hurt nobody's feelin's to spill the beans now.

Understand, sport, they was some high-class kidders trottin' along with two-ninety-eight then, and, bein' as they was out to take Saint Louis all the way to the cleaners, they had to fix things so's their full band would play only encore music—good easy-listenin' American stuff.

Some job, sport—some big job—considerin'.

Ever notice when topnotchers gets out to do their stuff how they show off and pull earache numbers? And folks applaud because they know them squareheads has just so much late-lamented melody to unlimber before they come through on second guess with encore music. That's what gives them artists the idea they're good, and they get temperamental and balky, and they hafta be petted and sugared, or they'll pout and take their little dolly and go home.

Well, the Davenport Elks didn't want them musiciansers mussin' up their party by lettin' 'em murder Wagner, Neierbeer, Tschotahoochski, and other dead birds, so Dolph Henigbaum, Billy Harrison, Charlie Reed, Charlie Cameron, George Willis, and Dan Horne framed with the two leadin' band guys, Ole Petersen and Heiney Sonntag, for some real lowdown dirty work that haint never been equaled in the movies.

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While the other twenty-eight members of Strasser's full band was seein' the sights four cellars underground at Lemp's brewery, singin' "Hilee-Hilo" and sayin' "Prosit," and gettin' theirselves keyed away up in G, tellin' how swell the Davenport turner society was, them two missin' links raided the music library of that full band and went south with all the classics, etudes, symphonies, and overtures. They didn't leave nothin' for the full band to play but encores.



You kin lay down a fat bet, sport, that they was helapopin' next mornin' while them twenty-eight artistic underground explorers was coolin' their hot coppers, and moanin' and lamentin' the losin' of their beloved earache classics.

The tubby guy that blowed in the ringtailed tuba put out a squawk that was heard clear out to Kerry patch, and the cornist wanted to join the Kuklux and drop somebody off the Eads bridge. All them musicianers did the best they could to express their feelin's by usin' plain United States, but it couldn't make the grade. So they hadta switch to that more fluent heiney lingo that they knew how to handle.

The judges in the band contest that day was all Elks, understand, and didn't know B flat from straight up, but they knowed melody from nutnoise. And, bein' as Strasser's full band could only play encore stuff in the contest, while other crack bands from all over the United States tooted earache selections, naturally there wasn't nothin' to it. Davenport cleaned the plate.

That was about the time that Uncle Sam took on the benevolent assimilation of the Filipinos, sport, and Davenport organized Manila lodge, number four-eleven-forty-four, at Saint Louis, electin' Charlie Hagemann as exhausted rooster, chief of the tribe. Lee Grabbe took the part of Aguinaldo, chief of the insurgents, and other Elks takin' part in that Filipino parade were Charlie Sommers, Doc Robeson, Lew Eckhardt, Dave Nabstedt, Elmer Smith, Charlie Korn,

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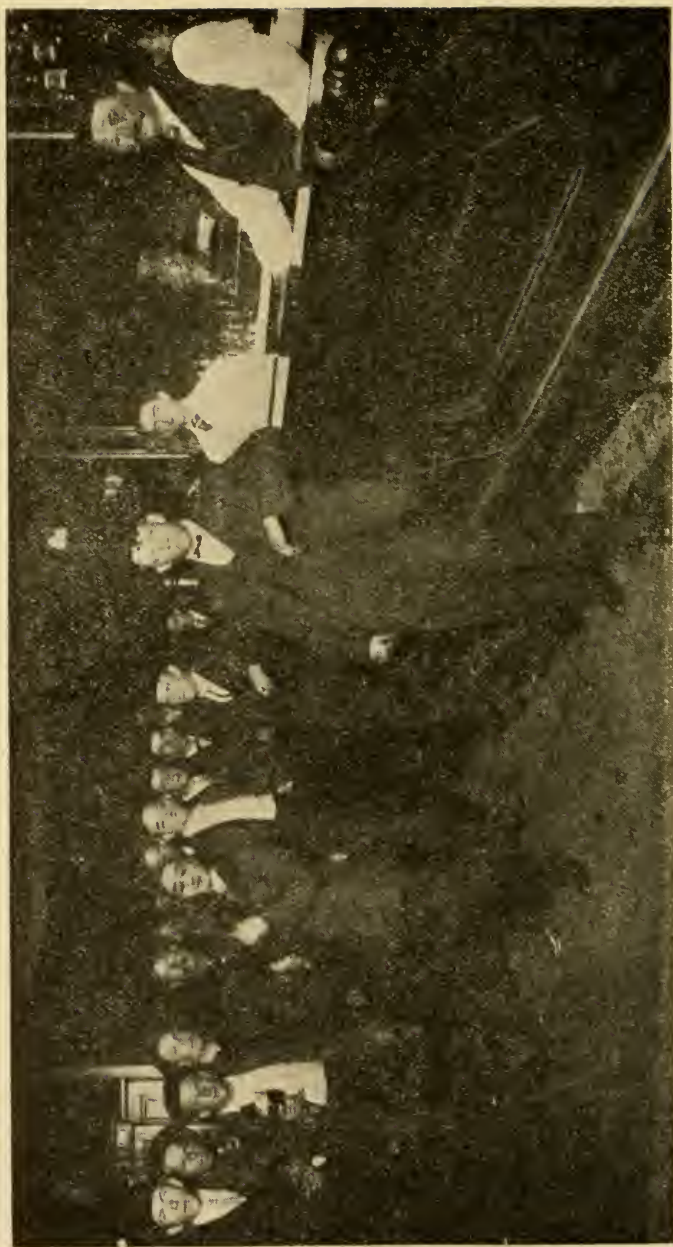
Jack McCarthy, Henry Cleve, George Willis, Abe Rothschild, Charlie Reed, Otto Lahrmann, Ben Blinn, Tony Biehl, Lew Muhs, Charlie Kindt, Jack Lauer, Dolph Henigbaum, Jake Nabstedt, Charlie Cooper, Dan Regenitter, Doc McClurg, and J. F Nabstedt.

When them two-nine-eight boys and Strasser's full band blowed back to Davenport they knowed the folks was proud of 'em, and after paradin' the town they went out to Schuetzen park, where the city council met 'em and blew the lid off the park.

Them was the good old days, sport!

The breweries cornered every corner and always helped the coroner. They wasn't no wild mexs doin' plain and fancy carvin', no greek early-risin' pottin' contests, and coons was coons. Wide mollies with fruitjar ankles didn't wear lemon-colored hoisery and highwater skirts, barberin' was a regular trade, and a cigarmaker could get a drink at any first-class joint if he kicked in with the price.

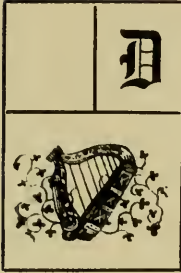




Flashlight of Russell's Scoopery.

John Russell and Arthur Russell behind bar. Observe fishbowl scoop.

The Exile of Johnny Robbins.



ON'T s'pose you newspaper boys ever heard of Johnny Robbins and how he was banished to Ireland in the old days, didya? Well, Johnny was a husky young laddybuck—"twinty-wan years of old, foive-fut tin, weighin' wan hunderd and sivinty-siven, and a roarin' Tip, whin I landed in Ameriky, beegob!"—and you've Johnny's own words for it. He was a harum-scarum with the colleens and the poteen over in County Tipperary, and when there was any skylarkin' at fairs and dances, Johnny was in the thick of it. He talked with a rich, melodious brogue, and believed in ghosts, fairies, banshees, and the likes o' that.

The Robbins family was of the quality, d'ye moind, and, whin Johnny tuck the staimer to Quanestown, sure they were that well plaised they tolt him he'd be after havin' his twinty pounds in goold sint him aich month whin he settled in Ameriky.

So Johnny came to the garden-spot of the west, with his love for fun and his taste for poteen. Light-hearted, the young gorsoon made friends quickly at Brophy's boardin' house—after the news of the monthly remittance had been whispered at the supper table.

Now, in Tipperary, Johnny had never heard of the bird known as the jack-roller. Neither did he have a suspicion that Johnny could sing like a thrush. Those things came as a surprise after the night of his first visit to Russell's scoopery, when he sang "The Boys of Kilkenny" to the boys of Bucktown in a comealye voice that rippled dolefully through his adenoids:

O, the boys o' Kilkenny
Were bowld Oirish blades,
Whiniver they'd mate
Anny pritty young maids,
Sure, they'd kiss and cariss thim
And tr'at thim so free—
O-ho! of all towns in Oireland
Kilkenny for me.

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After Johnny crooned "Larry O'Gaff" and the "Shan Van Vocht," Mel Trotter and the boys told him he was a fine young bucko and that he could sing like a thrush—Johnny havin' visited the bank to cash his twenty-pound note that day. Johnny could sob as easily as he could sing, and late that night, as his thoughts wandered to the Old Sod, he grew melancholy and keened his grief and lamentation.



"Wurra, wurra, mother dar-rlin'," he sobbed, as the big tears rolled down his cheeks, "could ye but see yer poor b'y Jahnnny this avenin', with no wan to care for him, at all at all, sure it would break yer heart. Ochone! Ochone! Whin yer poor b'y came to Ameriky, acushla, sure he thought the goold growed on bushes. But the divil a bit of goold has he seen hide or hair of but the twinty-pound note from ould Oireland."

Then his head drooped, and his deep snorin' gave signal that the roarin' Tip was all set for the jack-roller. Johnny awoke the next mornin' with nothin' but a bad taste in his mouth, but he was happy—for he knew he could sing like a thrush.

Admittin', sport, that Johnny couldn't sing like a real thrush, he could certainly wail like a real banshee. He liked the jack-roller, too, for as quickly as he cashed his twenty-pound note each month he hurried to meet the boys, between times doin' pick-and-shovel duty to pay boardin' expenses. And he grew fond of ridin' in the hurry-wagon, takin' a whirl to the police station every few weeks for thrushin' or bansheein' in the open air.

One day a few friends—Dan McFarland, Joe Hebert, Pete Jacobsen, Pat McCarthy, Paul Lagomarcino, Brick Munro, and Jimmie Mackay—held a secret session in the catacombs to find a way to sand the track for the roarin' Tip. Johnny had great respect for the power of a "joodge of the coort," and as he had sobbed so pathetically when he was pickled, they decided that Ireland was the place for that homesick boy.

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Johnny took his farewell spin in the hurry-wagon a few days later, and the next mornin' was brought before Judge Bollinger at a special session of court. Witnesses were examined, the wild life he had led was reviewed, and the judge solemnly announced that it was the decision of the court that Johnny Robbins be banished from America, and sentenced to spend all the days of his life in the County of Tipperary, Ireland.

Johnny appeared dazed. Then a happy smile lit up his features as he ferevently thanked the judge in his choicest brogue, and everyone knew he was the happiest man in court that day.

In place of the twenty-pound note, the next month Johnny received through tickets for his passage to County Tipperary.

Of course all the boys went to the station to wish Johnny good luck on his journey, and, as the train pulled away, he was standin' on the coach steps singin' "The Boys of Kilkenny."

And that's when Johnny Robbins sang like a thrush.



THEM WAS THE GOOD OLD DAYS



John Hill

The Old Turner Hall Crowd.

In the good old days, sport, old timers from over the Rhine would gather at the old Turner hall in the afternoons to greet young John Hill with a genial "Goondacht!"—order a cold stein of brew and a Modoc cigar, and qualify in a gabfest while waitin' for the four o'clock lunch to be served. After they got through moppin' up that lunch the tables looked like they'd been visited by the Kansas grasshoppers, and there wasn't enough food left to feed a canary.

After supper they'd come droppin' in, one at a time, to play pinochle, skat, or sancho-pedro, keepin' tab on the game with a piece of chalk, on a cloth-bound slate that had a sponge tied to it with a red string, and they talked mighty loud considerin' the amount of money they was spendin' for the good time they was havin'.

If them free lunch tables at old Turner hall could talk, sport, they'd have some awful funny stories to tell. Probably you've read in story books about big banquets where "the tables groaned with choice viands." Well, them's the first tables that ever was known to groan, and they groaned plenty every day at four o'clock, when the lunch hounds lined up with their forks and started spearin' dill pickles and blind robins.

Some fine days, when Traugott Richter and Karl Kuehl laid a foundation after makin' the lunch stations along the Second street route, they'd mosey into old Turner hall, all smilin' and happy, at about half-past three. That pair of chow-killers was as welcome to the old lunch gang as them cruel words of Sholly, the barkeep, around closin' time, "The beer is all!" Their chins would drop, and they'd look so downcast and gloomy you'd think they lost a nickle or sumpin.



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Old Turner Hall.

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Traugott and Karl was awful conceited about their wonderful food-storage facilities, and the regulars knew that the liverwurst, pig's knuckles, schmierkase, and kieler-sproten was just shakin in their boots whenever them star lunchers hit the trail.

Some folks, sport, likes a caviar sandwich or lobster cocktail for an appetizer, but nothin' like that for Traugott and Karl. The favorite appetizer for them birds was a fat roast goose with all the trimmin's, and plenty of brew. Then they'd be all set and smilin', ready for the big eats, cleanin' the table



d'hote from soup to nuts. They was awful sensitive about hurtin' the feelin's of any kinda food, and they wouldn't even offend a little turnip.

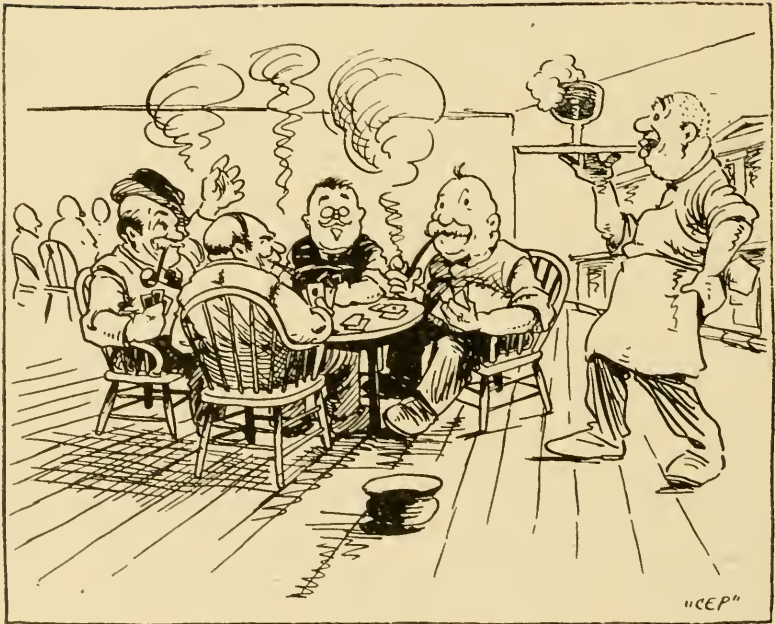
Karl was Traugott's ambitious understudy, and an all-round smilin', good natured sort of a guy. And, while he couldn't poke out four-base wallops in the food game like the old master, he batted over three hundred, and was the handiest clean-up hitter in the old freelunch league. Karl had more dignity than a crown prince in throwin' out his chest and twirlin' his fierce mustash, and when he put the bur-r-rs on that name of his'n—Kar-r-rl Kue-e ehl!—say, boy! you'd think he was crankin' a ford.

Henry Struck and Waldo Becker were great admirers of that pair of bimbos, the old gang sayin' that Henry and Waldo sported considerable tapeworms theirselves.

Now'days you hear some roundheads braggin' about how a coupla polandchina propositions around Eagles hall kin knock off a dozen hardboiled eggs, a loafa pumpernickel, and a coupla quarts of homebrew for afternoon lunch, on the way home to supper.

Huh! That'd only make an old Turner hall rounder laugh, and he'd start right in to tellya about the good old days when Traugott and Karl usta drop a dozen hardboiled

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Dutch Treat Days at Old Turner Hall.

Ordering a "Dick Smith."

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plymouthrock eggs in their silos before breakfast, when they was feelin' kinda dumpy, instead of usin' Doctor P. Walter Connaughton's little pink liver pills—one dollar a box, or six boxes for five.

On warm summer evenin's the old Turner hall gang would move chairs out on the sidewalk, light their long-stemmed meerschaums, and park their carpet slippers on the iron rail that the farmers usta tie their hosses to. Then they'd brag about the good old times they had over in the Fatherland, and they'd order their evenin' stein while they listened to the work of the maennerchor, liederkranz, and gesangverein rehearsin' upstairs in the dinin'-room for the big doin's of the sylvester, harmonie, and turner maskenball that was to be pulled off the next winter.

It was dutchtreat for all hands and the cook, sport. No callin' Sholly to set 'em up to the house and see what the boys in the backroom would have, nor no puttin' on parties. Each old stager dug up his leather sack, untied the shoe-string, and carefully and solemnly handed over his nickel. Nobody hurried. No chance for katzenjammer. They would just shake the stein around occasionally to freshen it up, and then sip slowly to make it last all evenin'. 'When ailin' or feelin' "not so goot," they ordered "a leedle schnaaps" from Sholly, and then hurried home to mamma, and hit the hay early. In the mornin' they crawled out feelin' fit as a fiddle. Some control, sport, but not much speed.

The second generation put the indian sign on the dutchtreat, labeled the dicksmith a tightwad, and hot-coppers came into fashion. When young fellers got feelin' "not so goot," they ordered "a leedle schnaaps" from Sholly. They liked the kick that the schnaaps carried, and they took a few more jolts right in the same old spot, and then the singin' bug got busy. As old Turner hall doused the glims at ten o'clock, they then crossed the street to Fritz Quickenstedt's "Unter den Linden," or moseyed up to Herr Priester's "Die Kapelle" to show a little class with Swiss warblin'. That's how the mornin' after the night before was introduced west of Harrison street, over the Great Divide. Some speed, sport, but not much control.

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"Old Pete."

Peter N. Jacobsen.



"Young Pete."

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John Hill managed old Turner hall, and Charley Kindt operated the theatre where German shows played on Sunday evenin's. The seats were carried out after the performance by George Matern, head usher, assisted by Pete Roddewig, Frank Maehr, Harry Steffen, Billy and Charley Korn, Frank and Ed Mueller, Reinhard Wagner, and Billy Schwentzer. The floor was sprinkled with sawdust, swept off clean, and the dancers stuck around 'til mornin', hittin' up the polka, schottische, waltz, rheinlander, galop, and redowa.

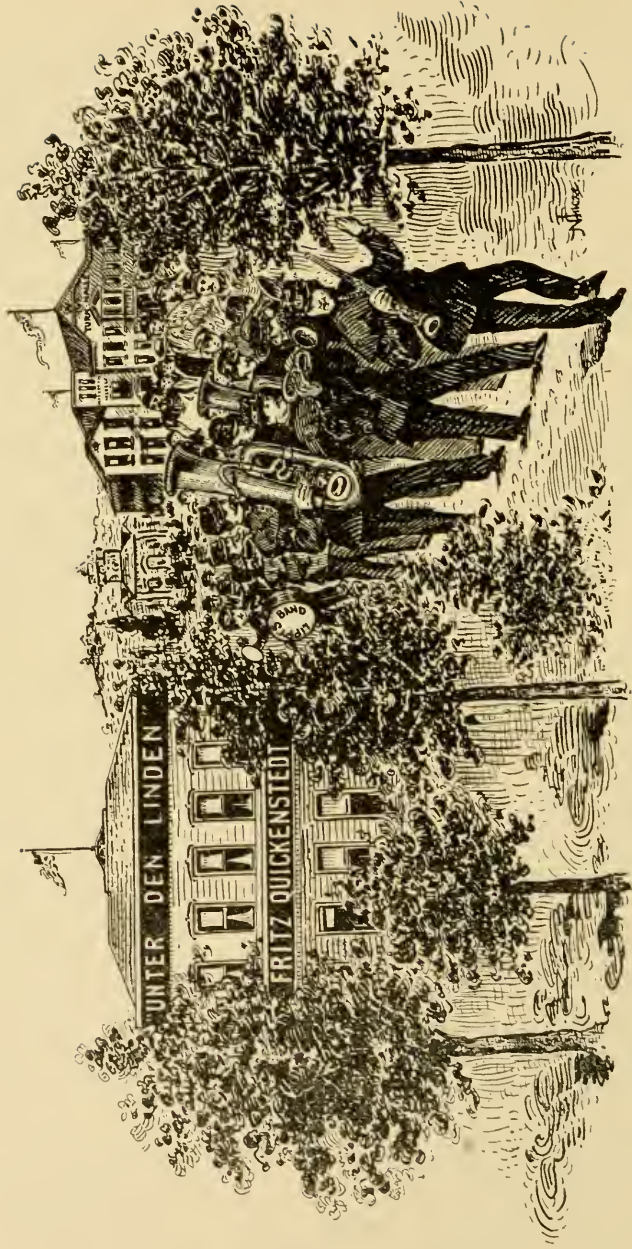
Herman Warnken sold hotdogs in the hallway, and when he called "Heiss sind sie nouch!" Ossie Becker, Ed Kauffman, or some of the young kidders would say, "Gefresen werden sie doch!" Visitors from the left hand side of Harrison street thought "Heiss sind sie nouch" meant "five cents enough."

Them was the good old days, sport! That's when Otto Klug, Bleik Peters, Nic Incze, Willum O. Schmidt, John Berwald, Otto Albrecht, Dick Heeschen, Billy Siemson, Ed Lischer, Theodor Hartz, Dick Schricker, Otto Riecke, Chink Pohlmann, Doctor Matthey, Theodore Kraebenhoeft, John Brockmann, Adolph Petersen, Henry Kuhrmeier, Pete Koch, Theodore Blunck, Henry Koehler, and other famous rounders camped in old Turner hall, and life was worth livin'.

That's when Thiess Rawey, the mustardman, got control of the mustard industry, and he made the circuit with his leather apron and mustard bucket, dealin' out real mustard.

Fritz Lieball, the scissors-grinder, usta make the rounds with his grindstone machine strapped to his back. He kept ringin' his bell along the streets, and when he got a job he worked the machine by footpower, the little boys and gals standin' around to watch the sparks fly. Fritz was so regular in his habits that wimmen folks set their clocks by his visits, when the wind blowed so's they couldn't hear the waterworks whistle.

In them times, sport, bockbeer day was a sorta national holiday around old Turner hall. All the leadin' breweries posted flashy colored posters showin' a smilin' billy-goat standin' on his hind legs, holdin' a foamy glass of brew in



When Charlie Lippy's band played "Du Bist Verrueckt, Mein Kind."

Pen drawing by Nic Incze.

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his front paws. Folks that celebrated bockbeer day didn't have any doubt about alcoholic content in that beverage on the mornin' after. Bockbeer looked just like molasses, tasted like brew, but had lotsa TNT and white mule concealed about its person. When you came to, and opened your peepers the next mornin', that smilin' billy-goat was right there, and he cracked you between the eyes with a mallet that weighed a coupla tons, and said, "Now willya be good!"



Terrence O'Brien, the flagman on west Fifth street, was short and squatty, and had a habit of talkin' to hisself, and the heiney kids from Warren street school usta holler and tell him to shut up. "Indade an' I'll nat shut up," Terrence would reply, "an' divil the dootchman of me inches kin make me shut up!"

George Ott was kingpin noisemeister of the old Turner hall crowd, and he presided at the "honorary card table," with the old Schmidt trio—E. Hugo Schmidt, Professor Niederschmidt, and Editor Dreckschmidt of the Staatz-Zeitung as his helpers. When that quartet got warmed up right, in a pinochle game, old George would get excited and whack the table an awful wallop, hollerin' "Schoeppe wie haus!"—meanin' "Spade high, as big as a house." One time when little red-headed Professor de Politur, from Saint Louis, was polishin' the backbar, the old lion roared so loud, that the professor dropped off the ladder, spillin' a quart of his high-priced polish. It required the help of Emil Geisler, Henry Kohrs, Lipman Ochs, Rudolph Lange, and a coupla jolts of kuemmel to iron out the professor's trouble. The only time that George Ott failed to show up at the Turner hall was when he put in a week at the hospital havin' his knuckles repaired, aften an excitin' game of pinochle.

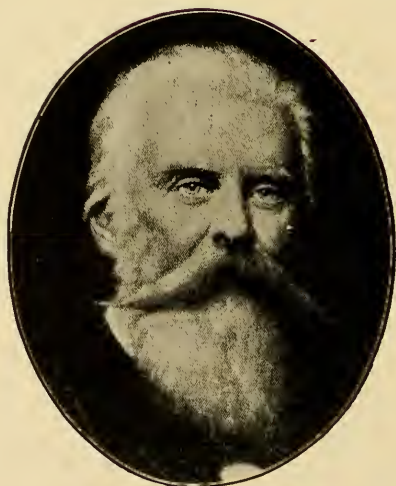


Tailor Krambeck, besides bein' alderman of the First ward and an all-'round comical guy, walked with a limp, his right wheel sorta gooseteppin'. He was called "Ruthen Bur"

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Traugott Richter.



Nicholas Fejervary.

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by the old Turner hall gang, meanin' "the jack of diamonds." In them days the volunteer fire companies usta line up for the annual inspection down on the levee, dolled to a frazzle, before marchin' along in the big parade. After Ruthen Bur landed in the council he was made marshal of the day, to lead the band and city council down to the reviewin' stand, and that little heiney acespot felt mighty proud and started ballooin' right off the reel.

On the mornin' of the parade Ruthen Bur visited Turner hall to take on a little courage for the big march, and he lingered longer with the old gang than was good for him. Them old rounders called Charlie Lippy to one side and done some whisperin'. When Ruthen Bur marched past old Turner hall that mornin', swingin' a baton and gooseteppin' like a major-general, Lippy's band was puttin' in its best licks playin' "Du Bist Verrueckt, Mein Kind." Then them old Turner hall rounders shouted and applauded, and the jack of diamonds was surprised at makin' such a big hit as the leader of the band, on the first time out.



Away back in the seventies young emigrants poured into this burg from the old country. They wore heavy clothes and plenty of 'em, even in summer time havin' their vests buttoned neckhigh, with heavy knitted scarfs, dutch caps, and wooden shoes. When they walked down the street carryin' their big bundles, the kids usta folly 'em and holler "Greenhorn!" The emigrants would look kinda sheepish and frightened, and wonder what the kids was hollerin' about.

One summer afternoon Hilda Schwartz, a buxom rosy-cheeked fraulein, from Schleswig-Holstein, stepped off the Rock Island train at the old Farnam street station, with a heavy shawl, a big bundle, and wearin' a pair of wooden shoes. Hilda's cousin, Heiney, a young farmer from Durant, was waitin' for her on the platform, and he happened to be chinnin' with Milt Howard, a cullud lad, who could deutsch sprechen in either a high-german or low-german key. Hilda hadn't never seen a real chocolate drop in her whole life, and when Milt greeted her in low-german, sayin' "Wie geht di

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dat!" the poor little gal got all flustered, and blushed like a ripe cherry. Then she turned to her cousin and ast him if Milt came from Germany, and when Heiney told her that he did, she wanted to know what made him so black.

Milt bein' quite a kiddier in them days, talked to Hilda in low-gërman, sayin', "After you have lived in Davenport as long as I have you'll be just as black as I am." The poor little gal got awfully scared, and she wanted her cousin to send her back to Germany right away.

The next day Hilda and Heiney took a freight train for Durant, where the little emigrant gal learned howta milk cows, weed onions, and plow corn. When they visited Davenport a few years later, to attend the bird-shootin' exercises of the turners on Mayday, they called on Milt, and Hilda had a good laugh when the cullud boy again greeted her, savin' "Wie geht di dat!"

The biggest event in the history of old Turner hall was the grand masquerade of the Turners, "General Grant's Trip Around the World." The Turner boys circused that show to the limit, and lotsa people thought that old "U. S." hisself was really comin' to town. Gustav Donald, havin' the build of the general, made up for the part, with the big black cigar in the corner of his mouth, and he was a knockout. The committees marched to the Rock Island station at eight o'clock to meet the "General Grant Special," to tender that old war-hoss the freedom of the city. The general was accompanied by Herr Foolscap, special reporter of the New York Times, personated by Heinrich Schober, an actor of the theatre stock company. They had all kindsa fireworks and redfire while paradin' the streets, and both halls were packed that night, the costumes bein' the finest ever seen in the burg.

Among the popular pastimes of that period, sport, was beatin' the gate at old Turner hall. Young fellers worked at counterfeitin' ribbons and tickets for dances and masquerades. They would try to crowd the door between dances when the rush to the bar was on, crawl through upstairs windows, sneak through the theatre, or climb the highboard fence in the rear. Some workers, havin' a stock of colored

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cardboard and ribbons, would buy a ticket to get a return check, then cross the street to the winerom at Otto Volkland's, make up phoney tickets, and sell 'em for a quarter or half dollar.

One cold winter night, when the Thalia society gave a big masquerade, a dozen ticket workers climbed the high-board fence in the rear, and were just about to pry open a window in the little hall when Charlie Kindt turned the fire-hose on 'em, givin' 'em an awful soakin'. They showed speed gettin' back over the fence, and they hadta linger a coupla hours around the big cannon heatin' stove in the Farmer's hotel 'til their clothes dried so's they could go home.

Mebbe you young fellers think you got some big men steppin' around in the old town now'days, sport, but the old Turner hall gang had a man that was bigger than Fatty Raible, Carl Thode, and George Schick all rolled together.



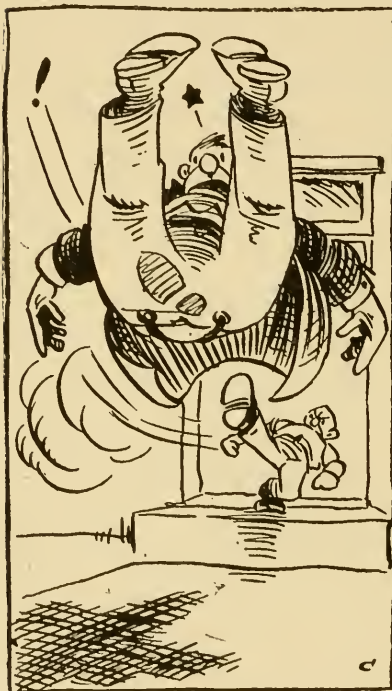
Never heard of Sholly Schwertfeger, didya? Well, Sholly gave the hayscales a wallop they haint forgot to this day. He was six-feet-four, up and down, across, around, and between. When Sholly stepped out for a walk folks usta ast what was all the excitement and where was all the big

crowd goin'. When he'd get measured for a suit it meant overtime at the woolen mills. Sholly was the slickest pen artist that ever lived in Davenport, and he could draw birds, lions, and fancy letters that looked like steel engravin's. He had a smile that reached from Renwick's pier to Cook's point, and when he moseyed around on cloudy days folks thought the sun had come out.

There wasn't no wireless then, sport, but them Turner hall boys had a system all worked out that beat wireless forty ways when the Rogertown and Goosetown roughnecks tried to break in on their dancin' parties. When visitin' stews started rough stuff, some member of the committee would holler "Raus mit ihm!" and that message circulated

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quicker than wireless. There was a close-in football rush, and when the roughhouser pulled himself together in the



middle of the street there wasn't nobody in sight, but after the birdies quit singin' and he dusted off his clothes, he could hear the orchestra playin' the strains of the good old Tyrolean waltz.

If a guy hailed you in them days and slapped you on the back and called you "brother," you'd think he he was cuckoo or sumpin, and you'd hike up to the police station and report to Frank Kessler, or Henry Hass, or Charlie Faulkner, that there was a loose nut down the line that needed tightenin'. But when one nails you in these times

you give the combination on your pants pocket a quick turn, and you wonder if you're up against a panhandler or only a lodge member with the grip and password that's pickin' off easy ones for practice.

Times is surely changin', sport, and unless a guy drives slow and watches his step, he's liable to get bumped into.



Old Time Cullud Folks.



We had some quaint cullud gents in the old days, sport—happy-go-lucky boys, who didn't worry so long as they got a chance occasionally to iron out the wrinkles with pohkchops and gravy, or yallerlegs and crushed spuds.

General Houston set the pace as a flashy dresser, wearin' a prince-albert coat, plughat, jazbo vest, cane, and a forty-volt rock on his ingagement finger. By perfesh a corn-doctor, the general stopped all hoof trouble for the white folks, and had all the chocolate sweeties makin' goo-goos when he sailed down the line on a bunion expedition, with his instrument case under his arm.

The Reverend Emanuel Franklin was tall, stately, and dignified. He preached salvation and sang in the choir on Sundays in the 'Afro-American Methodist church at Fourth and Gaines, slippin' the brethren the correct dope for travelin' the straight and narrow path. Reverend Emanuel never passed the collection plate, as he did chambermaid service on week-days in a Commercial alley livery stable, curryin' hosses, washin' buggies, oilin' harness, and other chores.

Albert Nuckolls, with his quaint southern dialect and ready wit, was a popular favorite. The town bill-poster, he was known as "Prince Albert," because he always sported a gray p. a., trimmed with black braid, even when on duty with his brush and paste bucket. When the cullud boys leaned too heavy on old tom gin along Five-row, and mixed with the coppers, Prince Albert was the square-off guy and fixer with Chief Kessler. One day Adam Degraf got tangled in a stutterin' argument with a Pullman porter at Linsey Pitts's, and, in the excitement, showed the other cullud boys how to do flash carvin' with his favorite



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instrument. A wagonload of harness bulls backed up fifteen minutes later to ast Adam how come, but the Degraf boy had done gone and flew the coop. Chief Kessler met Prince Albert the next day and told him he wanted Adam, and ast when he would return. "Ah dunno jus' exactly how soon, Mistah Kessleh," Albert replied, "but it 'pears to me that if Adam shows as much speed comin' as he did goin', that boy's a long time ovehdue now." That story of Prince Albert's has made the rounds in the papers regularly since then, and is used by vaudeville hams now when the hoochy-koochy gag fails to get over.

John Hanover Warwick and his four sons—Locke, Gawge, Beb, and Idell—operated a barber shop on Third street near Perry, where business men dropped in to enjoy the quaint philosophy of the former slave. John Hanover's oldest boy, Locke, was not keen for the razor, bein' handier with the banjo, and one day he hopped an east-bound freight for Chicago. Locke returned a few years later, billed on the posters as star end-man of the famous Georgia minstrels. When he stepped along in the street parade all the cullud gals and boys lined the streets to greet Locke, and Pap Warwick was the proudest man in town. When Locke sang "These Bones Shall Rise Again," at the Burtis, the cullud folks nearly raised the roof. There wasn't a coon in nigger-heaven that evenin', sport—they were holdin' down reserved seats to show Locke they were strong for him.

We had our George Washington in them times, too. George done whitewashin' and calciminin', and was the first cullud brother to marry a white gal. George lived out near Ninth and Harrison, and hung out his sign readin':

George Washington, General

Whitewashing.

On Sunday afternoons he dolled up with plughat and linen duster, Mrs. George wearin' her big flowered hat, and when they paraded the streets they set a hot pace for cullud society.

Charlie Gifford, with his big white hat and happy smile, was a familiar figure. Although Charlie never heard anything about "mammy" songs, he spilled a nasty tenor, could roll

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the bones, and call for little Jo, with Alonzo Twiggs, Mose Patton, Billy Messenger, or any of the young sports that inhaled bean soup at Mistah Hill's quick lunch counter.

When Charlie Buck came to town with a minstrel show, he made a hit in the street parade jugglin' the drumsticks in the air while he played the snare drum. Charlie was so well pleased with his cullud admirers that he counted the ties back to this burg as soon as the show went broke.

A splendid old landmark of the cullud fraternity was Milton Howard, who worked many years for Uncle Sam at the Arsenal and later retired on a pension. Uncle Milt was a gifted linguist, havin' mastered several languages, and with his stories from slavery days to the present time he could always interest a crowd.

Henry McGaw lived on Fifth street, where the Rock Island station now stands. Henry introduced night janitor service for leadin' doctors and lawyers, and his two boys, Scott and Ed, were well known around town.

Aleck Roberts was one of the best known boys in cullud circles, and in the old days when the Kimball house was the big spot around here, Aleck done the train ballyhoo act at the Rock Island station, and later at the big hotels. His foghorn voice was familiar to all commercial travelers.

Then there was that happy trio—Jake Busey and his brothers, Tom and Jerry. Jake was educated by J. W. Stewart, the attorney, bein' the first cullud boy to graduate in the public schools, and Jake was showered with flowers by his white admirers. Jake had a style of his own in jugglin' hard words that made the cullud folks gasp. Jake loved Tom and Jerry, both brotherly and liquid, and when the three boys met it was one grand reunion, and they felt so happy that they laughed all the time. The Busey boys were in great demand because of their pleasin' manners, and at every encampment of Company B, Jake was chief cook, with Tom and Jerry for assistants. Them boys had splendid voices, and although they had never heard



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"Memphis Blues," Doc Worley taught 'em to sing the popular songs of the day. Couldn't make the Busey boys mad by callin' 'em coons. No, sah! They'd just laugh at you. They made a great hit singin' "Coon! Coon! Coon!" when out with the serenaders, the chorus runnin' like this:

Coon! Coon! Coon!
Ah wish ma coloh would fade.
Coon! Coon! Coon!
It's sich a dusky shade.
Coon! Coon! Coon!
Mohnin', night and noon—
Ah wish Ah was a white chile 'stid of a
Coon! Coon! Coon!

At the finish Tom would roll the whites of his eyes at Jake, and rumble the low bass notes, Jerry would look solemn while carryin' the air, and Jake would soar up on a high falsetto note to the quivery finale.

Squire Burns, of East Davenport, was another celebrated character. The squire spent forty years in slavery, and he could entertain with stories of plantation days and the cotton fields. With his gray hoss and rickety wagon, the squire did the light haulin' in the east end of town, and he was a great favorite with the youngsters and old timers whenever he drove down Mound street.

Silas Hopkins, natural mimic and imitator, lived on Christy street in East Davenport. Silas was a gifted ventriloquist, and with his bird and animal imitations could entertain folks by the hour. His sketch about the cullud parson visitin' a hen-roost, and his conversation with the feathered brothers, invitin' them to travel the true road to salvation, has never been equaled by a professional.

Lotsa home folks has got the idea, sport, that hen-roost prowlin' is a specialized trade for cullud artists only. Not knockin' nobody's meal ticket, understand, but in the old days we had a white poultry frisker named Charlie Forrest who could vamp more broilers with his gunnysack, with less cacklin' and fussin', than any of his cullud rivals. His skill earned for him the title of "Chicken Charlie," and the right to have his name emblazoned in the temple of fame of our Scott county heroes.

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Whenever a roost was prowled clean, not even a tail-feather bein' left, the fly-bobs knew that the grand old master was on the job, and after the bertillion expert examined Charlie's teeth the chicken charmer was rewarded with thirty days' board at Harvey Leonard's hotel.

It was a gift with Charlie, comin' as natural to him as rasslin' to Farmer Burns, kidnappin' to Pat Crowe, scoutin' to Buffalo Bill, or as special talent comes to any of the grand old heroes of Scott county.

Us old stagers may not stick around long enough to see it, sport, but in years to come Chicken Charlie will roll into his own, when some public-spirited guy will backfire his bundle and erect a monument in LeClaire park to commemorate the wonderful achievements of our champ chicken charmer.



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Taking a Jolt at Charlie Gallagher's.

After a game of poker dice.

In Dampest Davenport.



WELL, BOB—I don't s'pose you remember when the Davenport brewers went on strike because the bosses wanted to limit 'em to forty glasses of beer a day—during workin' hours? Crool—wasn't it? Ach! Gott in himmel!

Nor you don't remember the time of the funeral of President Garfield, when the saloonkeepers scouted all over this City Beautiful for keys to lock their doors for two hours durin' the services? Them joints hadn't never had a key turned in 'em after the day they were first opened.

Course you don't remember—you was too young.

Don't s'pose you ever even heard about Looie Schauder's goulash, either—on the mornin' after—nor of his hungarian noodle soup?

Say—you missed considerable.

More darn fun!

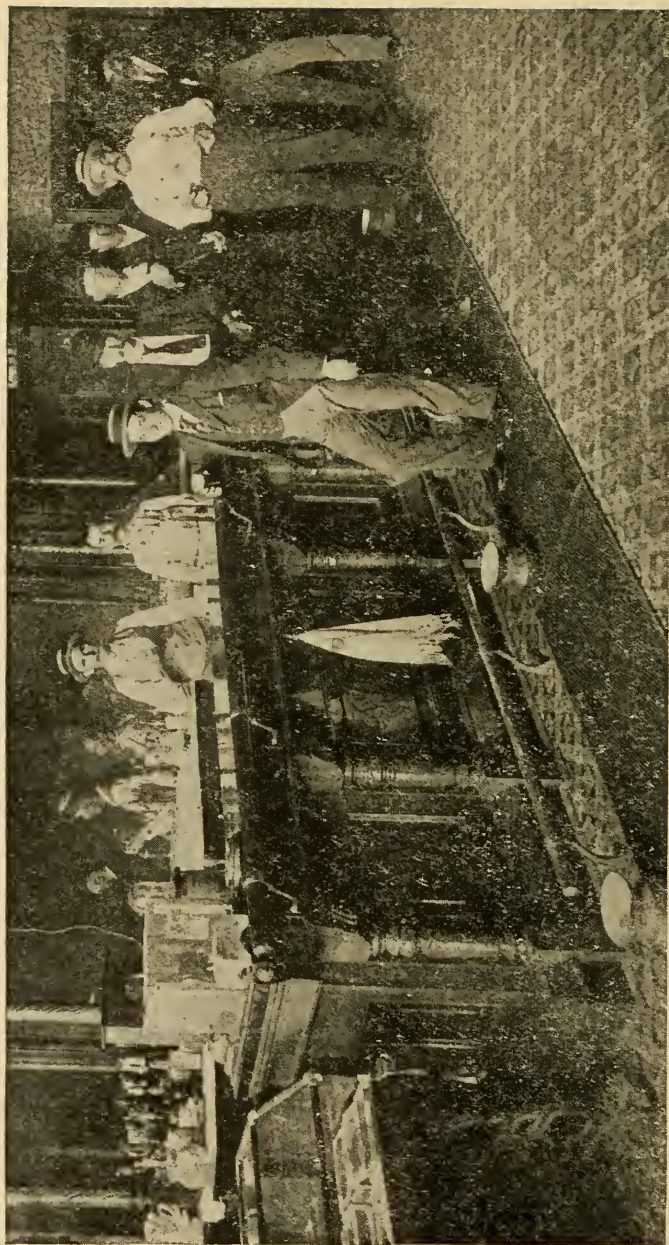
Why, in them days, every soak and down-and-outer was good for an eyeopener on Christmas and New Year's mornin', regardless of creed, color, or nationality.

"Say when!" was some slogan.

But, listen, Bob—let's just think about the good old days of the frahmsize and the scoop, the tom-and-jerry and the free lunch. On Christmas and New Year's any gink could get a snootful and a big feed for two bits—easy.

Charlie Gallagher always served tom-and-jerry to his friends on them good old holidays. So did Sam Stuckey, John Hill, Gus Becker, Martin Greeley, Henry Schroeder, and Bismarck Haase.

You could get free lunch—turkey, goose, roast pig, oysters, and the swellest kind of eats—from Fred Roeschmann, Ted Oelkers, Al Hartung, Bill Gray, Smokey Reese, Leo Schumacker, Lew Martens, Red Ehlers, Jack Frost,



Little Mint on East Third Street.

John Masterson and Si Hall behind bar. Dutch Pete second from right.

THEM WAS THE GOOD OLD DAYS

"Happy Days," and a lot of other heavy hitters in the old booze league. It was good home-cooked chow, too.



Drinkin' was more or less a fine art in them days. Now it's a wildman's game with the wild wimmen—puttin' on a party with the fliv and the jazz. And a lotta guys is hittin' up hooch now that never thought of guzzlin' before, because they think the stuff's hard to get—and they want to show up this Volstead guy.

Why, away back in the real old days, of Johnny McGuinness, Doc Mitchell, Joe Parrish, Sam Tanner, Philip Schlaap, Billy May, Johnny Smith, Pat Tuohy, Joe Cope, Fritz Quickenstedt, Honts Moore, and Ed Hood, any lame bird was treated like a human, and he could toast his shins up agin the old stove, and keep stickin' around 'til some lonesome party, lookin' for somebody to listen to his troubles, would blow in and ast him would he have somethin' to take.

Talk about bein' sociable! It was always fair weather at the "Bucket of Blood," the "Double Elbow," "Zum Eckstein," and the "Blue Goose."

There wasn't none of them sneaky stickup guys moochin' around in the dark lookin' to sap a live one for the price of a hooch. None of this miserable gizzard-grindin' moonshine was bein' dished out in the homes neither. The wimmen folks was playin' the washboards and tendin' to their knittin', and not learnin' to be distillers.

Say—if every dame in this burg that's operatin' a home-hooch factory was sent up, they'd have to put sideboards on the big house out at Anamosa. That prattle about humans gettin' good with the blowoff of old John Barleycorn, was hoke for the marines. Folks didn't seem to get it, nohow.



THEM WAS THE GOOD OLD DAYS



Andy Glenn.



"Happy Days."



Jimmy Dooley.

THEM WAS THE GOOD OLD DAYS

In the old days you could get a quart of real likker or a bottle of wine for one berry over at Roddewig's, Thode's, Haase's, or any of them wholesale joints. They wasn't no hipoil in them times, nor no doctor's short-pint perscriptions at six bucks a throw.

Then, they had the family places, with grocery store in front and bar in the rear, so's the wimmen folks and farmers could come in and get their needin's. There was Pat McBride's, Fred Aschermann's, Bobby Garvey's, Bartemeier's, Shaughnessy's, Balluff's, Pillion's, Naven's, and Dooley's, and when a guy would settle his grocery bill he always had a sniffler comin', with a bag of stick candy for the young ones. Now it's cash and carry.

Then there was McElroy's "Keystone," over on Twenty-seventh street in Rock Island, where the hard-boiled turks from Corkhill, Goosetown, Rogertown, Flatiron Square, and the Patch would wander on Sunday afternoons for the "big ponies" and the "crusaders"—all for five cents a crack.

That was the original cash and carry, Bob. And it ain't tellin' no lie to say that many a swell package was carried back over the bridge along about sundown.

Brick Munro, Perl Galvin, Clay Woodward, Nick Newcomb, Jack McPartland, Jocky Manwarning, Heiney Mennen, William Pamperin, and Lee Beauchaine, assisted by Parson Ned Lee, looked after feedin' the Bucktown braves on Christmas and New Year's, and they always got the second helpin' without astin' no questions.

John Russell, Lew Hannemann, Fred Abel, Jack Frost, John Schnaack, Nick Boy, Cal Witherspoon, Pat Marinan, Mike Goetsch, Henry Struve, Miles Brubaker, Ernst Wenzel, Pat Stapleton, Fred Wendt, John Masterson, Fred Billipps, Sig Goldstein, Fred Ruhl, Al Moetzel, Dinny Dawney, Pete Jacobsen, Orey Janssen, Joe Traeger, George Rohde, Andy Glenn, Fred Muttera, Henry Jaeger, Fred Vogt, Din Harrigan, Henry Rosencranz, and young Dan Flynn, dished out the best in the house to all comers on Christmas and New Year's—and mebbe they'd slip you a pint to take home to the woman.



Burial Services of Gooshie Logie.

Scene at mock trial, Henry Jaeger's camp on Second Island.

THEM WAS THE GOOD OLD DAYS

Why, when the big brewery guys, Henry Frahm, George Mengel, Oscar Koehler, Charlie and Ernst Zoller, and Bore Koester, made the rounds, they could set 'em up to the house for a five-case note.

And now what do you get for a five-caser? You meet some slimey bootlegger in a dark doorway and slip him a five-spot for a pint of white mule that would make a rabbit spit at a lion. Then you take a shot in the arm and get goggle-eyed and fightin' mad. And then you have the willies and come near croakin', and while you're moanin' "Never again!" you're offa prohibition.

Take these hopheads that are up against the snow, for instance. Why them birds, bein' mostly nuts, is so nervous they can't read, nor work, nor do nothin' to ease the bugs that is bitin' inside their noodles. That's where this strong-arm stuff comes in, and the flydicks knows it. When them

there nobody-home guys gets illuminated with the snow, and hittin' on all six cylinders, they get feelin' generous and want to declare in on the other guy's stuff, just like reg'lar socialists. So they shove a cannon under the nose of the first poor blob they meet, or else stick up a one-man car motorman on some lonesome street.

Whenever you get hep that a doctor's joint has been prowled for the hop, Bob, nail down your windows and get ready to stick up your hands on first call.

Good old brew never acted that way.

Course, it had some pep and action to it. It would make a guy feel like singin' "Sweet Rosey O'Grady" and "She May Have Seen Better Days," and help him to pull a few of them barbershop chords and do some close-harmony stuff, with his hoofs restin' on the old brass footrail. But no guy never wanted to climb a telegraph pole nor murder his poor old grandmother after takin' on a cargo. No, sir! After you got through singin' you was all peaceable and ready to hit the hay.



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And you didn't need no smilin' coacher to clap his hands and say, "Come on, fellers—get action on 'Smile—Smile—Smile,' and when you come to them words, 'Smile,' don't speak 'em, but just smile."



Honest, it's awful to think of what one of them sissy birds would have comin' to him with the old gang lined up and primed.

But you couldn't help singin' when you had real brew under your belt, and you imagined you was fine and dandy.

Why, in them days, a guy had to go to a masquerade or play Second street on a windy day to get an eyeful. Now look at 'em! All the novelty has blooied.

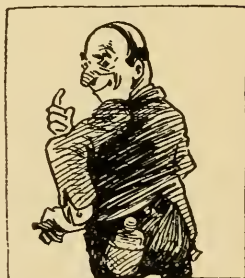
In them days, too, when a guy got canned at the Arsenal, or had his head chopped off at the City Hall for doin' too much work, he could open a saloon and invite his friends and relations to drop in and shake the dice and blow their jack in his joint, just to help him get rich. He'd say, "Come on, boys! Take sumpin on the house."

He had a fifty-fifty setup for the big comeback if he'd lay off the booze.

Now what happens?

Why, when a guy hits the rocks and loses out on his job, the only stuff he thinks he can pull is to peddle insurance and real estate, or work the stock-sellin' graft, and he makes life miserable for all his friends and relations, and his wife's friends and relations, in tryin' to blackjack 'em into fallin' for the bunk he is tryin' to put over.

There's two old-time days in the year that everybody would like to see come back just once—them's Christmas and New Year's—with the good old tom-and-jerry, the eggnogg, the hotscotch, the rum punch, the bubbles, and all of them other swell drinks, and the big free lunch.



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But it ain't agoin' to happen, sport, because them good guys that don't hit the dipper nohow don't want to let anybody else take a crack at it.

Looks like we'd been gyp'd. They took our little red wagon away from us, and they didn't even say "gimme." Just grabbed it, and then told us to be good. Some fine old army workers done a purty bit of highjackin' and flimmed us when we was snoozin' in the hammick.

And see what they slipped us in exchange—jazz and hooch! Some trade, sport—some bunk trade. The hooch hound and the jazz jane! No more wimmen and wine!

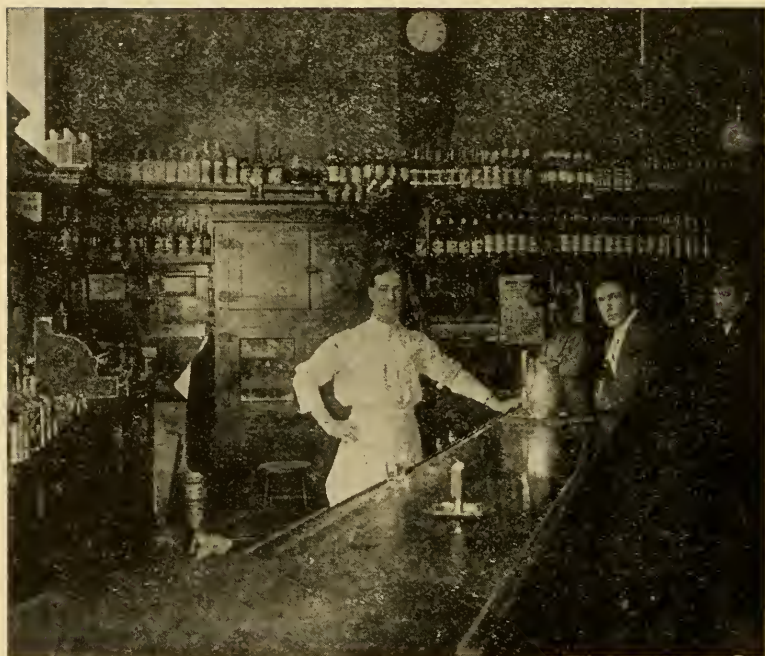
But they ain't no use puttin' up a squawk at this stage of the game. Them other guys was there with a cold deck, and they crossed us by dealin' from the bottom.

Well, anyhow—nothin' like havin' a little plant of Old Crow on your hip for New Year's, bein' as they ain't no chance to unload one of them good old scoops.

So—here's how!



THEM WAS THE GOOD OLD DAYS



Hotel Davenport Pie-Shaped Bar

Cut to legal distance from church property, the city council changing name of Pretzel alley to Library street to provide street entrance.

Bobbing the Tail of Demon Rum.



When the joy-killer whetted his skiv and hit the trail of Demon Rum in the old days, sport, he took him on the installment plan, lop-pin' off his tail by inches, to make the operation less painful. The old monster would be called on the carpet every so often, to stand for the goat degree, and ast to spot his tail on the choppin' block, to give the Neals, the Lungers, and other money-haters a whack at it, on a percentage basis.

Of course, nobody ever heard an old rounder call for a slug of rum to wet his whistle, but the guys that's tryin' to popularize the stuff that flows under the bridge always speak about Demon Rum.

When told to cut the winerroom and douse the glim at one o'clock in the mornin', Demon Rum threw an awful roar. He lost the tip of his tail. He bellered on twelve o'clock closin', too. Another link was whacked off. The order came to pull down the blinds at eleven o'clock. Demon Rum was gettin' desperate, and declared nothin' doin'. He tried to kid hisself by hirin' a flocka lawyers to back him up. He lost another rattler. Every time that tail showed signs of healin', the joy-killer swished the skiv, and Demon Rum hollered "Ouch!"

One cold-blooded dry proposition, seein' that old Demon Rum was on the run, won out with an argument that two hundred life-savin' stations was too many for this burg. The cards was shuffled again, and fifty was invited to walk the plank every six months. That deal put the old monster on his good behavior. Good saloon guys began tippin' off other saloon guys not so good.

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The tail of Demon Rum was wigglin' kinda weak when the order was posted to blow the whistle at ten. The skiv dropped, and another button clicked off'n the choppin' block. Fifty good guys and true, with clerks and helpers, was dumped on the market for picket duty, coroner-jury service, or other light occupations.

When nine o'clock closin' was posted, the tail of Demon Rum was bobbed clean as a pet bull purp's, and it had as much wiggle as the steerin'-gear of a salt mackerel.

When the law barrin' saloons within a hundred yards of schools, churches, and public institutions was put over, it looked like curtains for three popular moisture resorts within the limit of the cullud church near Fourth and Gaines. But some wise-cracker showed the light to the intelligent board of deacons of the church. In order not to buck personal liberty, the cullud brethren gave the three popular moisture resorts a short lease on life by movin' the church up on the hill.

Parson Ned Lee's mission, in the heart of Bucktown, dangled the skiv over a dozen booze-havens decoratin' that sporty section. The parson allowed he wasn't runnin' a church nohow, none of his clients bein' hooked up with that line of endeavor. But to play safe before knockoff-day came around, the mission was moved across the Great Divide to put a school off watch, and planted down near the park where it couldn't squirt embalmin' fluid into any pleasure palaces along the Bucktown right-of-way.

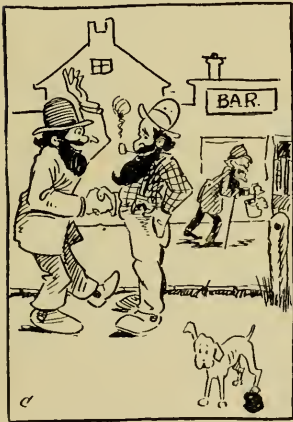
The Hotel Davenport bar brought out a peppy argument. Some guys wanted the distance from the church property measured on an angle, to save the brass-rail for travelin' men. Other guys wanted the distance measured "as the crow flies." The "as-the-crow-flies" guys won. The bar was moved to the storeroom on the Pretzel alley side of the hotel, and everything was lovely—until some snooper started thumbin' the big law book. That great work had it doped that bars hadta have a street entrance, not spillin' nothin' about an alley entrance. The city council, pronto, called a special meetin', and Pretzel alley lost its good name, bein' changed to Library street, so's a guy could make the bar without duckin' up an alley. After the joy-killers, crabbers,

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surveyors, and postmortem workers got through with that barroom—straightenin' it out accordin' to law—it had the shape of a slice of custard pie. Then it was closed for keeps, and damp folks hadta squeeze into a green car and ride to Rock Island when they wanted a jingle.

In the old days, sport, North Harrison street was called Little Coney Island, there bein' eighteen life-savin' stations dottin' that bustlin' thoroughfare, beginnin' at Lookout mountain on Sixth and runnin' out to the old Redlight. Henry Rosencranz was kingpin of that great white way, he bein' the friend of the hard-worker that sported the mansize thirst, and his scoops had wonderful drawin' power all over the hill district.

When Rosey got the idea of developin' Little Coney, there was lotsa beavers in that territory, all kindsa whiskers bein' cultivated by his clients.



One day Rosey met a young barber named Clem Proestler, and he ast Clem would he like to open a shave-shop on North Harrison. Rosey told Clem he had a small store-room that was just the place for a barber to absorb freeforall wisdom from tongue wagers, but Clem was leery that mebbe he couldn't knock off enough jack to kick in on rent-day. Rosey told Clem he needn't worry about that, sayin': "You pay me four dollars a month ven you got it, and noddink ven

you ain't." Right there the first big real estate deal to open that great white way was closed, and North Harrison sports started gettin' their chins scraped twice a week instead of on Saturdays only.

Frank Morgan rolled little brown sugar bowls at the Harrison street pottery on weekdays, and, havin' a notion he was some kidder, usta try that weakness out on Rosey, accusin' the old fox of bein' grouchy, and astin' why he didn't smile when a customer dropped in.

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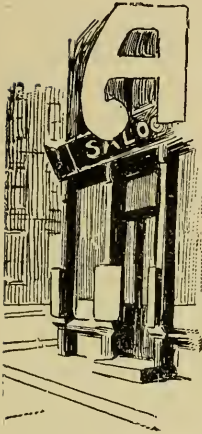
"Ven somedime I see you not gome ar-r-roundt yet," Rosey replied, "I vill schmile all the time alretty."

Old Tom Smiley thought Rosey's comeback so clever that he hawhawed and set 'em up to everybody, includin' Tom Glenn, the porter, and a moochin' smoke from over in Goose hollow.

Rosey was proud of his summer-garden with its sawdust-covered floor, where he served lunch and celebrated birthdays and holidays out under the colored jap-lanterns. Crowds gathered at these parties to listen to Rosey's speeches, they bein' gems of pigeon-english, always sparklin' and original. Rosey would urge customers with big growlers, that they wanted filled for a nickel, to visit Si Hall, Ed Jenney, John Conklin, Emil Beyer, Pete Foley, Julius Goetsch, Mike Heeney, McManus's, Bartemeier's, Aschermann's, Pillion's, Shaughnessy's, or other places that made a specialty of workin' for the brewery.



Hooking Suckers in Little Monte Carlo.



NY TIME a guy wanted quick action for his coin in the old days, sport, he could get it good and plenty in this burg. There was a lotta live gams roostin' along East Third street, ready to take suckers with poker, faro, roulette, craps, open-and-shut, the shells, or the old army game. The trim-shops played the game wide open, without curtains, and old western minin' camps in their palmiest days didn't have better tools for friskin' the boob with the roll who tried to outsmart the slicker at his own game.

Speedy young bloods and foxy old-timers came from miles around to take a chance, havin' heard the bunk about Zeke Murdock makin' a big killin' at Smokey Reese's, or a pipedream about some pikin' stool-pigeon bustin' the bank at Lew Marten's. But it was always the old, old story—"the sucker loses and the gambler wins"—at every turn of the wheel. Clerks, factory workers, molders, mechanics, business men, travelin' men, guys with and without brains, would speed to the gam-shops to make a killin', and many a week's payroll was shot for a big win that never connected.

Seasoned old racetrack workers, book-makers, railbirds, and touts flocked to our little Monte Carlo, to play bank between hoss-racin' seasons, just to pass the time away.

The gams operatin' them joints was as swell a bunch as ever turned a trick—the easy-come, easy-go boys. They togged in the latest, sported big sparklers, and when they couldn't get chicken they took the feathers, and stood the gaff like dead-game sports.



"Smokey"

THEM WAS THE GOOD OLD DAYS

They admitted they were business men, sport—speculators—and, while they were trimmin' marks and pushovers, they hadta stand for many a shakedown—from the regular rakeoff to the blowback to squealers that shot their coin on

booze and told their wives they lost it in card-dumps. It was con for con—take or get took.



Among the high-flyers of the old guard were Monte McCall, Hughie Corrigan, Kid Warner, Os Reynolds, Bob Clark, Sam Stuckey, Ike Gray, Billy Maddox, Bert Smith, Charlie Gordon, Mike Gowan, Walter Nolan, Bill Bryan, Cully Flannigan, Jack McLarkin, Tom Davis,

Chub Finnegan, Ole Marsh, Frank Becker, Andy Billberg, Jakie Schaum, Fred Titus, Frank Scott, and other good-lookin' gents, besides a regiment of tin-horns, comeons, dealers, stools, steerers, lookouts, pork-and-beaners, and cheap pikers that did the cappin' to keep the old machine greased.

The Chappie brothers worked the shells at the country fairs, and they were so clumsy that any rube could pick the shell that covered the little pea, unless he happened to put down a piece of longgreen on his guess.

It took lotsa good coin to keep them there gamblin' joints movin', but the sucker market was choked with talent lookin' for ten-to-one shots—with the same easy pickin's it now has for oil-sharks and other grifters.

There was all kindsa poker fiends runnin' loose, too, takin' a chance on blowin' their wages at the green table with the cute little slothole in the center,



their hard-earned scads being slipped in to sweeten the kittie. The big gams kept close tab on them shoe-stringers, and when any of that small fry failed to report on payday night the houseman would hike out to see was they sick, or if they had a new jane on their staff, or sumpin. But generally they



they could be depended on to come a-runnin' with the cush burnin' their pants pocket. Nice, clean work, boy—no shovin', no strong-armin', no second-story business.

Besides havin' the wide-open gamblin', sport, this burg had the main store of the Mabray gang in the old days, and all the branch stores, from Hot Springs on the south, Denver on the west, and Saint Paul on the north, took orders from the big guy that operated from the main store. When a mark was tipped off for a goldbrick deal, for instance, the job was framed by the big guy with the brains in the main store, the workers all bein' hand-picked specialists in their line. Any kinda work, from the badger game to green-goods, wire-tappin', foot-racin', hoss-racin', or rasslin', was doped out in the main store, and an intensive campaign planned, just the same as big drives is put across now'days.

The tightwad, lookin' for a sure-shot, was the favorite fruit of the Mabray outfit, and many a close-fisted hick from the corn-belt was spotted for cappers of the gang by his best friend in the home town—hunchin' 'em on his weakness and how to spear him in the vital spot. The workers in the main store always came clean on cuttin' the coin, though, and the brother-in-law, banker, clergyman, or the bosom friend that tipped the deal always got in on an even split with the trimmers that done the real work. By lettin' a greedy tight win a coupla hundred smackers the first time out, it was easy to take him for his big bundle later.

Some fine hoss-racin' and foot-racin' jobs were pulled off at the old Mile Track, too, demonstratin' to the surethingers from other parts of the country that the sucker and his coin are soon separated.

When Jack Cavanaugh saw how simple it was to frame a surething to win fifty thousand bucks, trimmin' a mike on a

THEM WAS THE GOOD OLD DAYS

fake rasslin' job, the workers took Jack down to Missouri or Arkansas for action. He bein' kinda particular, they let him have his own way in everything, even to namin' the stakeholder and referee, and to show him that real coin was put up they let him feel the bundle. That feel made his mouth water, and he swollyed the bait—hook, line, and sinker.



It took six months of careful work to frame that case. Then, when the fake sheriff arrested the gang—after the fake rassler faked a busted blood-vessel and a hemorrhage, by bitin' a bladder of red ink—Jack made his quick getaway with the other trimmers, so's he wouldn't get pinched for bein' in on the murder of the rassler. And when he couldn't find his own stakeholder, to blow back the big bundle of coin he had coughed up, Jack tumbled that he'd been crossed. Then he squawked. It took lotsa time to round up them grifters, but Jack kept after 'em 'til he broke up the gang.

Birds that get primed for big winnin's take long chances, and they hate a five-cent piece like Farmer Burns or Tom Sharkey.



Along the Bucktown Rialto.



We had some corkin' variety theatres and dance halls in Bucktown in the old days, too—Jack McPartland's "Bijou," Perl Galvin's "Standard," Oscar Raphael's "Orpheum," Brick Munro's "Pavilion," and Jocky Manwarning's "Dance Hall." Them enterprisin' amusement places catered especially to the needs of restless rounders lookin' for speedy entertainment. They toplined the cheesy slapstickers and raspy-voiced crowbaits that could take a rise outa soused rubes. Operatin' on the all-night schedule and glucose circuit, things didn't hit the right stride till the clock in the steeple struck a dozen or so. Brick Munro originated the cabaret at his "Pavilion," and it spread over the country like wildfire.

Understand, sport, that was back in the time of the World's Fair at Chicago, when Fatima, Little Egypt, and other greasy-lookin' egyptian dames on the Midway slipped into their bead dresses and veils and done the "hoochie-koochie," a new-style dance that didn't wear out much shoe leather nor need a waxed floor. Snake-eyed arabs with black whiskers and yaller teeth made squawky music with wheezy clarinets and honky-tonky tomtoms, helpin' the dancers with that weird oriental twitchin'.



A complete change in dancin' styles was noticed in this country shortly after, that wiggledy harem movement makin' quite a hit. Then the good old quadrille, virginia reel, twostep, polka, schottische, and other dances havin' hoof action, seemed too tame, the young folks sourin' on that stone-age stuff. So the old time dances got the hook.

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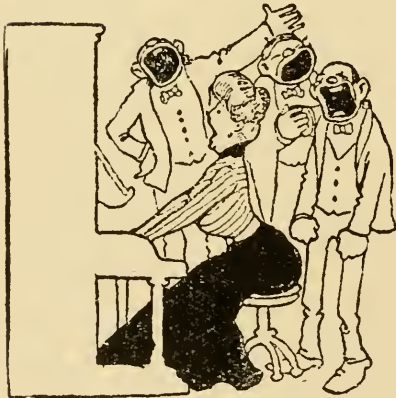
In the old days they used one caller for the square dances. Now'days they got a lotta bawlers, watchin' to see that pivoters dance the round dance on the square.

Jocky Manwarning bein' a hustlin' young guy in them times, wanted to operate his dump on uptodate lines, so he introduced the "cuban grind," a dance imported by sojers that done service in tenderloin districts down in Porto Rico. Later Jock put on the "grizzly bear," a dance that made a big hit with sailors right off the whalers along the Barbary coast in 'Frisco. People flocked to Jock's place to have a look. Slummin' parties got fashionable, and they usta visit Jock's to glom the new dances—sometimes takin' a whirl at 'em, just for the fun of the thing.

When the orchestra played the "Streets of Cairo," the popular selection at that time, the dancers would sing:

She never saw the streets of Cairo,
On the Midway she had never strayed,
She never saw the hoochie-koochie,
Poor little country maid.

That was durin' the ragtime musical period, sport, when coon songs was all the rage, and white boys and gals usta sing "All Coons Look Alike to Me," "All I Want is My Black Baby Back," "I Want a Real Coon," "Mistah Johnsing, Turn Me Loose," and "My Coal Black Lady." The "Cakewalk" was at the height of its glory, "Little Annie Rooney" was hittin' the skids, and "Yoo-hoo" wasn't even dreamed of. Calisthenics and the contortions kinda got tangled with footwork, the tango, bunny-hug, and foxtrot comin' to the



front later, with the gasbus and moanin' saxophone.

When Jocky Manwarning came to town from his farm over near Coal Valley last winter, to up-and-down the old

THEM WAS THE GOOD OLD DAYS

spots, he dropped into a dance hall to see the slashers and shimmy-shakers in action. Jocky rubbed his eyes like Rip Vanwinkle, took one good look, turned a deep scarlet, and made a rush for the door. The doorman called to his and ast:

"Why the speed, Jock? Where to?"

"Back to the farm for me, bo," said Jock, pointin' to a young couple steppin' the telephone dance. "They're workin' children on my old stuff—with coon music! I'm done! I'm t'rough!"

Them was the good old days, sport. No free-lance meddlers out picketin' the joy-joints, and you could take the game as it laid, or leave it alone, and no questions ast.

Dinny Dawny wouldn't allow rag-chewin' in his refreshment parlor. If a coupla windy guys got argufyin' too strong, Dinny would say, "Hold on there! If you boys wanta fight join the army or get married. This ain't no prize ring." One day a fortune-teller wanted to run a tab, and Dinny told him he was a bum fortune-teller, or he'd know better than to ast such foolish questions.

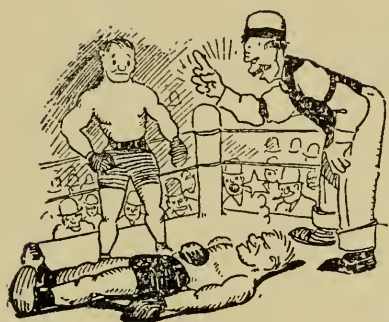




When Cob and Packey Were Chums.

Barney McMahon, at the right, Davenport's greatest fight-fan, was an enthusiastic admirer of Packey McFarland.

Skunk River Amenities.



When Packey McFarland and Kid Herman was matched for the big go at the old Coliseum, to decide who was to take on Battlin' Nelson for the lightweight championship, some gumshoe snoopers got to the governor out at Des Moines, stagin' the big knock, just when things was all set.

They had the nerve to tell him that our little party was to be a prize fight instead of a boxin' match! Kinya beat it?

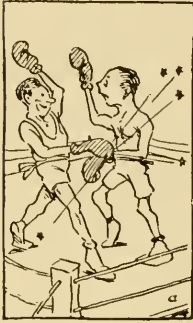
At that time the gov happened to be grandstandin' for the high-grass vote of the local grangers lodge out in Appanoose county, so he wired the sheriff of good old Scott county, astin' him to block the big mill. Then, thinkin' the wires, or sumpin, might get crossed, the gov ordered the militia company to the ringside, to be sure of makin' a record for hisself for the comin' election.

It was a grand sight that moonlight evenin', sport, to see them dashin' young sojer boys of Company B marchin' four abreast, with loaded rifles, down the street to the Coliseum, that old shack bein' packed to the rafters with sports and fight fans from all over the west.

Nobody ever heard of the folks in the Capital of the good old State of Scott County interferin' with the folks that live out where the tall corn grows, or astin' them to pipe down on their sportin' stuff. Not much! So, after the old Col was filled, the doors was locked from the inside, so's they wouldn't be no interruptin' of the services, and then Young McGovern and Pete Giese opened the show with a prize waltz of six stanzas, follyed by Biz Mackay and Ad Wolgast in a ten-round pettin' party. Then Malachy Hogan called

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Packey and the Kid to the center of the ring, and, seein' that their hands was nicely manicured, he told 'em to be careful and not slap too hard, and to play for the wrists. Then the gong sounded, and everything, just like at a regular fight, and them two blood-thirsty maulers done their celebrated soft-shoe sketch.



The sojer boys filled all the choice front-row ringside seats, and they had the time of their young lives kiddin' the would-be champeens on their onion stuff.

Captain Oliver W. Kulp was called out to Des Moines by the gov a few days later, to slip him the how-come on the hokum of the night of the big scrap. The cap told the gov that it was a nice friendly exercise in wrist-slappin' between friends, to get the money, and any porkhead that saw anything resemblin' prize fightin' that evenin' had him cheated for optical range, low visibility, illusion, and all-'round imagination.

The gallant young cap had his picher printed in all the leadin' newspapers of the country the next mornin', right alongside the gov's. Lotsa nosey people thought them two boys was playin' the spotlight in a beauty contest, and, as Ollie had it all over the gov when it come right down to classy mug stuff, he was voted the best-lookin' sojer guy in the Hawkeye state.

That wasn't the first time, sport, that them there Des Moinesers got a set-back for buttin' in on our private parties. Why, away back in the real old days, when Ernst Claussen was fillin' the mayor's chair to capacity, them pleasure eliminators got worryin' and losin' sleep because we had eight per cent brew, summer gardens, dances, and everything. So this governor party takes his pen in hand and tries to give our mayor a nice friendly jackin'-up, tellin' him to tune down the sportin' lay in this burg, tell the folks to douse the candle at nine, take an early hop in the hay, and make a stall at bein' good, be it ever so painful.

That evenin' there happened to be a meetin' of the city council at the old city hall buildin', on Brady street, between

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Fifth and Sixth, and the mayor swung a haymaker on the gov, givin' him the jump-off number right there.

You bet! When the mayor got warmed up to his work that night he whacked the desk with his left mit, and hollered loud enough to be heard away out to the Skunk river. He told the gov and all his pals and old cronies about how us folks had built the church on the hilltop, the little red school-house in the valley, and the saloon right in between. He said he wasn't knockin' on them highbrow guys that had the goods in their cellars, but he came out strong for the workin' man's club-room with its sawdust-covered floor, where a tired old rounder could lap up a scoopa suds after a hard day's grind, and forget his troubles the same as the rich guy.

Then the city council came out flat-footed for the Free and Independent State of Scott county, and all them foreign governments was warned to quit snoopin' around and startin' trouble or they'd get their nose pulled.



Everybody admitted that the gov had a fine set of works in that noodle of his'n, never havin' a comeback for the ballin' he got from Mayor Claussen.

Folks that's fond of riddles has lotsa fun now'days, wonderin' if them sporty old times is due for a return engagement. Figger it out yourself, sport, with your pencil. How long did it take them never-tirin' dry workers to land the knockout, playin' a lone hand. Now they got the boot-leggers, high-jackers, and shake-downers on their staff. That's easy figgerin'—unless them birds of a feather has a fallin' out, or their business agents tell 'em to pull a strike. Any dumb-bell kin write that answer.

Moonshinin' makes strange bedfellers, sport.

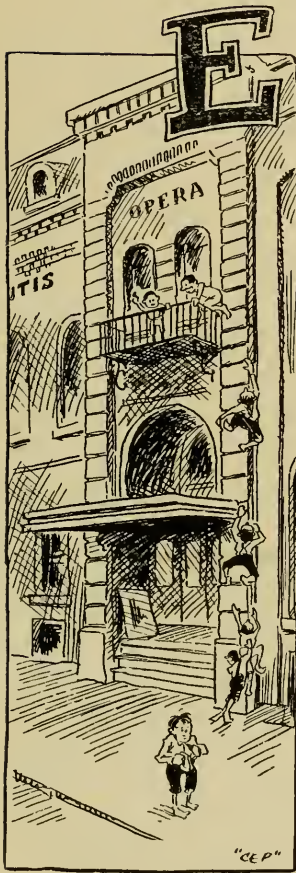


THEM WAS THE GOOD OLD DAYS



Davenport's First Human Fly,
Jocko Kane,
And his pals—Tho McNamara and Cal Gillooley.

The Human Fly at the Burtis.



VEN if the guy that designed the Burtis opera house didn't know it, sport, he made easy pickin's for the first human fly. On each side of the entrance, from the ground to the roof, brickwork columns stood out, with every seventh brick indented an inch, so's to make them columns look pretty. Leadin' out from nigger-heaven, up near the top, a balcony extended over to the fancy-step brickwork columns. Mebbe that balcony wasn't as high as the Kahl buildin', but it seemed higher in them times. That step brickwork made fine toeholt, and, with the balcony, was ducksoup for little Jocko Kane, of Corkhill, the original human fly, and the first kid to climb the Burtis bricks.

One evenin', when Kate Claxton was playin' "The Double Marriage," little Jocko climbed up the bricks to the balcony, stepped over the iron railin', raised the window, walked in, and took a ringside seat in nigger heaven.

Say, sport—the kids that watched little Jocko make that first climb held their breath, thinkin' every minute he'd fall and be dashed to mincemeat on the sidewalk. Later on they nerved up to climb the bricks, too, and some nights they had a regular percession. Got so Charlie Kindt hadta hire Jim Wafer, Tilebein, or some flydick, to mope around evenin's to keep them boys from makin' the ascension.

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There was other ways of beatin' the gate at the Burtis, too—like sneakin' in on afternoons, and hidin' under the gallery benches 'til the show started. Hadta keep darn quiet, though, 'cause if Matt Lamb or old Joe Brown, the bill-poster, heard you cough or laugh, they'd hustle you out so quick it'd make yer head swim.

Usta climb the high gate alongside the Kimball house sometimes, to slip through the laundry and crawl up under the stage. Then hadta watch a chance, when nobody was lookin', sneak up stairs past the actors' dressin' rooms, climb a ladder up under the roof, crawl along the rafters over the big dome—all dark as pitch—away out to the front of the theatre, and slip through a cubby-hole into nigger-heaven.

Say, sport—if a kid ever missed his step or made a slip on that journey over the big dome, he'd a tumbled down through the plaster and splattered all over the dress circle.

Then, on cold evenin's when kids was waitin' around and knockin' their heels together to keep 'em warm, mebbe Henry Kerker, Oscar Koehler, Ike Monk, Anthony Schuyler, or Dave Baker, or some other dandy good-hearted guy would blow along and ast Charlie Kindt would he let the whole mob in for a five-spot. When Charlie answered, "Slip me the cush," you'd think them young savages would tear the steps to pieces stampedin' for nigger-heaven. Then they was all set to holler "Su-up! Su-up!" when any home-towner helped out the barnstormers by carryin' a spear or sumpin.



One evenin', when Haverly's minstrels was playin', Charlie was coachin' old Til in front of the show-shop, on how to stop the kids from climbin' the bricks, and old Jack Haverly was standin' there listenin' in on the gab.

"Do you mean to tell me," ast old Jack, kinda astonished like, "that a youngster would risk his life climbin' them bricks just to see a show?"

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Charlie said they was hundreds of 'em that would, and old Jack said: "Well, I'd just like to see 'em. Any boy that'll risk his life climbin' them bricks kin see my minstrel show free."

Charlie Kindt then called little Jocko Kane, and told him Mister Haverly wanted to know would he climb the bricks, and little Jocko told Mister Haverly he would, provided he'd let his gang climb with him. Old Jack Haverly laughed right out and said: "Sure thing, son—take all your gang with you."

So one youngster gave little Jocko a h'ist and he started climbin' up, and all his gang follyed him, until it looked like a string of flies climbin' up them there brick columns. Jack Haverly said he'd be dad-jiggered if he ever seen anything like that in his hull life. But purty soon he noticed little Jocko startin' to make the second climb, and old Jack ast Charlie how that happened. Charlie told him little Jocko was makin' extra trips so's he could get return checks for some boys in his gang that didn't have the nerve to shoot the bricks.

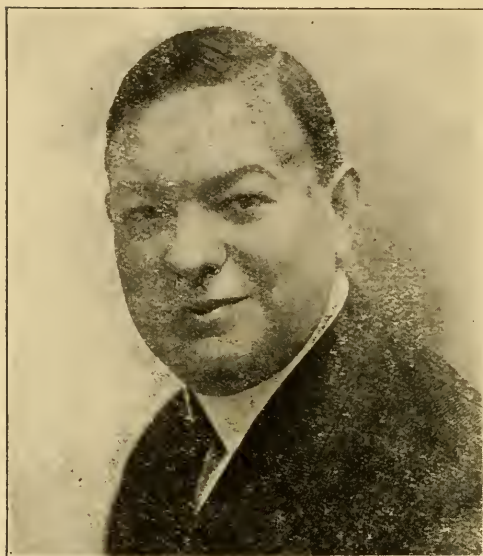
Then Mister Haverly said that while the offer didn't go for encores, he was satisfied that life wasn't worth much to a nervy youngster when there was a good minstrel show in town.

Lotsa young fellers that hung around the Burtis in the old days, sport, kept their wits workin', and made good on big time later—boys like Bee O'Day, Jimmy Doyle, Bob and Hughie Conwell, Roger Imhoff, Hal Skelly, and others.

But there was one small chap nobody could understand—little Billy Johnston. When hardly big enough to toddle, he was hobnobbin' with actors and chummin' with Billy Messenger, a cullud boy. If a circus came to town, young Johnston was the first lad on the lot and the last to leave. He studied every street faker and marched with every band. Any kinda music sounded good to that youngster.

One evenin', when Murray and Mack played the Burtis, little Billy said to Charlie Murray, "Some day you'll see my name on Broadway." Charlie laughed at the kid, and ast

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Bert Leslie.



"Steve Hogan."

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him what he could do to make Broadway. So little Billy did the song-and-dance, "Strollin' Through the Park"—right back there on the old Burtis stage. Charlie patted the youngster, to encourage him, and little Billy told Murray again, when he was leavin', "Some day you'll see my name on Broadway."



William Albert Johnston got his start several years later with the Kickapoo medicine company, doin' a blackface version of "Strollin' Through the Park," at Tamaroa, Illinois. He peddled "Sagwa" and "Rattlesnake Oil" durin' intermissions, but never took any of the

medicine hisself, because, as he said later, every time he sold a bottle it made him "gag."

In Chicago, Billy worked around theatres, and later came to the front as a tramp comedian, tourin' the country under the stage name of Bert Leslie in his own creation of that celebrated character, "Steve Hogan." He was recognized as the slickest slangster on the stage.

Later Bert Leslie made good on his boyhood boast—"Some day you'll see my name on Broadway"—when he starred with Trixie Friganzi in his own musical extravaganza, "Town Topics." The big scene of that show represented a rehearsal back on the old Burtis stage, with the Carbone Brothers, song-and-dance comedians, in "Strollin' Through the Park." It was a scream.

In a Broadway cafe, one evenin', Charlie Murray ast Bert Leslie: "Why do you close your eyes when you drink whiskey?" And Bert replied, "I'm afraid if my eyes see it that it will make my mouth water and dilute the likker."

Bert Leslie never had an opportunity to do his stuff in Davenport, but he never forgot the days when he usta climb the bricks at the Burtis.

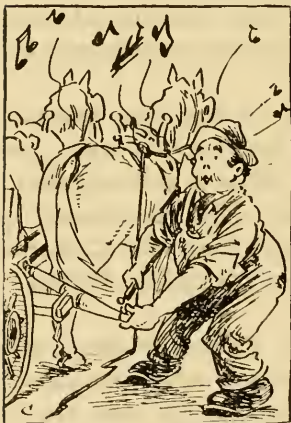
Them was the fine times, sport. Pat Walsh usta whistle "Garryowen" while hitchin' his hosses to start work at five

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o'clock in the mornin', Billy Petersen was hustlin' fifteen hours a day peddlin' matches as fast as his brother Henry could make 'em, J. J. Richardson was tryin' to put all the ads top-of-column-next-to-readin'-matter in that paper of his'n, Billy Bettendorf was learnin' printin' by pumpin' a foottreadle on a job press, and little B. J. Palmer was showin' speed when the salesladies in Saint Onge's department store tapped their pencils on the showcases and hollered "Cash!"

We had the spirit of seventy-six in real life in them times, too, with the finest drum corps that ever stepped down the line. L. P. Dosh was fifer, Gus Redding done the double-drag on the snare drum, and little Hank Brown whanged the bass drum with both hands. Them old boys was hard-boiled civil war vets, and when they got workin' you could feel electricity runnin' up and down your spine.

There wasn't no ad clubs in them days, sport, but Bob Poole showed grocers howta ginger up business at his Brady street store. Old Bob stood in front of his counter, alongside a barrel of mixed candy, and handed each customer a



little bag of candy. The wimmen flocked in there from Rockingham, Goosetown, Hamburg, Rogertown, Corkhill, and all points north, draggin' their kids, dolled in gingham and coppertoe shoes, to buy a bar of soap or sumpin, and get a bag of candy. They'd make halfa dozen calls, splittin' their orders so's they'd get a bag of candy each time. But old Bob only smiled, and when little tads held wishin' parties, mashin' their noses on the windows, he'd bribe 'em to move by givin' 'em a bag of candy.

Mounted a platform, over their big factory, on Third, between Main and Harrison, Woeber Brothers had a big buggy for an advertisin' sign, that could be seen from all parts of town. Sears and Frizzell had a stuffed gray hoss, all harnessed, to draw trade to their harness-shop. Other

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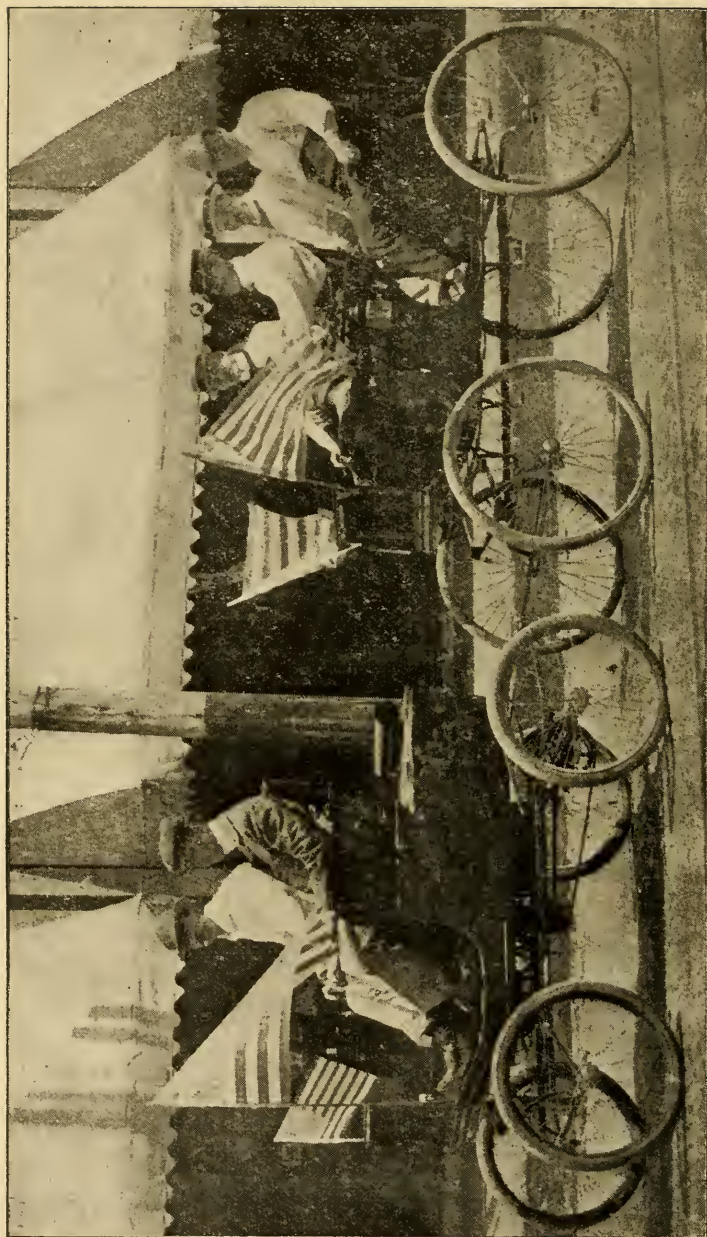
live merchants used stuffed bears, tigers, eagles, and buffaloes for come-on signs.

Cigar-stores had cigarmakers workin' at the bench, and when a guy ast for a smoke the boss would say, "Light or dark?"—light cigars bein' milder than dark ones. They had injungal cigar-signs in front of their stores, too, Herman Jacker, Ernst Roddewig, Rudolph Priester, Harry 'Watt, Henry Ochs, John McSteen, Otto Albrecht, Charlie Brockmann, and the Hermann Brothers havin' the swellest lookers. They hadta hide 'em evenin's, though, 'cause lotsa stews would elope with 'em, carryin' 'em up to the old high school, or down to the levee.



Bakers had spiral-spring bells on their doors, as in then times a baker done his own bakin' and clerkin'. When the bell clattered, he'd quit kneadin' dough 'cause he needed dough. Mrs. Partner, Robert Fabricius, Emil Pegelow, Bernhard Leemhuis, Caspar Schebler, Moore's Pioneer bakery, Korn's Pacific bakery, and Ulbricht's bakery had spiral-spring bells, and at noon and suppertime they hadta step lively, watchin' the bakin', and sellin' hot bread, sugar-cookies, frosted-creams, coffee-cake, and jelly-doughnuts. Usta plug doughnut holes with jelly then. Now see what they're usin'!

The T. K. quartet set the pace in singin', their voices blendin' so naturally and easily. Them tomkatters took in Harry Dower, Art Atkinson, Ed Peck, and Lew Knocke for harmonizers, and in them freelunch days lotsa folks thought singin' was on the bill of fare. When there was any entertainin', some guy would call for the T. K.'s, and they always came to the front. When the T. K. combination laid off on the free list, the Clover quartet grabbed up the burden. Ed Parmele, Bob Osborn, Billy Christy, and Lew Susemiehl pooled their lung-power and entertained the natives for nine years before givin' up the ghost.



First Automobile in Davenport.

J. B. Richardson, W. R. Ballard, B. H. Beiderbecke, M. N. Richardson, Wilson McClelland, Claud Kimball.

Old Jazzdad's Birthplace.



AY, BOB—If any of you young fellers has got the idea that jazz music is new stuff, you kin take another guess for yourself. Us old timers knew the jazz daddy—the old bird that discovered this syncopatin' movement that starts all the shoulder-shakin' now'days.

Old John Biehl, of Rock Island, was the first jazzbo—with his little b flat clarinet, and Charlie Bleuer helped that old trouper along with that work by pushin' groans, moans, and sobs through his slide trombone. Them two babies was the original jazzhounds, and they didn't need cowbells, banjos, cuckoo clocks, nor boiler factories to cover up punk fakin' like these saint-vitus artists that mutilates melody in these times. Old John could make his squawstick cackle like a plymouth-rock rooster, squeal like a razorback porker, or whinney like a missouri mule.

Old John had lotsa class as an imitator.

In these speedy times, when a jazz professor organizes his herd, he draws on Watertown for a tromboner, on Mount Pleasant for a saxophoner, locoes a fordfixer for fid rasper, and ropes a clamdigger to wallop the pianner. Then, bein' all set, a blinkey snowbird turns the music upside down, gives the high sign with the baton, and says, "C'mon, fellers—le's go!" And they're off!

In the old days, when Emil Ziegler and Muz Reddick run dances at Miller's hall, Huber's garden, and on the old Riverhorse to Offermann's island, John Biehl and his band-boys would play five or six encores for "Maggie Murphy's Home," as them Rock Island dancin' bugs never could get fed up on that tinkly tune about the little Murphy gal. They'd keep singin'—

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There's an organ in the parlor
To give the house a tone,
And you're welcome every e-ven-nin'
At Maggie Murphy's Home.

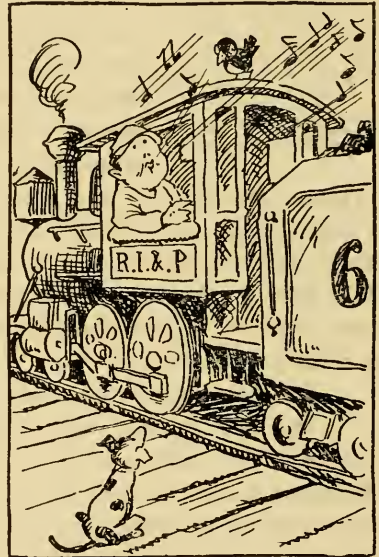
And the only way the jazzmaster could flag them dancin' radicals was to kiyi like a coon fleahound hittin' it up the alley with a can tied to his tail. Then Charlie Bleuer, Tony and George Biehl, and George Stroehle would join up with old John and give a correct imitation of nineteen twenty-two jazz as done in these times.

In them days gals held up their long dresses with one hand when dancin', to keep 'em from trailin' and to help the eye-play of nosey ankle-spotters. They wore high collars, and, not knowin' nothin' about this neckin' and parkin', naturally they never got in touch with the real jazz punch these bob-haired sweeties puts over now'days.

That's when Phil Miller discovered that excitin' outdoor sport of grabbin' Davenport tin horns on Second avenue for fast drivin with old wind-broken livery plugs that couldn't knock off a mile in eight-ten on a bet. Then our genial old Judge Cropper carried his

whiskers and romped into the game with a dash of speed and sacked them yaps for the limit—the judge bein' a patriotic guy and strong for upholdin' the peace and dignity of the grand old state of Illinois.

Any of you newspaper boys ever heard of little Mike Radigan that usta jerk the lever on switch engine number six on the Peoria and Rock Island in the old days? Say, sport, there was the original whistlin' kid! Mike could



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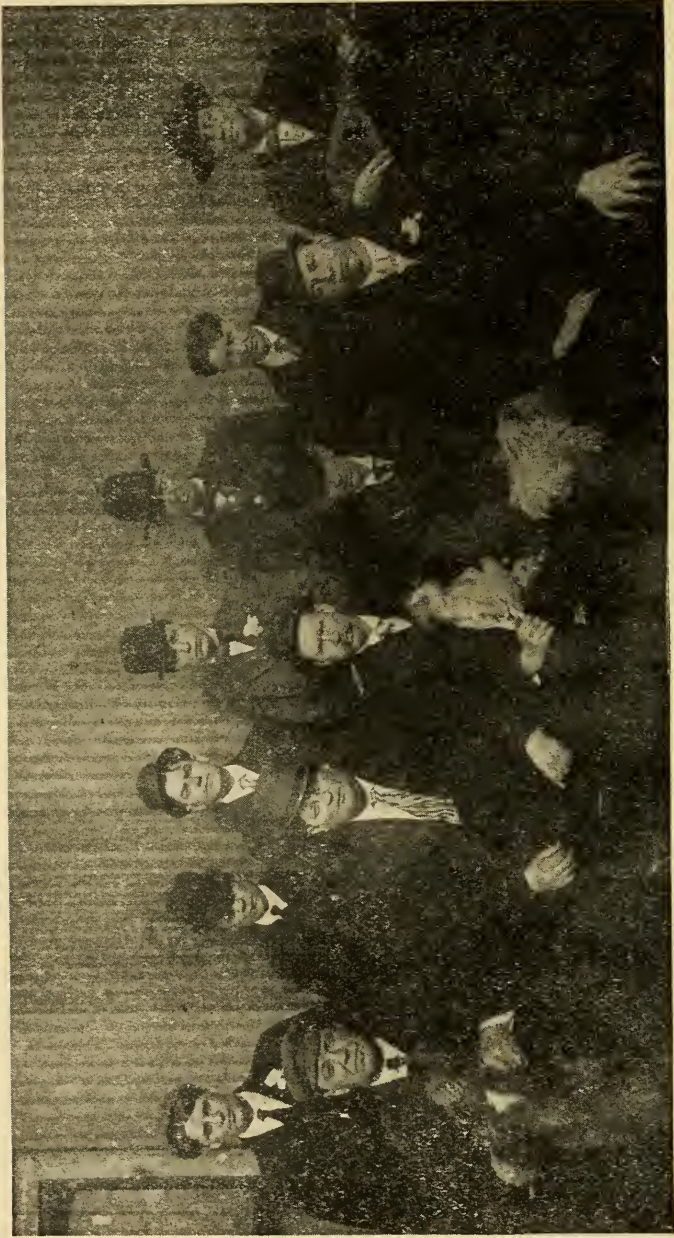
chatter with the birds in their own language, and on Sundays when he rambled through the woods around Chippiannock and the Watch Tower, the robins and bobwhites knew that a real mechanic was takin' the air. Mike learned to whistle by listenin' in on the birds, and then he taught 'em some new tricks.

All the youngsters was dippy about little Mike Radigan, and when he ditched his overalls and stepped outa the cab of number six, they usta folly him along the street and ast him wouldn't he please warble like the birdies. Little Mike packed a rollickin' triller, and when it come to whistlin' Irish jigs, and this trembly grand opera stuff, that little harp could certainly hit the ball.

Ever heard who was the biggest man in Rock Island in the old days, sport? Well he was Bailey Davenport—big all over, up and down, and a long distance around. Lived in a big colonial mansion, with big pillars, in the big pasture on Seventh avenue and Seventeenth street, and when Gus Schlapkohl, the big coachman, drove up with the big landau and the big team of grays, and Bailey dropped into the big back seat, the big springs was all set and playin' to capacity. In them days, a five-pound chuck roast only set you back two bits. If you carried a basket and a dime to the slaughter-house you'd get all the spareribs and pigsfeet you could cart away, with a half dozen pigtails throwed in, and you could get venison roasts, bear steaks, and buffalo cuts at any butcher shop.

Harry Sage and Bert Cunningham was learnin' to play one-ol'-cat on back lots and cowpastures, and dreamin' of when they'd be bigleaguers. The watch factory was tickin' along near that thrivin' town of Camden, and when the constabule and the town council changed the name to Milan, Charlie Dibbern, Lothar Harms, Fred Appelquist, and Carl Mueller declared the name a hoodoo that would put the burg on the blink.





Famous Never-Sweat Club.

Members pledged to lead dog's life during summer months.

What Made Rock Island Great.



Yes, indeed, sport—them was the good old days in Rock Island. Jack and Tom Greehey was hog-headin' freight on the Brooklyn division, Jack and Tom Pender kicked empties down the sidetrack in the Rock Island switchyards, and Pat and Johnny Murrin pulled the throttles on Saint Louis passenger trains on the Q. And, listen

—what them six big huskies didn't know about railroadin' they couldn't learn from glommin' time-tables, nor from Ben Cable, nor from R R., nor even from Big Chief Kimball hisself.

That's when the Hardly Able club had a fish and chowder camp at Rock river, with some fine old stagers on its roster—guys like Buck O'Brien, Mule Rispen, Gibe Gibsen, Jumbo Kelly, Dutchy Rosenfield, Poke Lambert, Stuff McMahan, Ben Stempel, Nick Newcomb, Eddie Stempel, Dan Finnegan, Kit Atkinson, and a lotta other stem-winders that would peel the shirt off'n their backs for a pal that was right.

When Major Beardsley, Colonel Danforth, and Cy Dart clashed on "Ingersoll" at the Harms, Gottlieb, the barboy, said they was "sucha nice mans" it was stew bad they wasn't Chermans. Gottlieb went weepy about Walter Rosenfield bein' outaluck, too, but he stood pat on one proposition—Robert Wagner was a greater all-'round guy than Richard Wagner, the moosikbug.

Stone-cuttin' was a regular profession, and Joe, Bob, and Charlie Evans, Bob and Tom Cox, Dick and Bill Lloyd, and other efficiency experts was trimmin' stone and eight hours at the big Arsenal store-houses, so that Uncle Sam would have some real honestagod buildin's ready when the big war started.

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Jack Cady and Charlie Skinner was showin' the young trims of Moline how to do that new two-step dance, and George Huntoon drove his little roan and sidebar buggy up and down the avenue on sunny afternoons, tryin' out his lamps on long-distance work.

Salsbury's Troubadors played two consecutive nights for Ben Harper at Harper's theatre, at fifty bucks per, with Nate Salsbury as top comedian. A buxom little gal in short skirts made a big hit with the gallery gods that packed nigger-heaven when she sang "The Torpedo and the Whale," and it's a ten-to-one shot there ain't an old timer that showed his mug in the jam that kin remember the name of that little gal.



Don't s'pose you birds ever heard about Harry McDarrah that usta be the whole works on the ferry boat. Harry was engineer, fireman, coalpasser, and the rouster. He usta brag that he could "Chubble more thuel than annie man that iver stud fernist a staimboat b'iler." No matter how cold the weather, Harry never wore a coat or vest, and always had his shirt sleeves rolled up to his shoulders.

Harry's the boy that started the strenuous life business that T. R. got away with, by beginnin' work at four-thirty in the mornin' and knockin' off at nine-thirty in the evenin'—exceptin' when he rowed the ferry skiff on stormy nights, after Chin Lawhead or the regular oarsmen got buck fever and laid down on the job.

When Harry got tired workin' he'd bank his fires and mosey up to Ohlweiler's or Eckermann's, and after dustin' the high collar off'n a coupla big ones, he'd tell them lunch-

grabber's and barflies all about the night of the big wind in Ireland. And Harry was some teller when he pulled up a few notches on his belt and took a drag at his clay pipe. When the ferry docked for winter, down at the boatyard, and Harry got through with his cleanin' and paintin', he'd cut ice in the slough or split cordwood down around Andalusia, just to keep in condish for the big openin' when the ice went out. When you hear these young sportin' guys brag about how them hunk and kike prize fighters is due to crack from over-trainin' by workin' two hours a day, tell 'em about the time Harry McDarrah done his day's stuff for a dollarteen—and never a squawk outa him.

Jim Maucker hammered out lightweight racin' shoes for the pacin' and trottin' hosses that speeded in the sleighin' races on Second avenue, and little Jimmy Thompson, the original boy deckative, was sproutin' the finger-print theory and workin' out his sherlock-holmes idea about "the eye that never winks nor sleeps."

Mike McCool was hardenin' his muscles for the heavy-weight championship of the world, by learnin' how to draw six in one mitt at the Blackhawk saloon of Hughey the Hawk, and Hossler Jimmy Campbell hunched the roundheads at the Rock Island and Peoria roundhouse on the right dope for runnin' a railroad right up to snuff.

Jimmy Mahoney introduced that "Hello, brother!" slogan in a rousin' campaign for alderman of the Second ward, where there was a coupla weak but dark-colored spots that needin' fixin'. Now all the prominent fraternal lodge-workers use that slogan when slippin' goof members the grip and puttin' over the secret work of the panhandle degree. The "Hello, sister!" version was exemplified later by Mush Marshall and Jim Lane to a full house at the Lincoln club, the degree team paradin' with axes and full regalia.

Webb Leas was wise-cracker at Plunk's boardin' house, where plain and fancy chuck was dished up for three bucks a week. Webb's job as official arguifier was contested by Skip Day, and when them two birds locked horns on politics, they hiked up to Cap Corcoran's shave-shop for a decision or a draw. Webb shook a nasty elbow when razzin' the sec-

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ond fid, and he never run outa gas when gabbin' about honin' razors or can-shootin' with Slim McCormick, Shorty Williams, Johnny Meehan, or the other boys that soldiered at Buford's plow factory. Plow-fittin' was the best trade in them days, and when a kid got strong enough to help out with the family larder he'd land at Buford's, at plow-fittin', grindin', or moldin', and think it was soft pickin's.



Topsy Siemon was slug three at the Argus on Seventeenth street, poundin' up bourgeois, at twenty-five cents a thousand ems, from horace-greeley writin' that Harry Simpson hung on the hook, not havin' any typewriters in them days. Eli Mosenfelder started to learn job printin', but when he learned it was easier to grab the jack by buyin' printin' than by sellin' it, he chucked the job and started a clothin' store.

Frank Wheelan was tpeystickicker on the Union, and he sprinkled lotsa commas through Burdette's english joke column. When the weekly was printed on Thursdays, Burdette grabbed the first sheet that Adam Kramer run off on the old Potter press, and squatted on an ink keg in the alley to enjoy hisself laughin' at real comic stuff. Exceptin' a coupla razberries that plowed corn out near Reynolds, the only guys that could squeeze a titter on them english puns was Walter Johnson, Merc Driffill, Jonas Bear, and Johnny Dindinger. Folks had a dark suspish that Johnny Ding was ullivan' old-time bull when he cackled at them johnny-bull wheezes, Ding bein' a tol'able kidder in them days.



The Dope on Chief Black Hawk.

You kin tell the world, sport, that Rock Island had the ace of the old timers. Big Chief Black Hawk was the darb that led 'em all, and these picher painters has got that injun boy wrong. Mebbe you've seen the oil paintin' that shows the Big Chief squatted in front of his wigwam, takin' a solemn drag on his pipe, a bunch of squaws stirrin' a soup kettle, and a stream of smoke oozin' up in the air. And mebbe you got the idea that the big red boy was goin' to have dog-soup for supper. To make that picher look romantic, like the movies, the painter guy said the Big Chief was broadcastin' smoke



signals to the braves around Coal Valley and Taylor Ridge, tellin' 'em everything is jake on the Watch Tower, crops is lookin' fine, and give our regards to all the folks.

Not so. Black Hawk wasn't brewin' dog-soup, sport. He was operatin' a heap big ten-gallon still, and workin' up a batch of prime corn hooch that gauged two-hundred and ten mule-proof, it bein' falltime and the corn was ripe and juicy.

When the Sacs and Foxes saw that smoke signal they got foxy—'cause they knew the Star Old Timer was slippin' again, and that he'd get properly likkered durin' the evenin', bust up a coupla pigeon-toed squaws, and start an oldtime ballyhoo all up and down the reservation.

Then, with a splittin' holdover the next mornin', he'd hit the warpath and paint the Rock river valley a skyblue-pink. Probably you heard how them injun braves was fleet-footed and could run all day without stoppin' for feed or water. Well, they hadta step lively when Big Chief Black Hawk yelped his



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blood-curdlin' warcry, all soused to the ears, and hit the trail. That's why them big injuns built the big cave on the Arsenal at the end of the bridge—so's they could dig in when the Big Chief was rampagin'.

That name Black Hawk has some punch, sport, and lotsa detective agencies, drugstores, hotels, mattress factories, garages, nearbeer joints, and chemical companies are named in honor of the Big Chief.



When Rock Island was Suitcase Metropolis of the West, a lotta Davenport shortchange specialists joined the caravan to that burg to help make the world safe for guys that lifted high ones or needed a shot in the arm. They volunteered to help the natives take care of visitors that flocked in from Strawberry Point, Oquawka, Letts, Low Moor, and all points west.

Any guy havin' a loose piece of change in his kick could certainly get wholesome entertainment.

Them was the good old days, sport, and Second avenue was shinin' brighter than Broadway or Coney island.

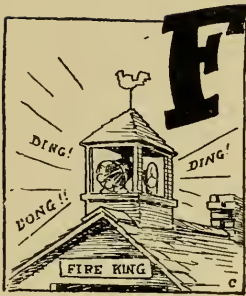
If Rock Island could sidestep the Volstead proposition now, and stage a suitcase comeback, they'd need a coupla thousand traffic cops to line up flivs that would roll in from the wilds of Iowa and the Dakotas. They could add two million to the population in six months, and cover the corn-fields of Rock river valley with bungalows and swiss villas crowded away to the roof with snowbirds and thirst-breakers.



Lotsa guys in Rock Island is belly-achin' about highcost of cobweb gowns and ohboy stockin's that their dames is ringin' up on charge account, and they're tryin' to skimp on the eats by plantin' radishes and lettuce in their back yards. If them saps had the noodle of a jack-rabbit they'd plant fig trees and get in on next year's styles before the New York frogs and kikes corner the figleaf market.

Them's the birds that'll tell the ladies what kinda togs they kin wear next summer.

The Volunteer Fire Laddies.



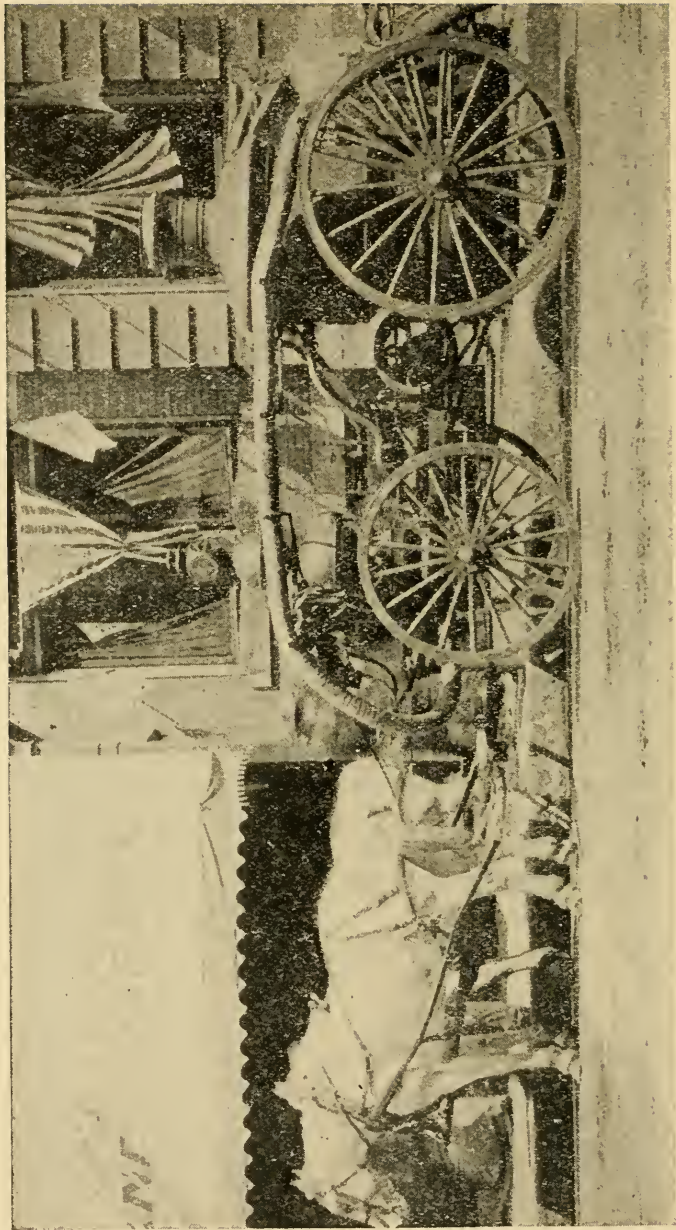
FIREMEN don't enjoy themselves like they usta in the days of the volunteer department, sport. Now'days they ain't no fire bells ringin', nor no listenin' for the waterworks whistle, nor no people runnin' down the street hollerin' "Fi-ur! Fi-ur!"

In the old days firemen was slow gettin' started, but when they got to a fire there was sumpin doin'. Now the fivcart and chemical whizzes down the line like an airplane, and a blaze ain't got no chance whatever.

The old church at Fifth and Rock Island was the favorite fire-spot, as it usta break out with a fire at least once a year. One mornin' when 'Fonse Arnould was drillin' to work, he seen smoke oozin' outa the old church. 'Fonse rushed down the street yelpin' "Fi-ur! Fi-ur!" Patsey McNerny and Bill Kleinfelder joined him, racin' for the Fire King ingine house in Commercial alley, it bein' a big honor to be first to ring the fire bell. Matt Fisher and Ward Phillips beat 'em to it, though, and was jerkin' the bell-ropes like all-harry when 'Fonse, Patsey, and Bill came rompin' in gaspin' for breath.

Bill Gallagher and Pat Hennessey came licketycut down Perry street, hollerin, "Fi-ur! Fi-ur!" drivin' the two big fire hosses that was boarded in Bob Porter's barn. Marsh Noe, all outa wind, came rushin' in, follyed by Johnny Schmidt and Bob Littler, to light the fire under the ingine boiler, so's the Fire King could blow her whistle ahead of the Donahue and be first to get up steam.

Hearin' the Fire King bell ring, Otto Klug and Ignatz Schmidt raced from Otto Volkland's lunch-table to the Liberty hosehouse, and Chris Von Doehren, Henry Korn, and Boney Strathman all rushed to the Rescues, to ring the bells, all them guys hollerin' "Fi-ur! Fi-ur!" Then the Alerts, Hopes,



The Steamer Donahue—Rival of the Fire King.

THEM WAS THE GOOD OLD DAYS

Mount Idas, Pilots, First Wards, and other companies chimed in with their bells, givin' a finer concert than the Swiss bell-ringers.

Milt Rowser, Frank Boyler, Dick Kelly, and Hen Cooper was enjoyin' a game of seven-up at Cal Witherspoon's when the alarm sounded, and in the excitement they rushed out without settlin'.

The Fire King bein' the only company that knowed where the fire was, them other companies hadta wait for the waterworks whistle to blow so's they'd get the number of the ward.

In them times, if the waterworks whistle blowed one long blast, it was a signal that the fire was out, and then them fire laddies would stick around to chew about where they was and what they was doin' when the alarm sounded, givin' all the details. Bein' as the boss couldn't dock 'em when called on fire duty, they did some whoppin' story-tellin' every time they was called to a fire.

It took lotsa time for the Fifth Wards to get started that day, sport. Louis Arnould, the foreman, was shinglin' a roof for Andy Roach when the King's bell rung, and Mick Delaney, Dinny Hickey, Henny Higgins, Jim Gahon, 'Gene Deutsch, Billy Oakes, Mike Heeney, Jim Leonard, Pete Gillooley, Jack Cavanaugh, Gil Arnould, Joe Dugan, and Bryan Toher was scattered all over town, workin' at their trades, but at the first crack of the bell they dropped their tools to hot-foot it to the hosehouse.

Humba Kelly, first torchboy, was stickin' type on the Blue Ribbon News, and he bolted out the door without waitin' to space out his line or say a word to Ed Collins, the foreman. Grunter O'Donnell, second torchboy, jumped off Lillis's grocery wagon, and hung up a new record sprintin' to the hosehouse.

Dan McFarland, assistant foreman, was tappin' wheels on the Rocky Mountain limited at the Perry street depot, and he trun his hammer to Tom Behan and Johnny Cody, and rushed home for his silver plated trumpet, red



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shirt, and castiron hat, as Dan always worked in full uniform when firefightin'. Firemen in them times was always braver when they had time to 'tend to their make-up.

Foreman Arnould was a sticker for system with the Fifth Wards, and wouldn't let them lads start for a fire till they knew where it was, no matter how restless they got, nor how hard they pulled on the hosecart rope. "Wait 'til you hear the waterworks whistle!" was the orders he blasted through his silver-plated trumpet. He called the roll that day, and everybody answered exceptin' Larry McKee, he bein' down at Columbus Junction kickin' off empties on a side-track.

When the waterworks whistle blowed five times, it wasn't no time at all 'til them Fifth Wards came tearin' around the corner at Fifth and Iowa—the foreman and assistant foreman



"Wait 'til you hear the waterworks whistle!"

roarin' out important orders through their silver-plated trumpets—that company bein' tied with the Northwest Davenport and East Davenport Pilots for last place in the race.

Them firemen was all outluck that day, for some little guy, weighin' about one-twenty, strapped a babcock extinguisher on his back, clumb a ladder, crawled along the roof, took a coupla squirts at the blaze, and the fire was all over exceptin' the big postmortem confab of them gallant firemen.

That Fifth Ward company was a sore outfit, sport, bein' all set to show the people what kinda fire-fighters they was, not even havin' to unreel the hose, nor givin' Dinny Hickey

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and Bryan Toher a chance to make their famous lightnin' couplin'. So they held a long session and then eased over to Bobby Garvey's, parked the hosecart in front of Bobby's summer-garden, and put in the day blowin' high collars offa crusaders, and takin' a good rest before drillin' up the hill with the hosecart.

Old John Gundaker and Ben Raphael usta kid the firemen, tellin' about the fire-fightin' days with the old hand-pump machine that was kept in city hall alley or Brady, between Fifth and Sixth, right alongside the big cistern the draymen kept filled with water they brought from the river in their big barrels to be used for fire fightin'.

On firemen's meetin' night in the old days the fire bells would ring three taps—ding! dong! ding!—kinda doleful and solemn, to call the firemen to special meetin', so's they'd have an excuse to get away from the fireside battle-ground. Then they'd sit around and smoke scraps, rush the growler, and argue about what brave things they thought they done the time of the big fires at Hill's opera house, Beattie's mill, the ropewalk, and the Glucose works. When they got lit up and properly mellowed, they'd brag about how many tickets they was goin' to peddle at the saloons for their sixth grand annual social ball and benefit entertainment that was to be held the next winter, or they'd dope pipe-dreams about how their company would skin all the other companies for first prize on firemen's parade day.

Never heard what become of the fire bells of the old days, didya, sport? Well, B. J. gathered 'em in, gave 'em an adjustment, and lined 'em up for chimes in that cupola of his at the top of the hill. Now, when B. J. needs exercise, instead of playin' golf or buck-passin', he tries his hand on "Annie Laurie" by ringin' them old fire bells. The Fire King bell is tuned to carry the air, the Alerts for the tenor, the Hopes takes the high notes, the Rescues the baritone, the Libertys the bass, and the Fifth Wards and Pilots 'tends to the barber-chords and accidentals. If some of them square-heads had figured on harmonizin' them fire bells in the old days, fire laddies coulda romped to blazes to the tune of one of Sousa's marches, or to "Doncha Hear Them Bells."



Officials of Court House and City Hall.

After hard-fought baseball and fried chicken contest at Linwood resort.

Pioneer Work in Cubist Art.

Them was he good old days, sport. That's when Charlie Russell usta grind out "Breakfast Slices" on the first page of the old Gazette, for eight bucks a week. After puttin' up halfa column of paragraphs, Charlie filled the column with "News Summary," in leaded nonpareil.



When Dave Rohm, the foreman, hung that "fat take" on the hook, Tim Hickey, Gus Brooks, Patsey McGlynn, Bill Axtman, George Bailey, Henry Pfabe, and the other printers would pull out for it, as they was settin' solid brevier at two bits a thousand ems. Charlie Russell was soft panhandlin' for

the old typo tourists, and his copy was easy to read, but his dad's writin' looked like it was done by Harry Simpson, and that kinda henscratchin' drove many a type-sticker to drink.

Bird Richardson drove the first automobile on the streets on the fourth of July, nineteen-hundred-one, and him and his gang gave the natives the surprise of their lives.

There wasn't no screwy yaps hangin' around then to say "I personally," but late one Saturday night when John Hasson was goin' home with his usual, he dared the soldier to come down off the monument to fight, and John got away with his bluff.

Lafe and Walt Lancaster were the cleverest all-round acrobats in the burg, and no entertainment was complete without Lafe and Walt on the program doin' their grind.

Joe Hebert usta sing "Nancy Lee," with that fine bari-tone voice of his'n, and he wasn't stingy with it. In the home-talent show of "Pinafore," Joe took the part of Sir Joseph Porter, makin' a big hit singin':

When I was a lad I served my term
As office boy in an attorney's firm,
I washed the windows and I scrubbed the floor,
And I polished up the handle of the big front door.

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An old rounder complained to Nick Newcomb one time that he couldn't get any work. Nick hired him for three bucks a day to take a brick in each hand, carry 'em across the street, set 'em down, pick 'em up, carry 'em back, and then repeat. At the end of the second day, Nick hadta hire two extra barkeeps to moisten curious folks that laid off at the Eagle works and the sawmills to watch the brick man work.

Dad Lower drove his speedy pacer, "Captain Jinks," along Second street, and all the other hossmen hadta take his dust. Waiter gals at the Commercial house would call "ram-lamb-sheep-or-mutton" on the bill of fare, and saloons kept eight-day matches in big stone matchboxes at the end of the bar.

Jim Rhodes usta laugh and ast, "What is your corporosity and how do you sagashiate?" when he'd shake flippers with a brother oddfellow or an axe-carryin' member of the woodmen degree team.

Steeplejack Oscar Wiley would stand on his head on a smokestack and holler like a kickapoo when he was stewed, and people expected to see him get killed. Oscar wasn't in no hurry, though, for he waited patiently about to let nature and Barleycorn take the regular course.

Smokey Reese blowed a cornet when he drilled down the street with his chimney-sweep makeup, high cone-shaped skimmer, rope and tackle. He could go through a chimney like a swallow, and chimney-soot had a fat chance when Smokey got on its trail.

George Bagley, express messenger on the Rock Island road, wanted to get rich quick, so he stepped off the train with a hundred thousand dollars in greenbacks in a gunny sack, walked up to Kellogg's barn at Sixteenth and Iowa, and cached it under the hay. That's gettin' it fast, sport. The train stopped for a half hour in them days and George had plenty time to get back and take his place before the train pulled out. When that stack of long-green was



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checked up missin', George was put through the third degree, but he had an alibi as long as a hophead's dream. A week later, when everybody was talkin' about the great robbery mystery, George weakened, coughed up, steered the railway dicks to the plant, and then done his stretch at the big house. George said havin' so much jack worried him, and he couldn't sleep nights. Ralph Cram passed Kellogg's barn twice a day in them times, but he never even stopped to take a feel of that gunnysack with the hundred grand under the hay.

Although they wasn't no art school in the old days, sport, we had some fine animal painters that ain't never been rekanized by the elight of this burg. Mebbe it ain't too late to give credit to one buddin' young artist that painted a zebra by moonlight one evenin', without ever takin' any art lessons, except helpin' Joe Hines paint a corncrib out on Jersey Ridge road.



When Captain Lon Bryson was agent for the Diamond Jo steamboat line, he usta drive a hoss named Dolly, that he kept in his barn at Sixth and Tremont. That hoss was an all-white nag, and her and the cap was awful

pally. Dolly wasn't strong for speed, but when the cap drove her down to the steamboat office the kids was kept busy spittin' for the white hoss, so's they'd have good luck.

One evenin' Ira Lingafelt, Tom Hooper, and Jack Mullins was easin' home from a dance, and they frisked a can of black paint from Tom Slattery at the old Rock Island repair shops. "What to do?" ast Ira, not bein' sleepy nor nothin', and them three lads went into conference. Hearin' a hoss whinney, they knew it was Cap Bryson's Dolly, and thinkin' mebbe she was lonesome, they dropped in for a call at three o'clock in the mornin'. Dolly was tickled pink. So they backed the old mare outa the manger, and Jack Mullins took holt of the halter and begun whisperin' baby hoss-talk into her ear, sayin' "Nice ol' Dolly!" and stuff like that. Tom Hooper played lookout, to give the alarm in case the cap should happen to start any sleep-walkin'.

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Then Ira took that black paint and done a finer job of paintin' than old man Rembrandt ever dreamed of. A streak of black decorated every other white rib of Dolly, with black streamers over her back and flanks, wide black stripes around her legs, and big black spots on her neck. When Ira finished the art work on Dolly, she made a finer-lookin' zebra than any that Barnum had in his big menagerie—exceptin' that she looked like a leopard from the neck up. Them kids took a moonlight inspection of the old mare, and they agreed that Ira was gifted with the divine fire.

But some folks, sport, is shy on artistic taste, and it happened that Cap Bryson was one of them kinda guys. He didn't appreciate art nor paintin', and when he clapped his peepers on old Dolly the next mornin', all striped and spotted, he went straight up. The cap made an awful beller to Chief Kessler, and offered the large reward of five bucks for the arrest and conviction of the culprit, the cap not discriminatin' between a classy artist and a common culprit.

When that paint dried on old Dolly it fell off and took the hair with it, givin' the old mare a black-and-tan zebra effect. Every time the cap looked at old Dolly he burned up, and he kept his reward of five bucks posted at the hoosegow, hopin' to land the culprit.

A number of years later, when Ira Lingafelt was visitin' in the old town, he met Cap Bryson one day, and ast him did he ever land the guy that put old Dolly through the zebra degree. "No," said the cap, flarin' right up, "but if I ever do, I'll prosecute him promptly and to the full extent of the law."

Then Ira took the first train to Chicago, and he ain't never been seen around these diggin's since.



Thuthie Thmither'th Thilly Vertheth.

When we had heatless days and lightless nights, picher shows and pivot places were put off watch six days and nights each week, and little Susie Smithers assembled her woes in sad verse for the benefit of Sam Greenebaum of the Garden theatre. Susie lisped, and after she got through punchin' her typewriter her verses read this way:

Thay, Tham—lithen!

There'th not a thingle plathe to go
Thinthe you clothed your thwell picher thhow.
Gee whith! I feel tho thad and blue—
My tholdier guy he'th got the flu.
I theldom thwear, but I'll thay "Damn
The Kaither!" Don't you thay tho, Tham?

It alwayth maketh thome hit with me
When I thtroll down the thtreet and thee
A cutie mith that'th out for bear,
Drethed like a horthe, with henna hair.
Thure thing! each tholdier tipth hith lid,
And thmearth the thalve to thith thwell kid.

Your night-thchool clath ith cauthing pain!
When thome poor nut thpellth for hith jane
The adth and titleth on the thcreen—
Out loud—I want to butht hith bean.
May I thuggetht, to tholve thethe puthleth,
That thethe thmart thpellerth uthe fathe muthleth.

The jack you thpend for gatholine
To run that thwell big limouthine
Mutht thet you back thome dithtanthe; and
The way you thpeed ith thomething grand!
There'th not a butht that you let path—
I'll tell the folkth, you thhow thome clath!

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Your organitht playth out of date;
Hith thtuff don't theem appropriate,
'Cauthe, when the hero winth the doll,
It'th "Mendelthon'th" he playth. That'th all!
The betht noithe for a thlipping brother
Ith "Jutht Before the Battle, Mother."

It'th fierthe! My girl friendth are tho jealousy
Becaethe tho many tholdier fellowth
Keep chathin' me. It ith a fright—
I cop thome thwell guy every night.
I thurely ought to be athamed—
But, goodneth thaketh! thould I be blamed?

Your movie thhop, it theemth to me,
Thould have a nurthe and nurthery
To thave our nerveth, increathe our joyth,
And thlip the lid on daddy'th boyth.
Then, when thethe thmart kidth thtart to beller,
Jutht thlide 'em to the nurth'ry theallar.

Our little Mary'th O! tho thweet!
The hath the other thtarth all beat.
Don't thay I'm thilly or a nut
To want to play in movieth, but,
With thome nithe hero, I'll thay thith—
I'd thhow thpeed with that vampire kith.

When Ethie Joneth—the'th my girl chum—
Ballth me, I'll thay the'th going thome.
Lathth night Eth thaid, "Your tholdier guy
Ith thure in bad—the town'th bone dry."
But I thopped Eth. I said, "O! ith he!?!
Mine'th got your'th thkinned; he ain't no thithy!"

When Charlie regithterth thurprithe,
Then thlamth the cheethe and cuthtard pieth,
And thoakth the villian on the bean,
I clap my handth and thtart to thcream;

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But when the gloomth are on the job,
I lothe control, and thoftly thob.

Not knocking, Tham, but my chum'th furth
Took thome bird'th coin—it wathn't herth.
While I aint pothing ath a thaint,
I'll thay Mith Eth can thmear the paint.
Believe me, Tham, it'th been thome yearth
Thinthe thhe uthed thoaphudth in her earth.

The thlob I thlave for thaid to me:
"Mith Thue, pleathe can that pote-eree."
Tho I quit cold. Thay—lithen here!
I'd thurely make a thwell cathier,
'Cauthe I've got thenthe, and aint no flootheey.
Well—tho long, Tham.

Thinthereley,
Thuthie.





Bill Korn's Pretzel Alley Press Club Parade.

Rastus Sackett as "Jack Johnson",—Hugh Conwell as "Mrs. Jack Johnson,"
Mayor Aleck Anderson, Pretzel Alley Wurst-Blatt war correspondents,
and Pretzel Alley Silver Cornet Band.

Pretzel Alley.



A Baby Beaver.

In the old days, sport, birthday celebrations were very popular, and Aleck Anderson had a birthday party at least once a week. That's how the Free and Independent Commonwealth of Pretzel Alley, State of Scott County, U. S. A., originated. Aleck was first, last, and only mayor of Pretzel Alley.

One day Aleck met the Korn boys—Bill, Charlie, Otto, Harry, and John—and ast them wouldn't they slip up to his wigwam that evenin', as he was givin' a birthday party.

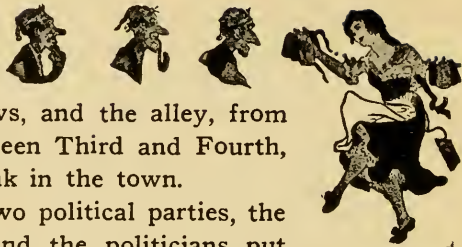
In them times Bill Korn wore bushy hair on his knob and silky whiskers like a baby beaver, and Bill said to Aleck: "Why, you old sardine! You had a birthday last week, and two the week before. Seems like you're tryin' to skin old Methusaleh on his record?" Aleck answered, "Can't lose."

That evenin', when the guests lined up for dutch lunch, the icebox was loaded for bear, and any wetware mentioned on Roddewig's or Haase's price list was on the sideboard. When them boys got through singin' and dancin', Bill Korn proposed organizin' Pretzel alley, and after he outlined his plan the proposition went over with a bang. An election was held on the spot, and to start the ball rollin' Aleck was elected mayor. On takin' the chair, Aleck appointed each of his guests to an office—from treasurer to dog-ketcher, from alley clerk to sexton, and from chief of police to alley scavenger. Nobody was overlooked while Aleck had the appointin' fever. "Can't lose," he declared, as the party broke up at five o'clock.



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Then Pretzel alley started out to become famous. A newspaper reporter spilled the news, and the alley, from Main to Harrison, between Third and Fourth, became the gayest streak in the town.



Pretzel alley had two political parties, the weiners and pretzels, and the politicians put over some redhot campaigns. The mayor appeared at council meetin' one evenin' in full regalia, and whispers of big graft in alley affairs got started, his nobbs bein' accused of shakin' down gams, street laborers, utility guys, and sports. Folks started askin', "Where did he get it?"—and Aleck answered, "Can't lose." The mayor blowed ten thousand smackers on his second election, the greatest mudslingin' campaign in the history of Pretzel alley.

A flag-raisin' was held before that election, after a torch-light percession that marched all around town, a rube band furnishin' the music. Spread-eagle speeches and political promises, scrambled with music and vaudeville, marked that election, Aleck bein' again elected unanimously



Can't Lose

His Honor the Mayor

The Pretzel alley volunteer fire department was organized, with Charlie Korn for chief and Philly Sonntag for assistant, and they gave an exhibition one evenin' for the benefit of the Dav- enport city council and fire department. The Pretzel firemen showed skill at ladder climbin', hosecart foot-racin', and fancy couplin'. Havin' borried a fire- man's red shirt and cast-iron hat, the chief showed how to play ragtime on his trumpet. A fire broke out in a three- story buildin' durin' that exhibition, and a distracted mother rushed to the chief cryin', "Who will save me che-ild?" The chief answered, "I, the chief of Pretzel alley fire department, will save your

che-ild!" Then he run up a ladder, through smoke and flames, seized the child, and hurled it safely into a fishnet held by his brave firemen. A mighty cheer burst from the crowd at the heroic deed, and the chief ast everybody into Schiller Rice's storehouse to smother a frahmsize

Lawyers, doctors, bankers, flimmers, actors, bakers, shell-workers, politicians, janitors, grifters, tree-trimmers, and other professional men flocked to Pretzel alley, to hold up their left hand and swear loyalty to the flag of the pretzel, and to renounce all allegiance to foreign kings, queens, jacks, and deucespots.

The first primary election was held in Dad French's barn, rigged up with votin' booths, election officials, and registration books. Frank McCullough popped in to register, and was escorted to a votin' booth with sawdust floor, coverin' four inches of water, and Frank said, "Darn!" when the shine on his patent-leathers was spoiled. Then Frank laughed and showed he was qualified to become a citizen of Pretzel alley, as he stepped back to watch Beans Hanssen, Ossie Hill, Billy Petersen, Con Murphy, Max Heyer, Dick Kelly, and other citizens step on the sawdust floor.

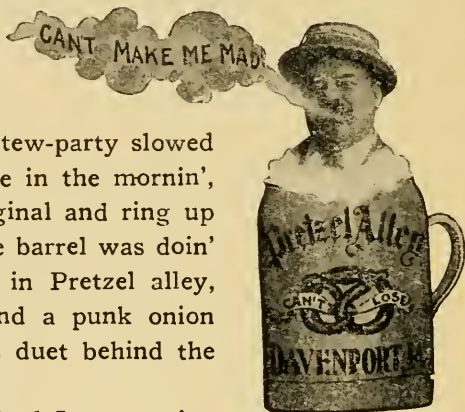
Doc McClurg put one over on the registration board that evenin', though, when he breezed in to register, with rubber boots, raincoat, and umbrel. Seein' they couldn't moisten Doc on the outside, the registration board worked on the inside, and the weatherman hoisted the rain-flag when Doc plowed home that evenin'.

At the annual election of Pretzel alley, held in the Hotel Davenport ballroom, there was intense excitement over the



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election of city scavenger. Charlie Caswell had held that office, but growed tired of answerin' telephone calls regardin' the location of dead cats, dogs, billy-goats, coons, and other duties requirin' the attention of the alley scav. If a stew-party slowed down along about sunrise in the mornin', some guy would get original and ring up Cas to tell him a garbage barrel was doin' a silent-noise solo down in Pretzel alley, or a hunka limburger and a punk onion was playin' a stockyards duet behind the pickle foundry.



Charlie Kindt and Paul Lagomarcino were nominated for that important office, and it was plain that Charlie had the jump on Paul, and would win hands down when it came to a vote. Charlie delivered a great speech, implorin' his friends to vote for Paul, havin' in mind the woes of Cas while holdin' that exalted office.

Emmet Sharon, Billy Chamberlin, and Lew Roddewig spread-eagled in favor of Charlie, but after Paul got down on his knees and prayed, beggin' his friends to vote for Charlie, there was nothin' to it—the show-shop boy won hands down. That night Charlie hopped the train for Palm Beach for a month's vacation. At the next meetin' of the alley council the mayor abolished the office of alley scav.

Pretzel alley published an official organ, The Wurst-Blatt, for one consecutive week, while operatin' the rathskeller at the Turner fair, and annually thereafter. The Wurst-Blatt published official proceedings of the alley council, the annual reports of alley officers, and the poetry of Barney Squires, tree-trimmer and poet-lariat.

One big event of Pretzel alley was the parade of the Pretzel alley press club, escorted by the Pretzel alley silver cornet band, with the mayor, editors, and correspondents of the Wurst-Blatt dolled in official regalia. That parade created a sensation, as it escorted Jack Johnson, his white wife, and

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the white man's hope to the steamer Morning Star for the frolic of the Tri-City press club.

Some fine old scouts held office in Pretzel alley, sport—guys like Charlie Steel, Oscar Raphael, Doc Middleton, Bill Hickey, Pink Dilling, Billy Chambers, Rud Conrad, George Martin, Lovin' Henry, Art Kelly, Emil Berg, Al O'Hern, Dad French, Doc Raben, Mannie Adler, Charlie Caswell, Lee Daugherty, Ott Paulsen, Pete Petersen, Schiller Rice, Charlie Becker, Hans Schraam, Billy Harrison, Max Ruben, Harry Spencer, Phil Daum, Aleck Roberts, Fred Brooks, Red Heeney, Al Mueller, Brady Thompson, Tony Moore, Jim Gorman, John Ruhl, Jimmy Cahill, Ed Carroll, Ben Geertz, Harry Mangan, Barney O'Neill, Harry Winters, George Scott, John Sorenson, George Dempsey, Chub Thompson, Billy Clancy, Hugo Moeller, Jack Marinan, Butter Kuehl, Al Goldschmidt, Pink Meinert, Charlie Hild, Billy Noth, Frank Sammons, and Doc Stoecks.

When the city council changed Pretzel alley to Library street, that thoroughfare began to slip, and when the moisture exchanges at the east and west end closed, Pretzel alley turned up its toes, leavin' nothin' behind but memories of the good old days.



Come Back to Pretzel Alley.

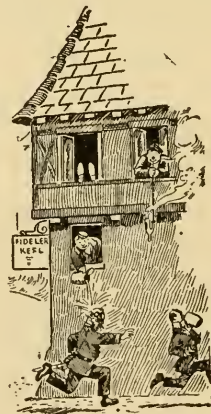
Noise—"Come Back to Erin" merged with "Fatherland."

In Pretzel Alley, Heiney Stein, the leader of the band,
Was hunched by the gesang-verein from far off Fatherland,
That all his Uncle Fritz's gelt—a billion marks or so—
Was left him, with the tighwad belt, when Uncle made his blow.
Then Heiney kissed his lieber schatz, to make gay Berlin bloom,
With sizzling red the highest spots he smeared his Unc's mazume.
But Gretchen at the pretzel stand grew grumpy with the blues,
For when she took her pen in hand she spilled this style of news:

Chorus:

"Come back to Pretzel Alley, where onion blossoms bloom,
Limburger cheese flings to the breeze its beautiful perfume.
There's but one place for sicha face in all the Wapsie Valley,
So howld your tin, you'll nade it whin you light in Pretzel Alley."

But Heiney thought his jane too gay. He wrote—"Dear Wooden Shoes:
I'll not come back to old P. A. to battle squirrel juice.
I'm ducksoup for this Berlin noise, and getting johnny-wise.
Say, listen—with the army boys I spiel 'em, "Hoch! der Kaise!"
But Gretchen stung him with this fact—she feared he would get nicked—
"You're slated for a sucker act! Old sport! Du bist vericht!
I long to take you for that cush, a live one—not a shine—
With the old Pretzel Alley push, a knockout for a Stein."



Steve Gilman's Nimrods.



NOT BRAGGIN', sport, but before these hundred per cent yaps got holdin' efficiency picnics to give the false-alarms an airin', we had some fine social clubs. That was before the guardian's union put the screws to the good-times party—when Jim Hanley organized the Le-Claire exiles; when Warren Teele was custodian of the ground-hog and first-guesser for ground-hog day; when the old settlers held basket picnics in Farnum street woods or on Mitchell's hill.

Golf and skat hadn't arrived as chronic diseases, the Wapshanis club was in the dream stage, and the Sawmill boys, Molders, Friedegg, Dirty Dozen, Company Q, Cigar-makers, Idlewilds, and Ivy Leaf social clubs were goin' full blast. Them dances was held at the "Stockyards," sport—sometimes called Lahrman's hall—and the pivoters had bully times. Pete Stratton had the big sayso in them dancin' clubs, and Pete's vocal works was the noisiest in the burg, not exceptin' them of Auctioneer Van Tuyl.

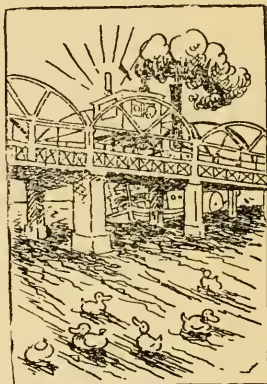
The poker hunters club usta enjoy their favorite pas-time on the top floor of the old Burtis, but never could agree on a name. One evenin' they was enjoyin' a 'possum dinner with injun trimmin's, and a soft-r visitor from down east happened to mention "pokeh huntahs," and then everybody got it. So the club was christened "Pocahontas" on the spot, and after that red chips were used for playin' jackpots.

Ever heard of the Steve Gilman huntin' club, sport? In the old days them sportsmen was famous hunters and fishers in these parts, havin' such live members as Dick Englehart, Emmet Sharon, Ruel Cook, Endee Ely, Fod Davis, Steve Gilman, Joe LeClaire, Ed Van Patten, Walter Chambers, Butch Thiele, Doc Elmer, Captain Jack McCaffrey, and other dead-

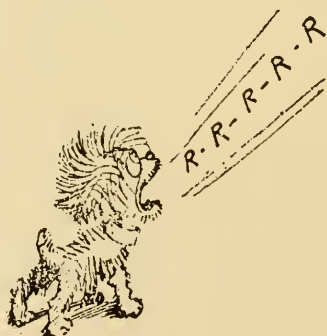
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game sports, that loved outdoor stuff. They hunted all over the western prairies, and in the fall and spring, when wild ducks and geese was flyin', they always had their muzzle loaders greased for action.

Jim Means was guard on the draw-pier of the old wooden bridge then, and he acted as lookout for the Steve Gilman huntin' club when the teal, bluebills, mallards, and mazooks started flyin'. Jim had a special wild-duck signal for the Steve Gilman boys—two long and two short toots of the whistle—warnin' members to hop into their huntin' togs, as the wild poultry was coastin' down the rapids and parkin' in the marshlands of the Wapsie and Devil's glen.



The time the steamboat Effie Afton bumped into the old wooden bridge, Jim Means kinda lost his noodle, and instead of blowin' the distress signal, Jim tooted the Steve Gilman wild-duck call, and there was a mad rush of nimrods to the Piute club rooms. Pat Horan, steward at that time, was holdin' down the dog-watch, and he wondered why them sportsmen came rushin' in for their shootin'-irons. Pat made up cheese sandwiches and took a coupla cold bottles off the ice for them hunters before they discovered that Jim had pulled a boner. Then the Steve Gilman boys rushed down to the river, grabbed all the skiffs in sight, and hurried to rescue the passengers and crew of the Effie Afton.



Billiards and Drum Corps.



Lannie McAfee trained billiard balls, and he could almost make 'em talk. Lannie would call a shot, "Carom, in the hat," and the cue ball would glance off the object ball and jump into his hat on a chair near the table to complete the carom. His trick dog, "Graff," would sit on a chair holdin' a billiard ball on his nose, and Lannie would call his shot, "Carom, on the dog." Kinda ticklish for the dog, but he enjoyed it. Lannie could play fancy masse and draw shots, and was as clever at finger billiards as old Yank Adams. One evenin' Lannie hung up a world's record, punchin' out over fifteen hundred caroms at straight billiards at Billy Ball's saloon on east Third street.

Henry Ascherman could whistle like a calleyope with his fingers, and little Packey Phelan bought a snare drum on the installment plan, at Job Ross's second-hand store, that drum havin' done service in the Mexican war. After Packey got so's he could knock off the single-drag and the double-drag, him and Henry organized the original Scott county drum corps, and them two kids marched at the head of the torch-light percessions in the Tilden and Hendrick parades. In them days some folks got the idea that the vote of New York state elected Grover, but us old timers knew it was the martial music of Packey and Henry that done the trick.





The Davenport Burns Club.



In the early days a shiplot of Scotchmen settled on the prairies north of Long Grove and scattered around town. After they pinched off some jack they began talkin' about Bobby Burns, and organized a social club in honor of their poet. Burns's festival grew to be the biggest affair of the old days, the dance startin' at eight in the evenin' and lastin' 'til ten the next mornin'. Hotscotch was served to men, hotwine to wimmen, haggie to everybody, and they danced old-fashioned dances, the

highland fling, the sword dance, and other scotch steps. After twenty-five years the kiltie lads dropped out and the carps and harps hunched in.

In the old days the Burns club had names like Neil McInnis, Dave Munro, John Cameron, George Shanks, Pete MacVey, John Craig, Tom Scholey, Bob Hunter, Adam Blair, Bob Munro, Billy Barraclough, Jim Lindsay, Jock McCloskey, Bob Swindell, and Mert Widdrington. After the crowd-in'-out process the Burns club had names like George Schwenke, Pete Jacobsen, Kelly Friday, Bill Dunker, Fred Rueffel, Dan Horne, Martin Greeley, Ferd Meyer, Al Rodde-wig, Henry Klauer, Cal Witherspoon, Charlie Gallagher, Henry Jaeger and Ignatz Schmidt. The fiftieth anniversary festival at Turner hall filled both halls to capacity, and after that event the club held family parties at Lahrman's hall for members only.

Hay Donald Macmeyer was presectreas for twenty-five years, up to the time to the blowoff, with Ignatz, Schmidt as understudy. When Hay presided at meetin's he had his own parliamentary rules. Hay would move that his understudy be instructed to buy a bowl, then second his own motion, and after voting favor of his own motion, Hay would declare his

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THIRTEENTH ANNUAL FESTIVAL
OF THE—



Gazette Premium Job Print.

BURNS CLUB,

OF DAVENPORT, IOWA.

Fred. Mayer
SIR:

Myself and Lady are respectfully invited to attend a Ball and Supper, to be given in commemoration of the Birthday of the immortal Burns, at

LAHRMANN'S HALL,

On Wednesday Evening, January 25th, 1871.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS:

ROBERT MONROE, DAVID MONROE, ROBERT J. SWINDLE.

FLOOR MANAGERS:

JOHN TURNER, JOHN WRIGHT,
JOHN KAY, JOHN POLLOCK,
JOHN MADDEN, JOHN LITTLE.

Tickets, \$2.50.

Dancing to commence at 8 o'clock.

MUSIC BY LUPPY'S UNION BAND. CAMERON, Prompter.

JOHN TURNER, Secretary.

NOT TRANSFERABLE.

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own motion carried unanimously. Then Ignatz would obey the instructions of the presectreas.

Even if them latter-day bobby-boys couldn't gargle their "r's" like Harry Lauder and sing "about a braw bricht moonlicht nicht, a' richt," when Hay Donald got his pipes primed with prime scotch and led the song service they could larrup the chorus of "Doktar Eisenbart" in Scott county scotch when singin' :

Ich bin der Doktar Eisenbart,
Villey, Villey vic tum boom!
Kuhir die Leut' nach meiner Art,
Villey, Villey vic tum boom!
Kann machen dass die Lahmen geh'n,
Und dass die Blinden wieder seh'n,
Villey, Villey vic tum boom!

Victo-ri-ay! Victo-ri-ay!
Villey, Villey vic du heirassa!
Victo-ri-ay! Victo-ri-ay!
Villey, Villey vic tum boom!

Didn't make any difference how hard the Burns club committee worked, when puttin' on their membership drives, they couldn't land any members from Corkhill, Goosehollow, Flatiron square, Rogertown, or the Patch.



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1789 Centennial Anniversary Festival 1859
IN HONOR OF THE BIRTHDAY OF ROBERT BURNS
Twenty Fifth BURNS CLUB
DAVENPORT, IOWA.
Robt Burns Sec.



When Folks Were Sociable.

After organizin' a baseball club, the Scott county Kidney-foot club held monthly suppers at Hill's cafe, and posted a challenge to the world in the kidneyfoot class, but couldn't find no takers. The lineup of that famous baseball team was—John Hill, shortstop; Tony Moore, first base; Billy McGuinness, second base; Carl Thode, third base; Hugo Vollstedt, right field; Circus Koester, pitch; and Roxy Gundaker, catch.

The Klam-Boretta club had a fine cabin in the woods at Toronto, and kept open house durin' the summer season. The charter members of that club were August Youngerman, Henry Klauer, Ferd Meyer, Soapy Matthes, Doodle Eckhardt, Al Moetzel, Henry Thuenen, Spikes Strobehn, Herman Volquardsen, George Noth, Lew Roddewig, Ernst Zoller, George Martin, Johnny Barofsky, and Pete Jacobsen.

The Fresh-Air club didn't believe in confinement between walls, so they took their fun out in the great open spaces, both winter and summer, hikin' all over the surroundin' country. The roster took in such fine old rounders as Oscar Staby, Lew Kuehl, Butch Lagomarcino, Lew Fahrner, Con Goettig, Forrest Downing, Walter Lucht, Otto Schrumm, Art Kelly, Albert Jansen, Fritz Becker, Fred Hoelmer, John Stelk, Vic Plath, Fred Kunkel, Herman Oetzmann, Walter Hass, Phil Sonntag, Pink Lesser, Chris Heuck, Al Bruha, Dick Stelling, Charlie Calnan, Charlie Flannigan, Maj Meyer, Ed Freese, Gene Kelly, Hugo Schroeder, John, Harry, and Otto Korn. Dad Offermann was the gay freshwater sailor of the good steamer "Grandpa" that carried the Fresh-Air boys on all their cruises along Rock river, the Hennepin canal, and up and down the old Mississippi.



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Barnyard golf, shinny, and duck-on-davy were the leadin' games of the old days, and them sports has come back again strong. Of course the good old game of skat has been looked after by Gus Stueben, Fred Kunkel, Oswald Schmidt, Claus Kuehl, Otto Schrumm, Pete Bendixen, Herman Oetzmann, Chris Behrens, Dick Mittlebuscher, Ernst Otto, Walter Schmidt, Henry Von Maur, Leopold Siemon, Ed Berger, Frank Mueller, Ed Lischer, and other skatbugs that would rather play skat than eat fried spring chicken.

The Night Owl club made regular monthly trips to Probstei and Little's Grove to hold pinochle parties, under the direction of King Henry Schroeder. Pompey Petersen, Pathy Nagel, Cooney Kohrs, Feppo Roddewig, Ross Nagle, and Paul Severin were the charter members of that club.

The Lauterbach club had a fine summer camp down at Billy Petersen's island, and Hugo Vollstedt, Billy Maehr, and Frank Colson looked after the comfort of visitin' tourists

The Ideal club camped at McManus's island, and visitors were given the glad hand, day or night, by Oscar Schuup, Charlie Klein, Otto Gruenwald, and Billy Koch.

Then there was famous old Slab hall up on Tenth street, between Farnam and LeClaire, a great club of the old days. Jim Coulter was band instructor at Slab hall, and he started the Light Guard band in the tootin' game. Lew and George Mallette, Jim Leonard, Tom Flynn, Pigiron Jones, Frank Foster, Billy Frazer, Jim Gorman, Owen Murray, Buck Layden, Gil Arnould, Pat Stapleton, Jack Higgins, Jim Roche, Pat Hanley, Billy Gordon, and a lota other young birds got their musical education in the conservatory department of Slab hall.



Curbstone Merrymakers.



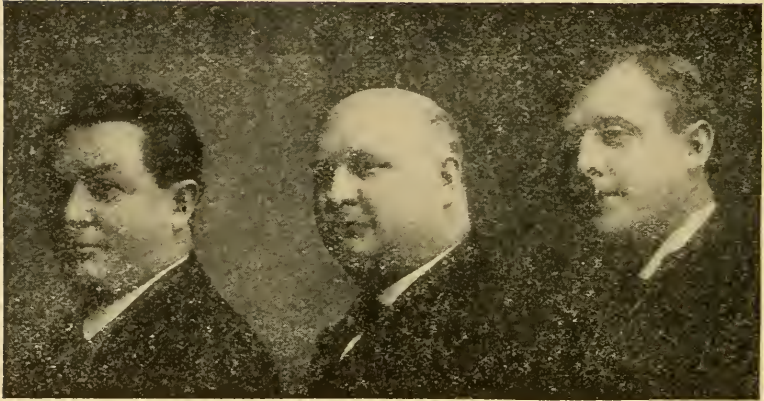
Mebbe you young fellers now'days think you're havin' lotsa fun, sport, but it ain't in it compared with the old days, when the boys played "All-in," "Tick-tack," "Bar-bar-ee," "I-spy," and other games. The old gangs never thought of goin' to dancin'-school to learn dancin', as they took lessons on street corners and stepped to the music of the mouthorgan or jewsharp.

The Brady street gang held dancin'-school sessions at the corner of Fourth, alongside the salt barrels at Hurto's grocery store, Granger Wallace and his mouthorgan bein' the orchestra. When them youngsters got so's they could waltz, schottische, and polka, and go through quadrilles without a skip, they tried out their work at the Mayday dance and children's ball at Turner hall, on the Monday after bird-shootin' day at Schuetzen.

The Goosehollow gang usta take dancin' lessons at the corner of Eighth and Harrison, near Noth's brewery, and some mighty fine dancers graduated from Goosehollow dancin' school. There was Dandy Devine, Pete Shaughnessy, Jim Devlin, Benny Stuehmer, Billy Carroll, Jim Sweeney, Hugo Moeller, Job O'Brien, Lew Pickens, Buck Timothy, Shanley McPartland, Cooney Raphael, Jimmy Gannon, Poker Devine, Heiney Paulsen, Jimmy Stretch, Billy Shine, Dutch Stuehmer, Teeson Carroll, Tom Boyd, Chooky Kuphal, Din Harrigan, Henry Frahm, Owen Sweeney, Hoosier Osborn, Hoy Stuehmer, Stiffy Brophy, Jim Houghton, Frank Pillion, Duckfoot McFarland, and a lota other young bloods that learned to waltz on their toes, without touchin' their heels, while Bogus McGee played "After the Ball" on the mouthorgan.

The Slough gang, down in the west end, had the best outdoor dancin' school in the burg, though. Them lads had

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Scott County Kidneyfoot Club.

Charlie Seemann, Hugo Vollstedt, Bill Koester.

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regular nights for dancin' classes, down at John Schnaack's corner, on Third and Howell, and the niftiest four-piece orchestra of any gang—not barrin' the Rogertowns, with Chris Kuehl and his accordeon. Dutch Klauer was leader of that famous orchestra, and he was the slickest jewsharp plunker in town. Jack Powers done quivery, shaky stuff on the mouthorgan, and Charlie Coen done jazz work, bazzoooin' through a piece of paper on a comb. Mike Malloy 'tended to the bass movement by rubbin' a broom-handle across his finger on a cracker box. Them musicianers held regular rehearsals, and got goin' so flossy that they could get more action outa "The Irish Washerwoman," "Finnegan's Wake," and other lively tunes than Jakey Strasser, Ernst Otto, Bob Swindell, or any of them music guys that played by note.



One evenin', about nine o'clock, when Fat Walsh was easin' home from work kinda early, the Slough boys was callin' "One more couple wanted!"—as they was tryin' to fill two sets for a quadrille. So when Fat stopped to chin with Big Jim McMahon about a job of gradin' they was doin', Byber Garvey ast Fat would he do the callin' for that dance, so's little Mike Lamb could take his place with the head couple and fill out the set. Pat said sure thing, that callin' was his middie name, and when he took his stand over near the orchestra he ast them dancers was they all full, and they hollered not yet but soon—it bein' close to election time.

You kin tell 'em, sport, there was some fine steppin' that evenin', with Pat Walsh callin' that quadrille and the orchestra puttin' in its nastiest licks playin' "The Devil's Dream," "My Love Nell," and "The Leg of a Duck." Understand, them boys was well organized and had a system workin' in their dancin' classes, so's they could tell guys from gals when dancin', the gals always havin' a handkerchief tied on their arms—provided they was enough handkerchiefs in the gang to go around.

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The gals dancin' in the quadrille that evenin' were Minnis McGrath, Scoop Cottrell, Toad Keating, Nibs Collins, Bum McMahan, Chip Bryson, Doshen McGrath, Joe Steadley, Vonko Lynch, and Sheeney Powers, and 'all them birds had handkerchiefs tied to their arms exceptin' Chip Bryson, who was wearin' his red flannin undershirt, havin' been workin' overtime at the foundry that evenin'. The guys that danced were Heiney Sievers, Byber Garvey, Billy Lavery, Buer McGrath, Jimmy O'Brien, Tug Lynch, Jim Cooney, Zulo Haugh, and Dick Malone, and they sure done some fancy steppin'. Big Tom and Little Tom Garvey acted as floor managers, to see that everything moved right, and when they hollered "All set," Fat Walsh gave the high-sign to Dutch Klauer, and then called out, "First four right and left!" Fat sent them Slough boys through their paces at top speed on all three changes of the quadrille, and then he done the callin' for the virginia reel before goin' home.

Them Slough jakes certainly did hit it up that evenin', sport, and when the orchestra played "Home, Sweet Home," for the last dance, they hadta play six encores before them young buckos would let 'em put away their instruments.

And that's how it came about that the boys of the Slough gang copped all the prizes for waltzin' at the social club dances that was held in the Stockyards and Heineyhall in the old days before the shimmy-shakers broke loose.



The Happy Ending.



BEIN' as most folks is keen for happy endin' hoke, sport, they won't stand for a leadpipe blowoff. So, not havin' a chance to pull weddin'-bell soft-stuff—outside of fram'in' the cruel and inhuman against General Houston, or sumpin—just imagine. . . .

A balmy October evenin', fifty years ago—the old Brady street gang sittin' on the boardwalk in front of Lillis's grocery, danglin' their feet in the slabstone gutter. The harvest moon rises slowly over the maples near Worley's livery barn, shimmerin' its silvery rays in the crisp autumn air.

Old Murt Burns gives the highsign with his red lantern to Connie O'Brien on engine seventy-two, and throws the switch to give the right-of-way to the Kilkenny crew. That janglin' bell you hear comin' up the street, sport, is on the hoss that Henry Schnitger is drivin' on his bobtail street car.

John Haley and Phil Nagle are arguin' politics with Job Ross and Andy Butler in front of Dave Hunter's meat market. Old Aunt Lucy and Granny Conyer toddle slowly along the street, laughin' and enjoyin' theirselves, after a hard day's work at washin' and ironin'.

But listen, sport! Hear that tinklin' guitar and the singin', comin' up the street? That's the old quartet—Jim Dermody, Tom Biddison, Joe Carroll, and Tommy Mack—returnin' in the open landau with Doc Worley, after serenadin' down at Johnny McGuinness's.

And see that mob of kids follyin' 'em!

And look—there's Max Ochs and Lawrie the Coon, comin' across the street from "Stingy" Black's ice cream parlor. If old Til don't bust in, to show his authority, they'll be sumpin doin' purty soon.

Who's that hollerin', eh? Oh, that's young Stony Johnston, callin' to Doc Worley, astin' him won't he sing the "Old Song," and Doc hollers back and says sure thing.

Now, sport, we'll hear real melody when Doc gets through plunkin' the prelude and rollin' the bass runs.

THEM WAS THE GOOD OLD DAYS

Listen! That's Jim Dermody's voice. He's singin' the first verse of the "Old Song," . . . and now comes the chorus:

Just a song at twilight,
When the lights are low—

Now—Tom Biddison and Tommy Mack join in with—

And the flickerin' shadows
Softly come and go—

That sweet-voiced tenor on the high notes, sport, is little Joe Carroll, . . . and now they're all singin'—

Though the heart be weary,
Sad the day and long,
Still to me at twilight,
Comes love's old song—

Now—listen to Doc Worley, Max Ochs, and Lawrie the coon, with his deep-cellar bass, joinin' in, as they slow down and put feeiin' into the last line—

Comes—love's—old—sweet—song.

Hear the applause of that big crowd, sport! Kinya beat it! Say, boy—mebbe old Saint Peter has better singers in that choir of his'n, waitin' to greet tired old timers when the last call comes, but you can't make them birds believe there's any niftier harmonizers inside the pearly gates until Gabriel blows his trumpet and says, "Come on, boys!"

That's real old time melody, sport, and nobody kin blame a guy, after hearin' the old quartet, for throwin' out his chest and tellin' all the world that

Them was the good old days.



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